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# WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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## Those Who Love Must Quarrel

Beware the No-Decision Bouts Along True Love's Path

By AMANDA LOVEL

"I never want to see you again!"

You know that one. You said that last time you decided he was completely impossible.

Then the next day when he came bearing white hyacinths you melted like a jujube in warm water and decided he was really a lamb, which is the illogical end to all lovers' quarrels.

**T**HE only easy thing about being in love is quarrelling.

In the supercharged atmosphere that surrounds love, a butterfly can set off a million horse-power trouble charge.

And all for why?

Just because love, and particularly that frightful concentrated form, young love, has a fatal, disastrous yen for perfection.

When some minute flaw makes itself apparent in the adored—under the microscopic scrutiny of you the adorer—the world rocks on its axis.

When some chance remark reveals mere human frailty behind the illusion of perfection built up entirely by your own imagination, you develop an awful funk because your rosy dreams look like dissolving.

That's why you quarrel—loud, hard and often.

You're fighting against admitting the awful truth that your inamorata is just a human being after all—and not such a super one at that.

**A**LMOST anything sets off the fire-crackers.

He just remarks "That hat's a mess" (meaning your new spring bonnet) and you suddenly look at him with loathing.

Is this the sensitive, cultivated being who has stolen your heart? (You entirely forget that you offered it to him on a plaster, well garnished, for weeks before he took up the offer.)

Is this the gallant white knight with whom you have promised to spend your days? This boor, devoid of taste, of kindness, even of common courtesy?

There sweeps over you the firm conviction of your terrible mistake.

"Thank heavens I found out in time," you tell yourself dramatically—you always dramatise these incidents; there'd be no pleasure in them if you didn't.

You very deliberately draw off the solitaire diamond and with a slow sweep of the arm (the one you learnt at dancing class) you offer it back to him.

My, my! You didn't really mind him not liking your hat, you tell yourself miserably as you dew the pillow with maiden tears that night. It was just such a shock to think he could bear to speak like that.

You'll recover with the dawn—and buy another hat.

He might say "Beethoven is bunk" when you want him to take you to a symphony concert.

Then, of course, you realise that there are worlds between you, positively whole rolling worlds of Culture. He lives, you decide, on quite another plane, a lower plane, where the finer things of life don't penetrate.

You'll probably dramatise this one by seeing yourself as a refining influence destined to raise him above his brutish level. (He's in for a bad time during this phase, poor devil.)

### Green-Eyed Monster

**L**OVERS and madmen," according to the poet, "have such seething brains."

He's telling us!

Within those seething brains is set up a sort of internal combustion of suspicion.

No glance, no word, no trivial action goes unnoticed.

The innocent byplay of social back-chat becomes in the fevered mind of the lover sheer faithless flirtation.

"Did you have to drool over that fool Frenchman at Jean's party?" he asks savagely, when all you did was take pity on the poor thing

cowering in a corner among strangers.

"Must you rave about Betty's figure in front of everybody?" you counter bitterly.

The worst rumpuses (or is it rump?) arise from this kind of thing.

And they are always worse when you've a wee, small guilty feeling, deep down, about how you did behave on the occasion under discussion.

You might be madly in love with your accuser, but you know that the flattering attentions of the Frenchman sort of flattered the old heart a bit.

After all, you're only human. That's the trouble, you see; he had his glimpse of you being only human and it upset the poor darling.

### Lip Service

**T**HERE'S a familiar battle-ground labelled "too much lipstick."

Having dressed yourself up to the nines and painted on a face that looks like Don Juan's dream to you, you detect a certain churlishness, a surly dissatisfaction in the escort.

"For Pete's sake, wipe off some of that lipstick," he explodes at last, wrecking your morale and your make-up in one.

Or if it's not lipstick, it's colored nail-varnish.

Yet you'll see the cad making sheep's-eyes at the most painted and varnished piece in sight any day or night!

It doesn't matter a bit what the cause is, the quarrel follows a routine path.

There's the row itself, red-hot and resounding, or cold and controlled according to your temperaments.

There's the period of freeze, when the river of sweet sentiment is dammed by the ice-pack of disillusion.

And there's the thaw, when you wallow in the most revolting orgy of forgiving and forgetting.

Here's the only advice about lovers' quarrels worth giving. Get married, and get that first fine careless rapture out of your system.

Not that you won't quarrel afterwards. You will, and they won't be lovers' quarrels.

They'll be worse. But that's another story.

## Let's Talk Of Interesting People



### Secretary For 53 Years

**D**R. J. P. THOMSON, of Brisbane, has been secretary of the Royal Geographical Society of Queensland for 53 years. He was honorary vice-president of the 6th International Geographical Congress, London, in 1895.

He is a member of the Council of the University of Queensland and published over 200 works on geography and allied subjects in scientific periodicals.



### Girl Guide Leader

**M**RS. HERBERT RYMILL, of Adelaide, has been appointed State Chief Commissioner for Girl Guides in South Australia. Hitherto this position has been held by the wife of the State Governor, but Lady Dugan, wife of the present Governor, Sir Winston Dugan, has accepted the office of president.

Mrs. Rymill was formerly a District Commissioner, and has been interested in Boy Scout and Girl Guide movements for ten years.



### Student of Politics

**M**R. GEOFFREY T. CLARKE, chartered accountant, of Adelaide, makes the study of politics one of his chief interests. He is honorary secretary of the South Australian School of Political Economy.

Mr. Clarke is also secretary of the Taxpayers' Association of S.A., honorary secretary of the Pioneers' Association of S.A., and of the Australian Institute of Political Science, S.A. Committee.

IT DOESN'T matter a hoot what is the cause of a lovers' quarrel, the results are the same. This back-to-back attitude for a few days, then a side glance over the shoulder, in hope of reconciliation; then an orgy of forgiving and forgetting.

## The secret of Flat No. 5—



ERASMIC Face Powder's blended "film-ness" will give you glamour.

**ERASMIC FACE POWDER**

Erasmic Vanishing Cream 2/6 Jar, 1/- Tube, leaves delicate protective film. Erasmic Cold Cream 2/6 Jar. Rich in fragrant, softening oils.



AT ALL CHEMISTS AND LEADING STORES

67,54,37





WHERE PRAGUE expected the first battle lines to form if Hitler failed to heed Mr. Chamberlain's pleas for peace. The scene shows villages in the border mountain region of Riesengebirge, part of the territory demanded by Hitler from the Czechs.

## Dramatic Cable From Prague as Fateful Hours Ticked By

### Czech Girls Wept as They Danced "Last Night of Life"

By Beam Wireless from  
MARY ST. CLAIRE, in  
Prague

Prague, a city of sleepless nights and restless days, stood tense and determined as I came out to the last train for the German frontier.

People who have lived for months in an atmosphere of rumor, denial, intrigue, and counter-intrigue received orders to mobilise almost with a sense of relief.

WHILE it is not true to say the Czechs want war, if the ordinary man and woman are a criterion, they'll fight to the death if settlement with Hitler is not reached.

The dozens of talks I've had in the last fortnight are summed up in the remark by Rea Krachkova, blonde, petite manicurist of Wenceslaus Square.

"What's the use if we avoid war now? In a year's time with the dread of war hanging over us, with crushed spirit and poverty-stricken, we'll go down anyway," she said. "It is better to stand together for freedom than to be slowly choked to death."

But though most women echo the words of this girl in her trim, neat tailor-made dark skirt, and check jacket—tailor-mades are almost a uniform in the Czech capital for business girls and society women—this does not mean they don't weep bitterly.

I saw them cry unashamedly as they clung to their menfolk hurrying towards the barracks, still civilian-clothed, some in their working overalls.

With a party I wandered streets lined with a double cordon of police reinforced by steel-helmeted soldiers with fixed bayonets. Here and there can be seen machine guns mounted on tripods.

At Wilson Station, named after the great American President, two streams mingled—pitiful refugees from Sudetenland coming in; youthful soldiers going out. I saw one embrace in his arms a youthful wife and tiny baby she was carrying, while nearby an old man greeted a tired young woman and two children all laden with little bundles. It was a father, welcoming daughter and grandchildren from the Sudeten territory.

FROM there we wandered into a bombproof working-class cafe. Here Pilsener in huge glass mugs



SUDETENS at the mass meeting at which occurred the incident which provoked Hitler's anger against the Czechs.

flowed freely, while the floor was crowded with dancers, uniformed soldiers and working-girls pathetically gay in flannel skirts and cotton blouses.

Young nerves almost at breaking point were making the most of the last few hours.

They flocked to our table, anxious for news from the outside world.

One handsome boy, with long, artistic fingers, who told me he was a sculptor, showed me his identification-disc. "For mother if anything happens to me," he smiled.

Both men and girls talked politics all the time, anxious to explain to us that they had not provoked war.

"Do people in the outside world know about us?" they asked. We assured them Czechoslovakia was a word almost unknown a few weeks ago; now only too well-known world wide.

When we rose to leave they begged us. "Don't go; it's only 4 o'clock. Stay and dance. Maybe it's our last night. Why waste it sleeping?"

Such a disturbance of ordinary life must have extraordinary effects on individuals—whether war comes or not.

## ...And This Is London

By Cable from Our London Office

In three million homes in England khaki rucksacks lie in the halls.

They are silent evidence that war, if it comes, envisages a possibility of its being waged even against children.

THREE sheets torn from a school copybook and smudged with the large handwriting of a ten-year-old girl tell a heartrending story.

They are headed "Take this home" and comprise a list of the necessities which must be packed in a rucksack for the morrow's school.

The local authorities have made arrangements to evacuate all school-children at half an hour's notice from London and the big provincial centres that might be targets for bombers.

The list reads:  
Raisins and three bars of chocolate.

A thermos flask.

Two packets of wheaten biscuits.

A packet of cheese.

A blanket, sweater, overcoat,

heavy shoes, vest, knickers and tooth-brush.

Salt (instead of toothpaste, as the

paste might get squashed and spoil the food).

Soap, comb, face flannel, pyjamas, hankies and muffler.

5/- in money.

The food represents twenty-four hours' rations. With rucksacks thus filled—a heavy burden for childish backs—hundreds of thousands of Marys and Tommys will march out from their homes to go to school, maybe never to see again the parents who wave them cheerful good-byes.

The arrangements are for the children to be housed in private houses commandeered by the Government. There will be one attendant for every five children, and lessons will be temporarily suspended until arrangements can be made for suitably protected schools.

The children will be looked after in this way as long as war lasts.



A beautiful glimpse of Prague, showing the famous Charles Bridge, spanning the River Vltava.

So I left Prague preparing for its death, while four men in Munich were gambling for its life.

At every station soldiers got on train, which emptied again a few miles from the border.

Near the German frontier the scene changed as the train rolled on past well-tilled fields.

I thought how peaceful the countryside looked as I half-dozed in the sunshine.

But as we got further along military activity again obtruded itself—near the border, apparently, troops were already in position.

We passed columns of fully-kitted soldiers, long lines of tanks, trucks, and loaded guns.

I fully awoke—this was reality. The beautiful vineyards, castles, and peaceful peasants bending at their work, oxen-drawn carts loaded with fruits of the harvest were the dream.

## NEW SHOES WON'T HURT

If You Rub Feet With

# Zam-Buk

FASHIONABLE shoes greatly improve your appearance, but how many women can wear them in comfort? High heels put extra weight on the toes, often causing corns, aching insteps and ankles.

But you can wear the smartest shoes in perfect comfort if you adopt this easy treatment. Every night (and morning, if possible) bathe the feet in warm water and, after drying thoroughly, gently massage Zam-Buk into the ankles, insteps, soles and between the toes. The refined herbal oils in Zam-Buk are easily absorbed into the skin. Thus

**Pain, Swelling & Inflammation** are quickly relieved. Corns are softened and easily removed; blisters and chafing are healed, and ankles, joints, toes and feet are strengthened and made comfortable. Use Zam-Buk regularly for happy feet.

1/6 or 3/6. All chemists and stores.

**Rub ZAM-BUK In Every Night**



"Zam-Buk has made walking a pleasure. This fine ointment soothed and healed my tender feet and inflamed toes and removed my painful corns. Zam-Buk also has an exhilarating effect on the skin."—Mrs. P. Parrish.

"My feet were hot, chafed and tender through being on them so much at work. Zam-Buk brought wonderful relief and gave me a pair of sound, healthy feet."—Mr. J. Coates.





THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, tense, expectant, followed Mr. Chamberlain's every word ... then came Hitler's note. How dramatic, well timed—and how wise!

## Queen Mary's Tears In Tense Drama

Years of Poise Give Way Under Strain

By Beam Wireless from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Representative in England

When Queen Mary wept in the House of Commons last week, it was one of the most moving scenes in the intense human drama played in the shadow of war.

Self-schooled through years of public life to hide her emotion, the Queen Mother found this last anxious week—with its see-sawing hopes and fears—too much.

HITLER'S dramatic note, delivered to Mr. Chamberlain when the House of Commons had assembled for what most feared would be a fateful disclosure, brought relief to a tense atmosphere—and for Queen Mary the outlet of emotion was tears.

In the Commons she sat side by side with the Duchess of Kent. Both were in black mourning because of the recent death of the Duke of Connaught.

Nervously twisting and untwisting lace handkerchiefs, the two tensely followed the Prime Minister's speech—heard him recount the failure of each effort for peace. Hope seemed to recede.

The mind of Queen Mary must have been thrown back to the time when for four weary years duty called her to hospitals, where she saw groaning men, maimed and blinded almost before they had reached manhood; called her to districts where sad-eyed women watched in vain for men who did not return.

So when suddenly she heard the world had been relieved, tears of thankfulness wouldn't be denied.

Her tears symbolised the feelings of women all over Britain, who would weep for joy when they would not weep for fear.

Speeding Londonward after launching the world's greatest ship



QUEEN MARY, moved to tears by the news.

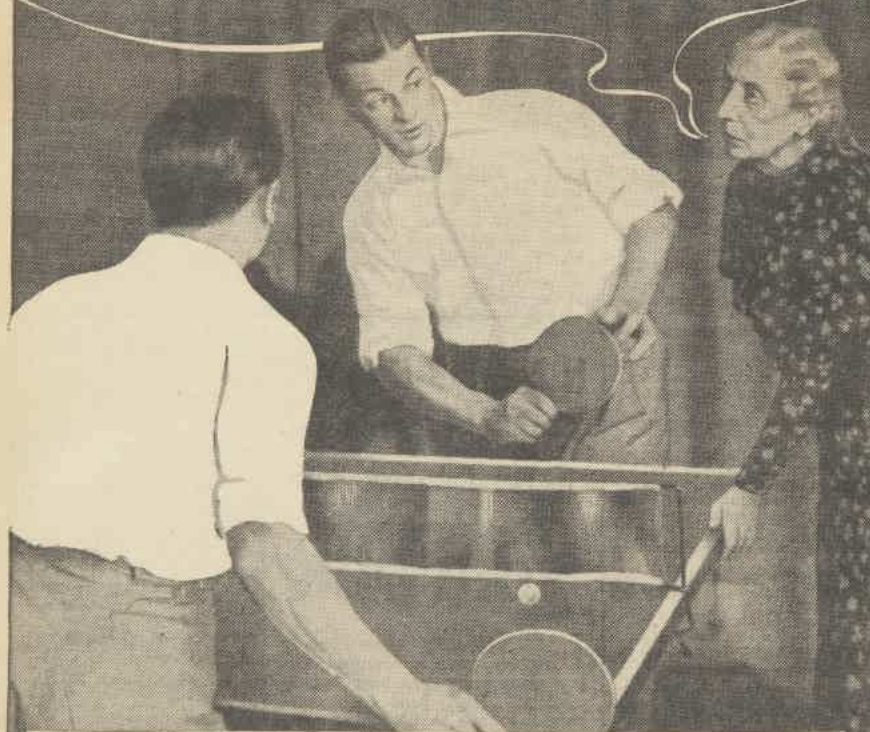
that will bear her name over the seas, Queen Elizabeth heard the news, brightened and smiled.

"I'm greatly heartened," she said. "I hope for a peaceful settlement. It seems almost too good to be true. At the eleventh hour we are given a respite."

The Australian Lady Mayoress of London, Lady Twyford, when convalescing from illness, heard the news by wireless, with her grandchildren round her knees.

"I well understand Queen Mary's emotion," she said. "It is echoed in hearts everywhere."

**MY GOODNESS, TOM!**  
I THOUGHT THAT SHIRT WAS  
WHITE UNTIL I SAW IT AGAINST  
JERRY'S PERSIL-WASHED ONE!



You may be satisfied now but until you use PERSIL your washing can't be really white

YOU'LL note the difference in a glance when once you see Persil whiteness against even the best results from ordinary soaps. Why are Persil-washed things so much whiter? Simply because Persil's active oxygen-charged suds are extra thorough in removing dirt and stains. It's by washing things so much cleaner that Persil gets them whiter. And so, of course, Persil sets the only true standard of whiteness in washing. "And don't forget—Persil's gentle cleansing action makes things last longer."



THE AMAZING OXYGEN WASHER

## Did Hitler's Voice Stir You Like This?

By ELIZABETH WILMOT

I HEARD Hitler's world broadcast last week.

Before that I was frightened of war, but now it's different ... worse ... unless the Munich talks lead to world disarmament.

Hitler's voice invaded my home and destroyed my share of the peace remaining ...

Till I heard Hitler, my fears were kept in check by a vague faith that war can't happen again, that war is the incredibly distant impossibility at which imagination halts and sanity trembles ... that it is a legend, a bogey, a horror that cannot really come about ...

Till I heard Hitler I believed that sane men must have their way, that reason must inevitably triumph over unbalanced hysteria.

I don't believe it any more ... after actually hearing Hitler ...

The whole world was waiting for that voice. It was waiting for one conciliatory word, one sign that to this man, as to all others, the brutality of war was unthinkable.

But he gave no such sign ...

Instead, I heard the voice of hysteria, the voice of an orator of devilish power, used for devilish purposes.

Here was I performing the humdrum rites of preparing breakfast for my family—and there on the other side of the room was horror ... madness ... evil.

To me it was the sound of doom ... that's melodrama, yes ... but it wasn't imagination ...

Hitler's voice made my blood run cold ... literally.

LISTENING to that maniacal voice, I was overcome with a strange mounting excitement ... an evil exhilaration ...

The words were foreign, yes, but the effect on me was the effect intended ... I was being moved to a meaningless frenzy, a fantastic urge was making itself felt, an urge that seemed almost to be within me ... not in that high, breaking voice.

And so my blood ran cold, and the palms of my hands were suddenly clammy as a new terror, the terror of understanding, of realisation, gripped and squeezed my heart ...

The buffer between my nerves and truth ... that vague faith in sanity ... had been completely torn away ...

I suddenly knew with a dreadful certainty that sanity doesn't always win out ... that the path of emotional exultation is so much easier to walk than the path of critical reasoning ...

And I knew that in one country at least there was a leader ... a fanatic visionary ... who would lead the people down that easy path and that they would cheer as they went ...

They were cheering him now ... mad cheering like the wild unchecked howling of wolves ... more melodrama, yes. I know the Germans are not mad ... not wild ... not wolves ...

Yet from across the thousands of miles there came through the ether that suggestion of animal savagery, of infinite power unleashed and irresponsible ... moved not by reason, but by unreason, dominated not by a man, but a fanatic ...

Is that voice and the terrors it can unleash to go on unchecked? Will it spread another war scare when Hitler is ready?



# WIFE of a HERO

Another thrilling story from  
"The Adventures of a Little  
Black Bag" series

**F**OR days Levenford had talked of nothing but the match. Of course, they were always "daft on football" in these parts. They had the tradition, you see.

In the good old days, when centre-forwards wore side whiskers and the goalie's knicker buttons below the knee, Levenford had been a team of champions.

That they had languished since these Homeric triumphs—languished to a low place in the Second League—was as nothing. Levenford was still Levenford. And now in the first round of the Scottish Cup they had drawn the Glasgow Rovers at home.

The Glasgow Rovers—top of the First Division—crack team of the country—and at home!

In the shoppings, the streets, the shops; in every howff from the Philosophical right down to the Pipers Bar, the thrill of it worked like madness.

Total strangers stopped each other at the Cross. "Can we do it?" the one would gasp. And the other, with real emotion, would reply—"Well! Anyhow, we've got Ned!"

Ned Sutherland was the man they meant—Sutherland, the idol, the prodigy, the paragon! Sutherland, subject of Baillie Paxton's solemn apothecary—"He has mair fibbs" in his pinkie than the hale team has in their heids."

Good old Sutherland! Hurrah for Ned!

Ned was not young; his age, guarded like a woman's, was uncertain. But those in the know put Ned down at forty, for Ned, they wisely argued, had been playing professional football for no less than twenty years. Not in Levenford, dear, Ned!

Ned's dazzling career had carried him far from his native town—to Glasgow first, where his debut had sent sixty thousand delirious with delight, and then to Newcastle, from there to Leeds, then down to Birmingham—oh, Ned had been everywhere, never staying long, mark you, but always the centre of attraction, always the idol of the crowd.

And then, the year before, after a short interval when all the big clubs—with unbelievable stupidity—ignored his "free transfer," he had returned magnificently to Levenford while still, as he said, in his prime, to put the club back upon the map.

It cannot be denied that there were rumors about Ned, base rumors that are the penalty of greatness.

It was whispered, for instance, that Ned loved the drink, that Newcastle had been glad to see the last of him, and Leeds not sorry to watch him go.

It was a shame, a scandal, an iniquity—the lies that followed him about.

What matter if Ned liked his glass? He could play the better for it, and very often did.

What matter if an occasional drunk gaily marked the progress of his greatness? If his wanderings had been prodigal, was he not Levenford's famous son?

Away with the slanderers! So said Levenford, for when Ned returned she took him to her heart.

He was a bigish man, was Ned, rather bald on the top, with a smooth, pale face, and a moist, convivial eye.

He had the look, not of a footballer, but rather of a toastmaster at a city banquet.

In his appearance he was something of the dandy; his suit was invariably of blue serge—neat, well brushed; on his little finger he wore a heavy ring with a colored stone;

his watch chain stretched between the top pockets of his waistcoat, carried a row of medals he had won; and his shoes—his shoes in particular—were polished till they shone.

Naturally Ned did not brush his shoes himself. Though most of the Levenford team held jobs in the shipyard and at the foundry, Ned, as befitting his superior art, did not work at all. The shoes were brushed by Ned's wife.

And here, with the mention of Mrs. Sutherland, is reached the point on which everyone agreed.

**I**T was a pity, an awful pity that Ned's wife should be such a drag, such a burden on him—not only the wife but these five children of his as well. Lord! It was sickening that Ned should have tied himself up so young—that he had been forced to cart round the wife and this increasing regiment of children upon his famous travels.

There, if you like, was the reason of his decline, and it all came back to the woman who was his wife.

As Baillie Paxton put it knowingly—with a significant gesture of distaste—"Could she not have watched herself better?"

The plain fact is that Levenford held a pretty poor opinion of Mrs. Sutherland, a poor, dowdy creature with downcast eyes. If she had been bonny once, and some would have it so, Lord! she wasn't bonny now.

Little wonder if Ned was ashamed of her, and most of all on Saturday afternoons, when, emerging from obscurity, she actually appeared outside the football ground to wait for Ned.

Mind you, she never came to see the match, but simply to wait outside till Ned got his pay. To wait on the man for the wages in his pocket. Lord, wasn't it deplorable?

It must be admitted that some stood up for her. Once in the "hillo-sophical," when this matter was discussed, Dr. Cameron, who strangely enough seemed to like the woman, had sourly said:

"With five bairns to feed she's got

Illustrated by Wynne W. Davies

to steer him past the pubs—at least, as many as she can!"

But, then, Cameron always was a heretic who held the queerest notions of things and folk. And Ned's popularity, as has been said, was far beyond the cranky notions of the few.

Indeed, as the day of the match gradually drew near that popularity drew pretty near to glory.

Ned became a sort of god. When he walked down the High Street of Levenford, thumbs in his armpits, medals dancing, his smooth, genial smile acknowledging here, there, everywhere, they almost cheered him.

At the Cross he had a crowd about him—a crowd that hung on every

word that passed those smooth, convivial lips.

It was at the Cross, too, that the memorable meeting took place with Provost Weir.

"Well, Ned, boy," said the Provost, advancing his hand, affable as you like. "Can we do it, think ye?"

Ned's eyes glistened. In no way discomposed, he shook the Provost's hand and solemnly delivered himself of that famous dictum:

"If the Rovers win, Provost, it'll be over my dead body."

One night, a week before the match, Mrs. Sutherland came to the doctor's house.

It was late. The evening surgery



"You'll have to go to the hospital, lass," Dr. Cameron said.

was over. And, very humbly, Mrs. Sutherland came in to Hsiop, whose duty it was to see cases after hours.

"I'm terribly sorry to trouble you, doctor," she began, and stood still, a neat, poorly-dressed figure, holding her mended glove in her work-worn hands.

She was a pretty woman, or rather once she had been a pretty girl. For now there was about her a faded air; a queer transparency in her cheek and in her look, something so strained and shrinking it cut Finlay to the quick.

"It's foolish of me to have come," she said again, then stopped.

Finlay, placing a chair beside his desk, asked her to sit down.

She thanked him with a faint smile.

"It's not like me to be stupid about myself, doctor. I really should never have come. In fact, I've been that bothered making up my mind I nearly didn't come at all."

A hesitating smile; he had never seen anything so self-effacing as that smile.

"But the plain truth is I don't seem to be seeing out of one of my eyes."

Finlay laid down his pen. "You mean you're blind in one eye?"

She nodded, then added—"My left eye."

A short silence fell.

"Any headache?" he asked.

"Well—whiles they come pretty bad," she admitted.

He continued to question her, as kindly and informally as he could. Then, rising, he took his ophthalmoscope, and darkened the surgery to examine her eyes.

He had some difficulty in getting the retina. But at last he had a perfect view. And, in spite of himself, he stiffened.

He was horrified. He had expected trouble—certainly he had expected trouble—but not this.

The left retina was loaded with pigment which could only be melanin. He went over it again, slowly,

carefully—there was no doubt about it.

He turned up the light again, trying to mask his face.

"Did you have a blow in the eye lately?" he inquired, not looking at her, but watching her reflection in the overmantel.

He saw her color painfully, violently.

And she said too quickly—

"I might have knocked it on the dresser—I slipped, last month, I think it was."

He said nothing, but he tried to compose his features into something reassuring.

"I'd like Dr. Cameron to see you," he declared at length. "You don't mind?"

She fixed her quiet gaze on him.

"It's something bad, then," she said.

"Well"—he broke off helplessly—"we'll see what Dr. Cameron says."

Wishing to add something, but unable to find the words, very lamely he left the room.

Cameron was in his study, smoothing the back of a fiddle with fine sandpaper, humming his infernal little tune.

"Mrs. Sutherland is in the surgery," Hsiop said.

"Ay," Cameron answered, without looking up. "She's a nice body. I knew her when she was a lass, before she threw herself away on that boozey footballer. What's brought her in?"

"I think she's got a melanotic sarcoma," Hsiop said slowly.

Cameron stopped humming, then very exactly he laid down his fiddle. His gaze fastened upon Hsiop's face, and stayed there for a long time.

"I'll come ben," he said, rising. They went into the surgery together.

"Weel, Jenny, lass, what's all this we hear about you?" Cameron's voice was gentle, as though she were a child.

His examination was longer, even more searching than Hsiop's. At the end of it a swift look passed between the two doctors, a look confirming the diagnosis, a look that meant the death of Jenny Sutherland.

Please turn to Page 18

By... A. J. CRONIN

Author of "THE CITADEL"



# ABRAHAM IS SEATED

Love sometimes demands  
the seemingly impossible—  
and gets it!

A Humorous  
Short Story

**D**AY in, day out—week after week, month after month, and year after year—he has stood there—a colossal, dark figure, gazing immovably upon one of the busiest and most picturesque corners of the civilised world, and upon its almost daily scenes of pomp and pageantry.

Beneath the unwinking stare of his grave eyes many events have taken place—gaily grand weddings; solemnly grand funerals; dignified scenes of great national import; hectic scenes of riot and violence—and all the time he has stood there, amid his little patch of gay green grass, before his great chair, with the Eagle of Liberty embossed upon it. In a sense a shabby and incongruous figure, with his ill-fitting frock coat and badly-hanging trousers, and with that expression of slightly aggressive austerity upon his rugged face. Looking at him, one feels that he must be constantly saying to himself: "Vanity, vanity—all is vanity!"

Kings and Governments, War and Peace, and the futile, scurrying crowds of business and pleasure-seekers come and go, but still the statue of Abraham Lincoln, apostle of Liberty and Democracy, stands there, wrapped in his mantle of eternal silence, and gazes austere upon the panorama of Royal Westminster . . .

Beyond the fact that they are both Americans, it would seem difficult to imagine any possible connection between the dead Abraham Lincoln and the very much alive Mr. Sol B. Yanker (to quote his own impressive signature). One feels, somehow, that had these two sons of a great nation ever met they would not have really liked each other.

Mr. Sol B. Yanker is very far from being a Democrat or an Apostle of Liberty. He is an exploiter and a profiteer. A Captain of Industry—other people's industry. In a lower and less certain strata of society he would be called a "con-man." But he calls himself, and is accepted by others as, a "financier." He is, needless to mention, the possessor of much wealth—and also of a rather greedy wife and an extremely beautiful and charming daughter.

**M**R. YANKER is, of course, extremely clever at his business. But outside that he is something of a nit-wit—and, like many such, he is an inveterate second-hand humorist. By which I mean that he never makes an original joke, but, having heard one that tickles his often rather coarse fancy, he is apt to repeat it ad nauseam on every possible and impossible occasion, until a music-hall turn, the radio, or a public-house humorist supplies him with another. I have enlarged to some extent upon this habit of his, because but for it there would have been no occasion to write this story.

One afternoon, boxed up in a Jubilee-week traffic jam, right opposite Westminster Abbey, he heard a new joke. Next to his opulent-looking car in the jam stood a lorry, and the driver of it, jerking his thumb in the direction of the adjacent statue of Abraham Lincoln, remarked to his mate:

"Blimey, don't get impatient! Look at that old cock there, been standing 'ere for donkey's years, 'e 'as!"

And his mate retorted:

"Blimey! 'e must be blinkin' tired by now!"

That struck Mr. Yanker as being a really good joke. He chuckled over it, and made a mental note to work it off at the first available opportunity. And this, as it happened (and with astonishing results) came to him the following morning.

It was Mr. Yanker's habit to drive to his offices in Lothbury in one of



Illustrated by  
WYNNE  
W. DAVIES

The lorry  
pulled up be-  
fore the sit-  
ting statue,  
and a number  
of men  
alighted.

his high-powered cars, and sometimes his wife and his beautiful daughter accompanied him, the daughter afterwards driving her mother home to Eaton Square, or wherever else they decided to go.

On this occasion they once more were forced to pull up right opposite the statue, and Mrs. Yanker took advantage of the pause in driving-concentration to ask once more a recently oft-reiterated question:

"What about that trip to the States, Solly? When are you going to take me?"

Mr. Yanker immediately seized upon the heaven-sent opportunity, and, with a broad grin and a jerk of an over-corpulent cigar in the direction of the statue, said:

"When old Abe there squats down in his chair, m'dear! You won't have long to wait—I reckon the old timer's pretty tired by now!"

Mrs. Yanker muttered something unprintable, the jam broke, and the car forged ahead. Miss Enid Angela Sadle Yanker, sitting in the back seat, had overheard her parent's little joke. She did not smile at it, but, sub-consciously, she must have made a note of it, as the future proved.

Miss Enid A. S. Yanker, being a young lady of great beauty, charm and vivacity, possessed a large and heterogeneous collection of admirers, none of whom found her to justify her initials. Among these was one Robert (or Bobbie) Pfoliot. He appeared, on the face of it, to be by no means a favorite in the great race for the Enid Stakes (1,000,000 sovs.). The fact that he was rather too much of a colt of a noble stable made him unfavored by Sol B., and Enid herself, while rather fond of him personally, had certain objections to him, which will appear shortly. Nevertheless, Bobbie Pfoliot was a dark horse.

The day following that upon which Sol B. first fired off his new joke, Enid was due to appear as a guest at a Kentish house-party, and Bobbie, by sheer persistency, had managed to get her permission to drive her to London Bridge station in his little sports-car. Needless to mention, he did not take the nearest route!

At Hyde Park corner he commenced to bother his fair passenger with his usual importunities, to which she listened with an air of resigned boredom. As they approached Victoria Station she said:

"Say, Bobbie, listen! And just get this, will you? This is about the one hundred and forty-sixth time I've said it, and I'm just as definite now as I was the first time! I—will—not—marry—you!"

"And why not?" asked Bobbie, with an air of polite detachment, which somehow annoyed her. It annoyed her, in fact, so much that she was goaded into speaking the truth.

"For once I'll tell you! I'll spill all the beans. I'll give you the complete and ultimate low-down. Now, listen. You are handsome,

phency is worth, you never will do anything. You are just a useless idler—a parasite cumbering the face of the world. And I will only marry a man who does things—or who, at any rate, has done something. That's the only sort I've any use for, in my young life."

They were tooling gently down Victoria Street.

"I see, so you want me to do something!" said Bobbie, thoughtfully. "Like—like your pater, eh?"

"Nonsense!" with marked decision. "Pop doesn't do things—he does people. Besides, I don't especially want you to make money—goodness knows there is plenty of the stuff about on our side. I just want you to do something that matters—something big—something daring—something unusual—something that no one else has done! That's all!"

By WILLIAM J. ELLIOTT

you are charming, you are nice and kind. You are, in fact, all that an English gentleman ought to be. In fact, I'm not at all sure that I'm not in love with you more than a bit. I—"

"If you'll pardon me," Bobbie interpolated, gently, "your reasons for, so to speak, turning me down as a husband don't seem to me to be entirely adequate!"

"Wait a minute. You are all those things, but you don't do anything! So far as the available records go, you never have done anything. For what my gift of pro-

"Is it?" sighed Bobbie. "I see!" Then, with a sudden air of determination: "All right—that's settled. Now, there's only one more thing to arrange, beautiful."

"And that is?"

"When, O belovedest? When will you marry me?"

Enid's subconscious mind worked suddenly. She gave him one glance, with pronounced disbelief and lack of faith marring slightly the azure glory of her eyes—and then she pointed ahead, half-left, with a slender, white, charmingly manicured finger.

"When that old man sits himself down," she said, somewhat disrespectfully. And added, echoing her father's humor: "You'll not have to wait long—he must be mighty tired by now!"

"I'm sure he must be!" Bobbie agreed, with a quick glance at Lincoln. He said little more between that point and London Bridge Station, but there was a queer gleam in his eyes when he said good-bye to his lady-love through the window of the first-class, reserved compartment. Little could be said, because Enid's maid was there, but just for a moment she looked into his eyes with sadness nestling in the heaven of her own, and whispered:

"Poor old Bobbie!"

And "Poor old Bobbie be darned!" muttered that ungrateful gentleman, as he strode towards the barrier with the air of one who has important business in hand!

In the small hours of the following morning a solitary figure might have been seen with its back to the Abbey of Westminster, and its face turned attentively towards the statue of the Apostle of Liberty—which it was eyeing with no great favor. Presently it spoke, addressing the statue in the tone of a lion-tamer addressing a doubtful member of his class.

"Sit down, will you? D'you hear me, darn you—sit down . . .! Oh, you won't, won't you? Very well, then . . .!"

Please turn to Page 26



# SEVEN Must DIE

Thrilling  
tale of romance  
and adventure in  
the South Seas

Exciting Adventure Serial

By...

JAMES W. BELLAH

Illustrated by WEP

**C**APTAIN MacVEY, master of the schooner Storm Child, offers his ship for a six weeks' cruise to the South Seas to seven adventurous Honolulu tourists.

A member of the proposed expedition suggests they should hunt for King Bradley, the missing island pearl-trader, who started out for an unknown destination, taking with him a lifetime collection of valuable pearls and accompanied only by an old Chinaman.

The night before sailing, Bo Fanning entered Connie's room, obviously in danger of some kind. He begged her to keep a cigarette case for him.

Characters you will meet in this story:

DAME ELLEN MELBURY, retired singer and seasoned traveller.

CONNIE YATES, her attractive grand-niece.

SHERMAN DRUMM, admirer and fellow-passenger on a South Seas expedition.

CAPTAIN MacVEY, master of the schooner, Storm Child.

DOCTOR MAYHEW, old friend of Dame Ellen.

BO FANNING, of doubtful background.

IDA SEFTON, travelling to forget a recent divorce.

KING BRADLEY, legendary figure of the South Seas.

NOW READ ON.

**C**ONNIE lay perfectly still with the cigarette case under the small of her back. The cold metal of it warmed to the warmth of her body; but the fear that had gone through her when Bo Fanning came into her room, that quick, paralysing fear which can come like a scream in the night to all of us, still pressed its icy hands on her chest. She was weak with it, and the palms of her hands were damp.

The telephone beside her burred softly alive. She was so grateful for that telephone that she almost leaped out of bed for it. The cool, hard feel of it was friendship suddenly light and the feeling of people around her.

"Hello!"

"Say 'Hello, Sherman,'" a voice told her curtly, and it was Bo Fanning's hard voice. "Don't move from your bed and don't turn on your light. Is there anyone in your lanai?"

She raised her head and stared towards the lanai doors. The night glow beyond them held everything vaguely outlined now—the chairs outside with their high fanbacks and the railing between hers and the next lanai. There was a short figure climbing stealthily over that railing in the darkness. A short, stocky figure in a dressing-gown that came to his heels. He put his hand on the broad teak rail as she watched him, to steady himself as he came over, and he had a gun in that hand. It wasn't so much that she saw it—and yet, perhaps, she did—but it was more the way he held his hand that made her know it. The metal of the gun sounded softly against the hard teak. There was no other noise.

"Yes," she said loudly into the telephone.

"Laugh!" Bo Fanning told her. The relief of that laugh she managed was terrific. It let out all the tension in her tight nerves and she was loose all over suddenly.

Whoever it was on the railing of her lanai stiffened there and stared into the darkness of her room at her.

Bo's voice in the telephone was sharp: "Now turn on the light and look up and ask, 'Who's there—in the lanai?'"

She reached for the light and



Connie Yates stopped her coffee cup halfway to her lips.

you have Sherman Drumm on this phone; that he wants you to come down and dance."

She looked up at Mayhew.

"Just a minute, please, Doctor Mayhew." She was going high now. She could hear it in her own voice—the high cackle of it—and she knew that Mayhew felt it, too, for he stood there without moving, staring at her, watching her face. She reached for the bedclothes with her free hand to cover herself from his eyes and her own confusion.

"I—I'm talking to Mr. Drumm. He wants me to come down and dance."

"Yes," Doctor Mayhew said, without moving his eyes. And again the telephone clacked.

"You're grand," it said; so loudly under her hands that she felt that the sound of it was echoing through the entire room. "Now just put your clothes on, and come down and dance!"

That was such an utterly ridiculous solution that this time when she laughed she meant it; but she was desperately afraid for a moment that she wouldn't be able to stop laughing, and in that moment Bo Fanning clicked off at the other end and the phone went dead in her hands. She put it back on its stand and looked at Mayhew.

"I am sorry," he said, and he bowed slightly, but his eyes still held hers. "An intruder?" she said. "My goodness!"

"Yes," Mayhew said.

"But—but what did he do?"

"I don't know," Mayhew said.

"Didn't you see him?"

"Oh, yes, I saw him. I saw him from my dressing-room. He was in my room when I let myself in. He heard my key, but he didn't have time to get into the lanai, so he hid in the window curtains. I saw his feet. I think he had a bad ten minutes from then on."

"But what did you do?"

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snapped it on. With it flooding the room, the lanai was completely blotted out and there were only the curtains moving slightly in the doorway.

"Who's there?" she called. "Who's in the lanai?"

A voice outside said, "I beg your pardon, Miss Yates," and Doctor Mayhew stepped into the lighted doorway. Apparently he had not been to bed, for his hair along the sides of his head was still evenly brushed. The dressing-gown he wore

was heavy Shantung silk, belted awkwardly across his puffy waistline. The gun that was in his hand he slipped quickly into the pocket of his gown. He said, "There has been an intruder in my room. I—"

She had taken the telephone from her ear and covered the mouthpiece from force of habit when she called to the lanai. It was clacking frantically in her hands now. She was turned sideways in bed, up on one elbow, and she knew that that cigarette case was lying just behind her.

still touching her, but above the line of the bedclothes. If Mayhew moved toward the foot of her bed, he would see it. She spoke quickly into the phone and, in doing it, she turned slightly and covered the case.

"Just a moment, Sherman," she said.

"Is it Mayhew?" Bo Fanning's voice came back.

"Yes. Yes, yes. Just a moment."

"No, you hang on to the phone," Fanning warned her. "Don't give up that cigarette case. Now tell him



*Blind impulse led William into a heap of trouble, but it did not betray him in the end... nor the little dancer either*

# TOWARDS the

Complete  
Short Story

WILLIAM BARTHOLOMEW was driving home with a bride. A thin moon, hung slightly crooked, jogged along in the heavens and guided them on the country road. They had needed this moon to guide them, for they had been a little drunk with happiness and excitement, and with other things. The hour being four-thirty in the morning, they were beginning, also, to be sleepy. The bride, after various fascinating flutterings that reminded him of a bird, had dug her nose into his sleeve, heaved a sigh of utter content, and dropped to sleep on William's shoulder.

William's strong and masterful hands on the wheel guided the car, not too unsteadily towards the moon. A glow of rich, full living diffused his whole body, a body entirely different from the undistinguished one in which he had gone up to town.

Who, knowing him all these dull, grubby years, would have guessed that in an hour—in a single blazing moment—he could become famous, sought after, cheered and admired—the toast of the town? A man who snatched a bride right off the glittering stage. That kind of man.

William himself hadn't been surprised. Perhaps every man believes that, given the chance, he could become his true self—dashing, magnetic, fatal—instead of the self that circumstances have squeezed him into being. William had had his chance. He had even gone to meet it; he had mounted some little steps to it.

On either side of the road familiar landmarks flowed past in the ghostly dawn. The hour of mystery was upon the earth. Stars were beginning to fade. A rosy light trembled in the east, advancing fan-shaped over some low clouds that were hurrying at him. Soon it would be day, and his new life of power and romance would begin.

Behind these marvellous thoughts there flickered, on the edge of consciousness, the shadow of something he ought to remember, something that kept nudging him. But wrapped in the new, sweet ecstasy he refused to encourage it forward, sending his thoughts, instead, back over the satisfying events of the last few days.

Twice a year William went to town to a show. He had a front stall, for this in a good seat to have, and a smallish man with a bald spot and meek walk and a red-brown suit—he had gone down the aisle in the dark theatre and groped his way to the empty middle seat.

The show was good. He laughed and laughed at an old drunk whom two policemen brought in on their shoulders, and tried to prop against something so that they could arrest him, but he continued to trick through their fingers. This was a good act. Next, a man did tricks. He was good. William couldn't begin to work them out. Then a chorus of beauties came prancing and dancing. This was more than good. After that a swirling, flying mass of gauzy ruffles and dark curls and pointing, prouetting toes came darting and spinning into a violet light.

William sat back. Now the show had really arrived. Vivid, brilliant movements, a bright, small face, an amusing trick with her eyes, she whirled and spun and floated and flung her little body upwards into the air, and glided back down out of the air. She came to the footlights and sang.

There was something about her that just got William. At the end of the song he clapped his hands loudly to make her look at him. She looked. The orchestra had swung into the chorus again, and catching up the words in the middle of a line she came dancing towards him in little eddies of frothy ruffles and tossed curls, singing directly to him, smiling right into his eyes.

"Darling, have you c-o-m-e for me?" Both hands extended.

He felt her words were not just a song, but personal. There was

warmth and sweetness in her voice, and though she was gay she was wistful, too.

The orchestra leader glanced back and waved his little baton at William in the friendliest manner. On either side of him faces leaned forward, grinned. A white light, suddenly swooping like a great white bird, bathed him in brilliance, and the audience, catching sight of him, applauded.

The little dancer put her hands over her heart.

"Darling, have you come for me-e-e?"

Every eye in the house was on him. Strangely, instead of being embarrassed, he liked it. His soul, buried on the farm so many dull years, kicked its heels up. Thought he was a nervous country yokel, did they?

"Yes, I've come for you." He said it right out, as he stood up.

The house roared its pleasure. The orchestra leader, still keeping time with his baton, backed gracefully four musical steps, and beckoned William. Without knowing he was going, William mounted some steps that led to the stage.

He stood in brightness and glamor. The applause of the audience mounted in his veins like wine, lifting him on wave after wave of sheer intoxication. He even remembered, standing there, that in his boyhood he had almost run off with a troupe once. His chest hummed agreeably and music became a part of him.

She came floating towards him, arms out, and William—with confidence—went floating to meet her with mincing steps.

The house lost all control; they practically lay down in the aisles and wept. The musicians laughed so that they could scarcely play. William and the dancer, in perfect step, a well-matched pair, went tripping and swaying to the tune of much thunder.

He had stopped the show.

HE found himself behind the scenes, still holding the hand of the little dancer, both of them practically passing out with fun and laughing. People crowded curiously about them. The din outside was terrific; in the face of loud opposition and cries of "We want to see him again—" the next act finally went on.

A man grinning broadly came hurrying through the stage door followed by other happy gentlemen. He was the owner of a night club, he said, and would Miss Dixie Rose—that was her name—and William honor him by being his guests there. The happy crowd swarming up begged him with tears in their eyes not to refuse.

The little dancer, hanging on to William's arm, accepted for them. "Of course we'll come. I'll have to change."

Thus fame had come to William. Accompanied by a large part of the still hilarious house, they had piled into a lot of taxis and gone to the night club.

Memory here dimmed to a resplendent blur. Walls of gold set with jewels; silver and crystal and satiny damasks; waiters dashing expertly about; intoxicating music; soft lights; faces and faces and faces. Everything glowed, sparkled. This was life as William had always felt, with a vague undefined hunger, awaited him somewhere. Ladies hoping eagerly to dance with him; Dixie clinging to his arm possessively, whispering happy nothings in his ear.

"As soon as I saw you I knew you were important."

Yes, he was a great success; it had been a great event, he had had a great time. He had also had a little too much to drink, perhaps.

At length the gay crowds had thinned and departed. He and Dixie were left practically alone, sitting at a small table looking at each other. The hour was late. Reaction was upon them; they grew thoughtful,



*The bride dropped to sleep on William's shoulder.*

meditative, sad. It came out that

neither was happy. He told her of his farm in the country, describing it to her—and none to share it with now. No one to love him, cheer him. He felt pitiful—pitiful.

Her life was no bed of roses either, she had said. Endless travelling, dancing and singing, silly men with goggling eyes, not real men like him. How sweet it was to hear of his wonderful country home; she herself had dreamed of such a home; once she had even saved for it, and then had come a long stretch without work. She had always felt that such a home awaited her at the end of all the roads.

"I'll never meet anybody else like you." Her little warm voice broke and tears trembled on her long lashes. "We've had this marvellous evening together and now it's over."

Then it was that the second great crisis of his life confronted him, and this new, strong William rose and met it. He stood upon his feet.

"No." He wagged his head. "No. You are going to marry me. I'll get a special licence."

AGAIN the picture blurred, but nothing could deter him. There had been, possibly, arguments, but William had remained adamant.

This little girl, this beautiful and lonely child, with her dark curls and lovely eyes, had recognised the real nature of the man—and this man, buried until now, had leaped to life on the instant he had been discovered. Henceforth, he was that better man. Henceforth all wrongs were righted; all injustices and sorrows and griefs wiped out; all scales were balanced. The licence for this was in his upper inside pocket.

William looked down at his little bride.

There were lines about her eyes. Her sleeping face looked tired—almost haggard. He was pleased. That was fine. He was no chicken.

And at the word chicken he had an awful jar; the thing that he ought to remember—that dark something lying in wait—popped back at him again. He shoved it uneasily away. But not far. It returned. He tried to dodge it, to shoo it off, hitting out with the flat of his hand and shaking his head, but it wasn't any good. He could no longer escape. What had been haunting him during the last few blissful days? The truth was upon him. He knew.

William broke into a cold sweat. The personality of power and magnetism melted quickly. It left a funny-looking little man rattling home in an old car—a poor ignorant who had gone up to town and got tight and made an awful fool of himself. Out of the fog that was the last few days he remembered troubling things he had told Dixie about his—his country estate.

This was terrible. He couldn't face it. He couldn't begin to face it. He sank far down behind the wheel, and decided to keep going straight ahead, on and on, indefinitely, never stopping because he couldn't face it. But even as he planned the wheel of the faithful car (our things take care of us) turned from the main road into a narrow rutted lane. Powerless, he could only sit here with winter in his heart and approach what he was approaching.

When she felt herself jogging along a country lane, Dixie at first thought she was dreaming. Then she remembered. It wasn't a dream! It was true; she was actually married to a good little man with money. Money. Plenty of money. A lovely country place over which, he had told her, she

was to reign like a queen. Cars in the garage; horses in the stable; gardens and pools and ducks and turkeys and a little pig if she wanted. She'd dreamed of such a place.

Years on the stage, touring from town to town; cheap hotels, and cheap food, and aching feet; long stretches without work. The young girls crowding in—girls with beauty and dash and a new technique. The strain of keeping up with these, the terror of being dropped. Tired—tired of everything. For a long while she'd felt she simply couldn't go on. Twice her manager had told her she was slacking.

And so the other night when she found this little man had money she'd made a quick decision. He was the kind you could lead by the nose. There was something dear and gaily comfortable about this little fellow; in his unsuspected guilelessness he had made the whole crowd happy. Small and shy with an honest grin and the most comic face she ever had seen. She'd be nice to him because she'd be so grateful for breakfast in bed, thick cream, a maid to draw the blinds, discreetly, and let her sleep. Horses and cars, rest, homage and money.

The violent jolting of the car grew at length uncomfortable. Dixie opened her eyes and sat up, pretending only then to have awakened. They were bumping down a sort of rabbit trail between dilapidated fences with dreary lengths of fields stretching to either side as far as the eye could see.

A curious tremor, a feeling of frightened helplessness, stirred within her—the feeling of being caught in a trap. She kept her face straight ahead but her eyes slid to either side, fearfully; she didn't dare look at William whose guileless face would tell her, instantly.

The car made a turn, rattled over a plank bridge and through a gate



# MOON

By NORMA  
PATTERSON

and chugged to a stop beside a house. An unpainted barn stood directly before her, hay falling out of an open loft door. She slid her eyes cautiously to include the little storehouse in a grassless yard, and then the wilted remains of the country gentlemen she had married such a short time ago.

She said only: "Is this it?" He nodded, wordless. Beads of torture rimmed his brow. He got out on his side; she got out on hers. Without speaking they went up the muddy path. He moved as if pushed from behind on reluctant but impossible-to-halt feet. He fitted a key in the lock. He opened the door and they went in.

Five small, fair-headed children in varying stages of dressing turned and stared, open-mouthed. Five small reproductions of William Bartholomew's comic face.

At length she summoned her voice back into her body.

"Yours?" He could only nod. He began moving away. He said:

"I think I had better go."

"I think you had."

Trapped. She was beginning to tremble—to shake violently—she was going to scream. Her fury was not so much for him as for herself. She, a woman of the world, had let herself be tricked—fooled—by a country yokel. She—

A little gasping sound, preliminary to what was coming, escaped her lips and hastened the departure of quaking, guilty looking knees through the kitchen door. Dixie Rose was left standing in a room with five strange children, in an awful little house on an isolated farm miles and miles from everywhere. And she was married to this.

"Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!" She threw back her head. "Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ha, ha, ha, ha!"

The solemn faced children all joined in.

WHEN they laughed they squeezed their eyes tightly, crinkled their noses, and gale after gale of infectious mirth bubbled out of faces all built up alike with long, comic upper lips and twinkly eyes. It was what had stopped the show last night. "Ha, ha, ha, ha!" A little fellow snatched off the shirt he was almost into and waved it, and then hastily covered himself with it again. A baby about three who had already got into his dress backwards began spinning first right and then left, trying to meet the front of himself coming round the corner. The second boy, from immoderate laughter, took on a look of haggard suffering. The two eldest were girls and wore overalls; the three youngest were boys and wore smocks, and everything was very mixed in this tragic wild madhouse.

Her own laughter broke on a sob.

"This can't be me. It simply can't. Perhaps I'm not here. I'll wake up in a moment in my room at the hotel. Anywhere but where I think I am. Poor Dixie. Poor thing."

Somebody spoke, a warm, small voice.

"You've got the loveliest laugh." "Oh, heavens," cried Dixie. Exhausted, she leaned against the door, put a hand to her splitting, bewildered head, and said weakly: "Is there any tea in this place?"

"Oh, yes, m'm," said a crowd, and vehement traffic swept past her into the kitchen.

Ten hands brought down a tea caddy and succeeded in spilling most of it into an old earthenware teapot. Dixie dropped in a chair by the kitchen table and took her head in her hands.

Illustrated by  
WYNNE  
W. DAVIES



Without knowing where he was going, William mounted some steps that led to the stage.

She hated storms. She said, in wonder:

"I believe the barn has moved." "No'm. Dad's out there. He'll hold it down. It wouldn't have struck the house that other time, but dad wasn't here."

If it didn't stop—if she couldn't get the car through the mud—

Something kept pushing against her. The little fellow was holding up a wooden lamb. He said, in a voice that exactly matched his practically noseless face:

"Lamb—boke." He stood plastered against her, head thrown back on his short, fat neck, eyes looking and looking at her in childish wonder—a very blue and steady gaze. He seemed to like what he saw. Fat, small fingers patted her silken dress. "Piddy! Piddy!"

Suddenly he hurried off and brought another toy.

"Hoss—boke." Another, "Klitten—boke." His short legs twinkled rapidly off and rapidly back. "All boke!"

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This, too, was funny, and seemed to be the accepted process of getting breakfast.

Dixie said, feebly: "Just tea without anything in it, please."

It was while she was drinking this that the room abruptly darkened. Clouds that had been hurrying up at daybreak now dropped, releasing a leaden torrent. Lightning ripped through in jagged flashes and thunder cracked in the fields.

Dark and small, the world shut down. She remembered the muddy road that lay between her and the main road. The storm increased. Yes, this would happen to her.

"Listen," said Dixie. "Do storms like this last long?"—watching the solid sheets of water.

"Yes, ma'am!" cried everybody cheerfully. "And once this house was struck by lightning."

"Ma'am?" asked all the comic children brightly, ready in a twinkling for another hurrah with their jolly guest.

It was then that she saw the note, hastily scrawled and speared to the table with a pin:

"Dear Madam," it said quaintly, "I know you won't want to stay or ever to see me again, so I'm leaving the car out in front for you, and here are the keys. You can find your way back without trouble. Just take the first turn to the left and keep on till you reach the main road, then straight on. I give you the car for the wrong I have done in deceiving you about things. I won't pester you at all and won't come back in the house till I see you have left. It's no good to say I'm sorry, but I say it."

"WILLIAM BARTHOLOMEW." She put the note in her pocket. It hadn't been the poor man's

fault, and she was fair-minded enough to admit it; they had all combined to make a monkey of him that night, and why she was so furious with him was because she was so furious with herself. Perhaps it could be arranged quietly, and no one in her company need ever know the truth. She didn't want his car, but she'd drive to town in it, leave it at a garage for him.

The children were flying about in an enthused tangle of feet and constant collisions. Two fat ones bumped into each other, head on, and both sat down hard on the floor.



## Towards the Moon

Continued from Page 9

"I start laughing again," thought Dixie, with despair. "I'm lost. I'll never stop."

The biggest girl—about ten—who was mixing something in a basin, explained about his toys.

"He won't keep his stuff on his stack, and we step on it and break it. Dad makes each of us keep all our toys in a certain place against the wall. He won't keep his on his."

"What's his name?" asked Dixie kindly, under the steady scrutiny of those blue, admiring eyes.

"He's William, like Dad, but he doesn't know it. We call him Boo-boo. And this one is Bustie, and that's Wiggy. I'm Amy and she's Bessy." She looked worriedly over at Dixie. "I think I'd better wet this more," whacking the stiff wad of grey dough with a long spoon.

"Child, do you do the cooking for this family?"

"Dad does, but he's teaching me how. He's teaching me to sew, too." She set the basin on the table and dusted the flour from her hands, her face beaming. "Want to see my new dress?"

She hurriedly fetched this—a cotton print in the last stages of being ruined. "Isn't it all right?"—the light on her small face fading at Dixie's look of consternation.

"Here's mine," said Bessy, shyly displaying a similar failure.

Boo-boo was holding up a stocking with an enormous hole in the toe. He said, in his noiseless voice:

"Stogunt boke."

Bustie came running with garments.

"The buttons popped off."

She sat in the centre of space, far from help, kept there by a storm, and a large crowd of children held up their tattered garments.

ments at her—undarned socks, half-made totally ruined new dresses, buttonless shirts—their small faces turned so trustingly upon her. And behind this picture, which filled the littered room, there moved a shadow—a comic, bizarre little shadow, but it was of a gentleman. She had to admit it. He had been generous to her about the car, about promising to undo that mad, impossible marriage ceremony, and not to return to the house until she was gone.

Why not be a sport and return a little of this generosity? Dixie was a neat soul. She could keep house in a caravan, and five minutes after she entered a bare hotel room it didn't look like the same place. Her trunks were marvels of compact order. She could set the little house in order, help put the children's clothes in order, do some baking—give a few needed touches to a motherless home. Thus he would find it when she had gone—a friendly gesture to show that she was without rancor.

Out in the barn, the cow moored forlornly. She had cried all day, but no one had heard her. The horses pawed their troughs impatiently. A little mouse scurried and darted, and misery sat in a wet coat on a bale of hay, the collar turned up about the ears.

All day he had sat unmoving. Dismay was upon him. After years of harmless living he had ruined a woman's life. She was a sweet and trusting little thing; she had believed in him. He knew how criminals felt. He was one.

The storm raged with unabated fury. William began to worry about his little children. He had promised her that he wouldn't come

in until she was gone, but he was afraid, if he sat here until night, one of the children would come through the storm to look for him. Another thought struck him. Perhaps Dixie had gone the moment she read his note. The more he contemplated this possibility, the more certain he was that she had left his house by the front door as he left it by the back. And the storm had prevented the children coming to tell him.

He rose, stiff with the cold and the damp, got an old mackintosh that hung by the door and, shielding his face, made the dash across the yard to the back door.

The warmth of the kitchen felt good, and something smelt very good in here—like newly-baked cakes; and though the room was dark it held a cosy feeling of scrubbed, ordered sweetness.

It was like old times when he would come in from shutting up the animals on wild, winter nights, and his wife had his supper all ready, and the children would come shrieking and clamoring, happy to see him in out of the cold, knowing there would be a romp.

The children were having a great to-do in the next room. He tipped to the door, stood, head bent, listening. Yes, she would be gone. They wouldn't be making such a noise with a stranger here. Cautiously he opened the door a crack's width, and stuck his eyes to the crack.

What he saw sent a shock through him. The room was tidied up, just as it used to be. Curtains at the windows, snowy beds turned down

neatly, polished lamp chimney and soft shades; cushions on the chairs, and rugs about, and even a potted plant that he didn't recognise. The children's eternal litter of toys and books was off the floor. And all of it swam in a mist of sparkling, happy life and color and unsuspected homeliness.

In amazement, in actual disbelief, he looked at his children sitting in a circle of pyjamas before the fire. And received a second and worse shock. There in the circle, having a simply marvellous time and wearing an apron, was the little dancer—curls tousled, eyes radiant.

They had stacked their fists together in the centre of the circle, everybody holding to the next one's thumb. "Knock it off or take it off?"

"Knock it off."

Shrieks and screams; the tower of fists toppling and swaying.

Wiggy's voice split the air.

"Look, in the door there, Dad's in out of the storm. Hurrah for Dad come in from the storm."

William had forgotten the door and let it swing open.

Everybody shrieked with joy.

He began backing out quickly, his humble gaze just brushing Dixie's face as he went.

Her eyes with their quaint little trick met his.

"Come along, dad," she called out gaily, and taking Boo-boo on her lap she patted the floor beside her invitingly. "Your hand goes down next, dad."

In a daze he crossed the floor. He lowered himself stiffly. He grabbed a thumb.

"Knock it off or take it off?"

"Knock it off." All the irresistible

### LYRIC OF LIFE

#### Moon by Day

In cloudless skies above the afternoon

Floats a pale wraith, the dim and ghostly moon.

Lost in the alien hour of the day,

Bewilderedly it takes its windy way

Like an aged woman, lost but walking on.

Seeking familiar landmarks that are gone.

—Phyllis Duncan-Brown.

bubbling little Bartholomews desperately trying to stem the tide of mirth that shook them.

Her shoulder touched his; leaned comfortably against him. Something began to glow inside William. He tried to stop this glowing from possessing him, it had made such a fool of him the other night. But it ran in his veins like quicksilver and mounted to his head. Now he was feeling like a man of affairs again—proud of his children, his home, his wide nine acres. It must be that wine beginning to take effect again.

"William," she was smiling at him above Boo-boo's nodding head. "do you remember"—a secret trembled on a bright path between her eyes and his—"that I once told you I'd had a dream? Well—looking at the rollicking children, the little clean, bright room, the lamplight and the firelight—to-day I've found that dream!"

(Copyright)

NEW LOVELINESS,  
LONGER WEAR, IN RINGLESS  
SHEERS AT 4/11

Cheers for Bond's  
Number 333 sheers!  
They're dullest  
of dull finished  
pure silk. They've  
greater elasticity,  
and guaranteed  
ringless!

Orchids on your  
budget! Only 4/11  
for sheers that  
look 6/11 and give  
you extra miles of  
hard wear...Bond's  
Number 333 sheers.

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usual stockings...  
they're reinforced  
only over the  
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are reinforced  
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AT ALL SMART STORES.

For the same lovely stocking  
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Better and better! See  
how the smart heel panel  
comes out here at the side  
...reinforcements just where  
shoes rub your ankles most!

More finds for your  
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"FASCINATION"  
the glorious  
grenadine shoe  
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"ADMIRATION"  
pure silk chiffon  
5/11 a pair

"REFINEMENT"  
the crepe sheer  
for good wear  
7/11 a pair



# SOME NEW LAUGHS

"Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen. When we are old and mellow they'll still be evergreen."



1st MINER: Well, I'd better get in and have a bath.

2nd MINER: A bath? Why not get your wife to run the vacuum cleaner over you?



"Y'know, Mrs. Arris, I sometimes wonder if my husband's tired of me."  
"Whatever makes you think that, Mrs. Iggs?"  
"Well, he hasn't been home for seven years!"

## MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead



"Aie—Daddy—just a teensy-weensy trip to Paris."



"Don't take my watch; it has a sentimental value."  
"Well, give it to me; I feel like a good cry, anyhow."

**LIPS  
LIKE THESE  
NEVER GO  
BEGGING!**



Romance comes to the mouth that's kissable—the mouth that's soft and young, the mouth that uses Michel!

Some lipsticks make lips lined and dry. But oh! the difference with Michel! It keeps lips soft as a baby's. The heavenly shades bring out the beauty of your skin, the depth of your eyes, the loveliness of your teeth. Michel Lipstick is a balanced lipstick. It spreads evenly—gives a feeling of freshness. Discover Michel for yourself.

**SIX ENTRANCING SHADES**  
Blonde : Cherry : Vivid  
Cupidine : Raspberry : Scarlet

**Michel**  
**LIPSTICK**  
ALL CHEMISTS & STORES



"My husband eats out of my hand, my dear."  
"Lucky girl! No dishes to wash!"

## Brainwaves

A Prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

"NOW," said the fussy woman, entering the taxi, "I wish you to be extremely careful. When you come to a crossing wait until the police tell you to go on; and if the streets are slippery drive very slowly."  
"All right, ma'am," replied the driver, "and in case of an accident, which hospital would you like to be taken to?"

"MY husband has lost all his money on the Stock Exchange."  
"I do feel sorry for him."  
"Yes, so do I. He'll miss me."

"I'M afraid, George, you don't love me as much as you used to. You always let me get up and light the fire now."  
"No n sense, dear! Your getting up to light the fire makes me love you all the more."

"LOOK, darling. I've got one of those new hats without a crown, a dress without a back, and shoes without toe-caps."  
"And I've got a new suit with pockets without money."



Amami Wave Set will help you to  
**lovely hair**

★  
Hair Health and Beauty  
—use Amami Shampoos

A regular Amami Shampoo cleanses, invigorates and beautifies hair in no time. There's a special Amami Shampoo for you! Amami No. 1 for Brunettes, Amami No. 5 for Blondes. Get one to-day!

If your hair isn't naturally curly or is 'difficult,' get a bottle of Amami Wave Set from chemist, hairdresser or stores, use a few drops as directed, make your setting according to the simple instructions and then . . . well! you'll stand amazed at the wonderful transformation. Neat, radiant, cunning little curls . . . beautiful waves. One bottle of Amami Wave Set will last you weeks.

**AMAMI Wave Set**

★ If you have any difficulty in obtaining Amami Products, please write to Geo. Ripley & Co., Macdonell House, Pitt Street, Sydney.



## An Editorial

OCTOBER 8, 1938

### THIS WAS THE REAL TERROR BEHIND THE SCENES IN EUROPE

IN the whole of history there is nothing to compare with the meetings which Mr. Chamberlain has had with Hitler.

The Prime Minister of the world's greatest Empire, an old man, made three air flights to Germany, in order to plead and reason face to face with the war-ranting Nazi Fuehrer.

A horrible feeling of nightmare gripped people.

Mr. Chamberlain said: "How horrible, fantastic, and incredible it is that we should be digging trenches and fitting gas-masks."

It seemed that Hitler had decided on the terrible gamble of forcing a war which would involve all the world.

Either this was a villainous bluff, or Hitler counted on Japan and Italy to help him win victories more startling than those of Napoleon or Caesar.

A MADMAN'S DREAM, OR A STUPENDOUS BLUFF?

This was the anxious problem Mr. Chamberlain had to decide. That was why Mr. Chamberlain personally visited Hitler.

It was necessary for Mr. Chamberlain to decide for himself the degree of fanaticism or of fierce conviction that blazed in the soul of the German dictator.

It may be a long time before Mr. Chamberlain reveals what he saw when he gazed with British calm deep into Hitler's eyes.

And Hitler will never reveal his feelings beneath that steady and searching gaze.

But history will recognise that the sincerity, the patience, and the quiet strength of the Englishman brought restraint and reason back to the inflamed mind of the man who had made his people call him a demi-god.

MANY peace-loving people have thought that England and France should have done something months ago to curb Hitler.

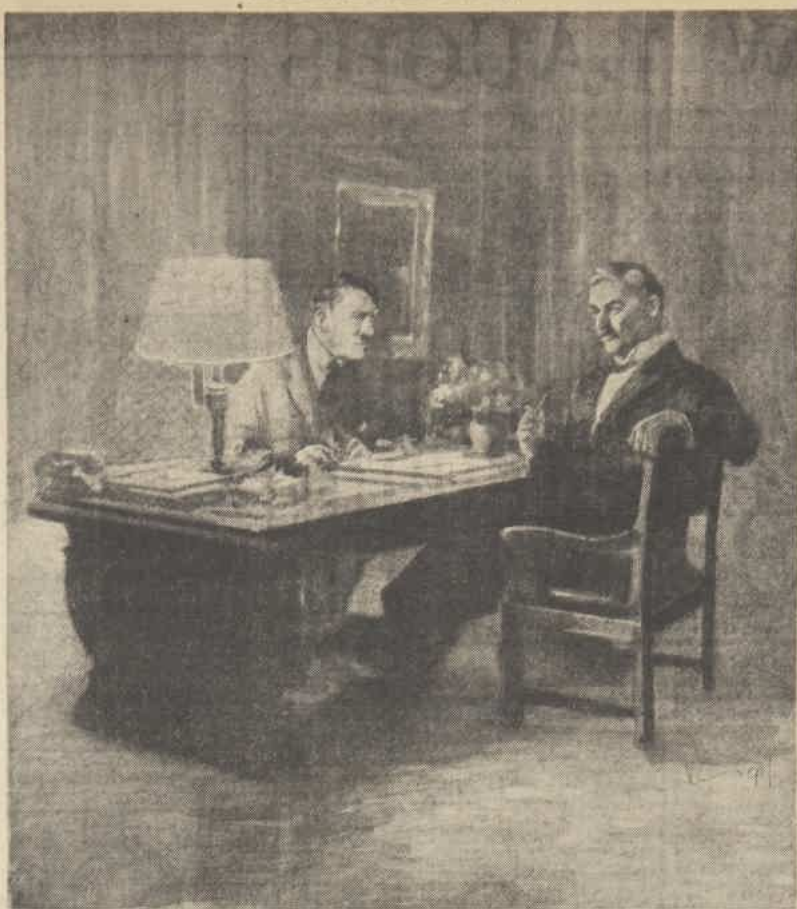
But three great considerations caused Mr. Chamberlain to work unceasingly for peace:

FIRST: While Germany stayed within her own borders, her threats to other nations might turn out to be only bluff.

SECOND: Even if Germany attacked a small nation, it might be better to stand by, rather than plunge the whole world into war.

THIRD: The longer peace could be maintained, the greater the chance of a revolution in Germany, replacing Hitlerism with a democratic form of government. All these facts were clear to anybody when Hitler started his campaign against the Czechs.

They were certainly quite clear to



IT MAY BE A long time before Mr. Chamberlain reveals what he saw when he gazed with British calm deep into Hitler's eyes.

## Hitler's Madman's Dream

Hitler himself. But this is how he seems to have reasoned:

*I am the great Fuehrer, who will make Germany the greatest power on earth.*

*I have built a war machine which I think is invincible, but the cost is so enormous that the people will revolt unless I find a victorious use for it.*

*On the other hand, a revolution in Germany might lead to communism, which would be unpalatable for England.*

*If England and France keep out, I can conquer the Czechs easily, and extend towards the Black Sea.*

*I think England and France will keep out, rather than cause a world war.*

*Even if there is a world war, Germany, Italy and Japan might win.*

*I am the great Fuehrer, the leader of the modern world, and my decision is the only right way.*

*It was such reasoning, partly Machiavellian, partly hysterical megalomania, that drove Hitler on towards the abyss.*

After Mr. Chamberlain had spoken to him, Hitler knew that England and France would not keep out. Mr.

Chamberlain must have told Hitler privately what he afterwards told him publicly:

"If I were convinced that any nation had made up its mind to dominate the world by threats of force, I should feel that it must be resisted," he said.

That placed the onus on Hitler, not of a little war against the Czechs, but of a great world war.

WHEN all these tragic days are over, there is one thing that stands out.

The people of democratic, prosperous countries must in future pay attention to the problems of other nations.

A distressed Germany, loser of the last war, was allowed to drift into a state of misery where Nazi methods seemed a way out.

Mr. Chamberlain recognised this. Mr. Chamberlain's policy, ever since he became Prime Minister, has been to conciliate Germany, hoping that in the long run the Fuehrer's early hysteria might abate, and a more rational form of government be introduced in Germany.

The Czech debacle reveals that no reform of Nazi ideas can be expected while Hitler leads.

### WHAT DID CHAMBERLAIN SEE IN THE BLAZING EYES OF THE NAZI DEMI-GOD?

Hitler is the terror behind the scenes in Europe to-day.

The thought must occur to many that the same fate as Napoleon's, exile of Hitler to St. Helena, would ease the world's nerves.

The truculence of Hitler has angered Australians. But we have been even more deeply shocked to realise that a great nation like Germany is so far behind the modern idea of democratic politics as to be led in such a way.

Germany has never known the blessing of democracy. Oligarchical rule of absolute monarchs in the past and of the Dictator to-day has kept her politically feudal-minded.

Democracy seeks settled lives and the greatest possible measure of individual freedom.

IT ACHIEVES THESE ENDS BY GIVING THE PEOPLE COMPLETE CONTROL OF THE GOVERNMENT.

Guilt for the war crisis lies with those nations where people have no voice in their government.

Germany was the prime mover of the Great War. The arrogance of her Junker leaders stampeded all Europe into war.

For a few years after 1918 her people revolted against the Potsdam autocracy, and set up a republic on the lines of France and America.

But this republic was undermined from within before it could establish itself. The Nazis came into power. Germany once more became a medieval nation politically.

War belongs to medieval days. So the incredible happens. The fantastic becomes the truth.

How long will the German people endure such evil arrogance? How long will they be content to be leaden soldiers of Hitler's fortune?

The hope of the world is that the great oppressed genius of the German people, if driven over the brink of war, will at last revolt: at last demand for each man the right to live in peace with his neighbor, which is the true charter of democracy.

Only then will it emerge from the black pall of fear which is now, for untold millions, making a goblin of the sun.

It is impossible that any final solution can be reached at a single stroke. But with every postponement of a world war comes the hope that a piecemeal improvement is eventuating.

THE EDITOR.

### IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . . By WEP





# How to Be Beautiful, Yet Practical



## Cosmetology Made Easy By the New Lay-On Principle

Speaking as one of Australia's leading cosmetologists, it is with regret that I have to remark that Australian women don't know how to make up.

Quite a lot of women look as if someone had smacked them in the face with a bag of flour and then followed it up with a couple of ripe tomatoes.

**T**HIS should not be allowed to continue while we cosmetologists look on. I have given you a number of beauty lectures before, but, by the look of you, you haven't taken a scrap of notice. However, I'm giving you another chance.

For a start, it will be obvious that the make-up for a

blonde would be totally unsuitable for a brunette. Remember this next time you change from brunette to blonde.

The basis of all make-up treatment is to give the face a bit of a wash first.

Lots of girls don't think of this, yet it is one of the best

By . . .

**L. W. Lower**

Australia's Foremost  
Humorist

Illustrated by WEP

things for removing mud, dust, grass-seeds, etc., which collect on the face after a few months.

Never use sand-soap! Once it gets into your ears, it's the devil's own job getting it out.

If the face is particularly filthy a blow-lamp may be used—but this should be done by an expert.

Having got the face reasonably clean, a good cream should be well rubbed into the skin—not ice-cream, because it attracts the flies and there is nothing more embarrassing to a well-groomed woman than to be covered with flies.

A face-pack may be applied before the cream is rubbed in.

A simple method is to make a blanchange, plunge the face into it and allow the blanchange to set. If necessary, get into the locheat with it.

The blanchange should be worn for a couple of hours. After that you eat your way out of it.

The face-pack having been removed, rub in the cream. Rub upward from the neck. This will prevent that sagging chin.

It is exceedingly awkward to sit down and find your chin dangling in your lap. Don't let it happen to you.

Remove the surplus cream with a pad of cotton wool or the tea-towel or floor-cloth, whichever is preferred, and dust the face—no wait a minute!

### Touches of Rouge

**T**HE rouge should always be applied first. Make up your mind where you want your cheeks to be and apply the rouge with a circular motion.

If your nose is red it may be rendered less noticeable if the rouge is put on the cheeks very thick.

A touch of rouge on the lobes of the ears is sometimes used, but don't put it on so thickly that people will think your boy-friend has socked you one.

The lips are next. It is best to make your mind up as to what size and shape your lips are going to be and stick to it. Having different sizes and shapes of lips every day is very confusing to one's friends.

Plucking the eyebrows is not strictly necessary, but a good effect can be had by plucking one eyebrow off entirely and leaving the other one on. This gives a roguish look and may be useful as a disguise whenever needed.

Simply turn the non-eyebrow side of the face to the observer, then turn the other side, then look him squarely in the eye. If this doesn't trick him, nothing will.

Another method is to remove both eyebrows and pencil in another set. A rather novel effect can be had this way by continuing the eyebrows around past the ears and ending on a true-lovers' knot at the back of the neck.

"A blow-lamp may be used on the face," says L. W. Lower, "but this should be done by an expert."

This may be varied, of course. With a backless frock, the eyebrows could be down the back in a series of loops.

An eyebrow pencil should be used if possible. An ordinary lead pencil is not much use, and indelible pencil is liable to run down the face in wet weather, leaving an undesirable varicose vein effect.

If an eyebrow pencil is not available, a little stove-polish may be used.

I do not favor the too extensive use of perfume. A dab or two behind the ears and about an eggcupful down the front of the frock is sufficient for the woman of refinement.

Sickly, cloying scents should be avoided. A mixture of half acent and half rum will give one an interesting tang as well as being distinctive.

Another thing; it's nice to know that there's always something to drink in the house. Many a woman has won back her husband's affections by dousing herself with rum occasionally.

The hands are all-important. The first step in the care of the hands is to get someone in to do the washing.

Almond oil, the oil used for oiling almonds, is excellent for softening the hands, and for whitening them a mixture of peroxide and whitewash is advised. Some people wash them, but this is going to extremes.

Good taste must be your guide in the use of cosmetics, says a leading society woman. She's right, too.

Before using any cosmetic, taste the stuff. If it tastes good, it's O.K.

How does she keep her Youth and Beauty.

**S**HE'S got what everyone admires—a slim, graceful figure, a lovely complexion and the beauty of radiant health. If you asked her she'd tell you her secret is just "a couple of Bile Beans nightly."

Bile Beans are purely vegetable; they tone up the system, purify the blood and ensure that internal health which keeps you young, slim, and attractive.

So start taking Bile Beans nightly if you want to be youthful, slender and beautiful.



"The slightly drowsy of Bile Beans keep me in radiant health, brimful of energy, and enable me to look my very best. In the 'Miss England' competition I was the chosen representative for the City of Sheffield."—Miss L. Mackenzie, Sheffield, Eng.

"For my attractive figure, clear complexion and bright spirits I give all credit to Bile Beans. Nobody takes me for a day older than I am and even my doctor is surprised at my youthful appearance."—Miss L. Locke.

# BILE BEANS

KEEP YOU HAPPY, HEALTHY AND SLIM

rushed over from London for smart women here!



Exciting...haunting  
disturbing...adorable!

If you haven't yet worn this brilliant new perfume you're behind the times! For "Mischief" is the perfume success of the day! Bringing a new allure to feminine charm! Adding an air of swagger sophistication! Making a merely "pretty" girl into a definitely exciting companion! And in frightfully smart packing is in keeping with the chic of the perfume itself! In elegant black and chromium flasks—from half a crown to fifty shillings. And the cute novelty-clocks shown below.

# Mischief



Moulded miniatures  
Top Hats—Black  
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melt, fade, ash-  
trays after the  
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Handing story bottle  
nestling in white  
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cvn-47





IF your life is being made miserable by distressing heartburn, flatulence, sick headache and pain after meals, then follow the example of Nurse Jennings, who writes—

"I was a great sufferer with heartburn and pains after eating, and I dreaded mealtimes. After taking 'Bisurated' Magnesia I can now eat anything without discomfort."

Your first dose of "Bisurated" Magnesia will stop the stomach pain; take it after meals and you'll forget you ever had indigestion. "Bisurated" Magnesia is used and recommended by doctors everywhere. . . . you simply cannot buy a better stomach remedy. Get a bottle to-day.

**You want 'Bisurated' Magnesia**

**CORNS**

REMOVED WITH CASTOR OIL PREPARATION

Say goodbye to clumsy corns and itchy sores. A new liquid called NOXACORN and past in 60 seconds. Dries up corns and calluses, root and all. Contains pure castor oil, corn-spirit and iodine. Absolutely safe. Easy direction on label. 1/6 bottle saves untold misery. The chemist refunds your money if NOXACORN brand Corn Remover fails to remove any corn or callus.

**EVEN IF YOU ARE "NATURALLY THIN" ILL, NERVOUS RUNDOWN**

**Gain Perfect Health, Renewed energy, A Rejuvenated body and 5-10 lbs. of Firm Flesh without use of Drugs, in 10 Days or No Cost!**

"VIKELP" Tablets, the amazing Mineral Concentrate from the sea, rich in MINERALS, VITAMINS and FOOD IODINE, is building up thousands of nervous, thin, rundown, prematurely ageing men and women where all else fails.

There is hope now for "Naturally Skinny," ill, weak, run-down, ailing people who are ageing before their time and who do not seem able to add an ounce to matter what they eat. A new way has been found to gain vibrant energy, strong nerves, radiant health, and add flattering pounds of good solid flesh even on men and women who have been underweight, run-down and ailing for years. 5 lbs. in 10 days guaranteed (20-40 lbs. a month not uncommon).

"VIKELP" Tablets, the easily assimilable MINERAL and FOOD IODINE concentrate from the Pacific Ocean, get right down to the underlying cause of thin, nervous, run-down conditions, add pounds of solid flesh and improve health and energy by a "2-ways-in-1" natural process.

First, it's a rich supply of the 12 ESSENTIAL LIPID-GIVING MINERALS stimulates the digestive glands which produce the juices that alone enable you to digest fats and starches, the weight-making elements in your daily diet. And these minerals are needed by virtually every organ and for every function of the body. Second, "VIKELP" Tablets are rich in natural FOOD IODINE—a mineral needed by the vital organ which regulates metabolism, the process through which the body is constantly building firm solid flesh, new strength, health and energy. Six "VIKELP" Tablets contain more natural FOOD IODINE than 4½ lbs. Spinach or 1600 lbs. Beef. More Iron and Copper than 2 lbs. Spinach or 1½ lbs. Fresh Tomatoes. More Calcium than 1 doz. Eggs. More Phosphorus than 3 lbs. Carrots. Absolutely free from drugs. After eating "VIKELP" Tablets for a few days the food you eat no longer clogs the system but turns to solid flesh. Not only is your body rejuvenated but faulty metabolism, constipation, gastritis, gutters, rheumatism, and other systemic illnesses are corrected or disappear entirely. Resistance is built up against "common colds" and other ordinary diseases. Whatever you've tried before, try "VIKELP" Tablets for only 10 days and if after taking them you do not



feel wonderful, eat, sleep and work better, and have not gained 5 lbs. (20-40 lbs. a month not uncommon) your money will be refunded. Obtainable everywhere.

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Cut out this paragraph at once. Send it to us with your name and address and we will send you absolutely free a fascinating new 60 page book on How to Add Weight Quickly, Build Strength, Energy, Strong Nerves and Rich Red Blood. Mineral Content of Food and Their Effects on the Human Body. New facts about MINERALS, IODINE and VITAMINS. Standard weight and measurement charts. Daily menu for weight normalizing. Absolutely free. No obligation. Vilep Dept., 101 W.W. G.P.O., Box 3679 S.S., Sydney.

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In its rich supply of: **IODINE**—Corrects, cures, improves vitality, gutters, incorrect weight, faulty metabolism. **ANEMIA**, headaches, **RICKETS**, **ECZEMA**, **TOOTH DECAY**, **BRUISES**, **AG. NEURALGIA**, **INDIGESTION**, **KIDNEY TROUBLE**, **CONSTIPATION**, **ACIDIOSIS**, **NERVOUSNESS**, **SKIN DISEASES**, **RHEUMATISM**, **LIVER TROUBLE**, **BULIMIA**, **GENERAL DEBILITY**, **GOUT**. **ALSO VITAMINS A, B, C, D, E.**

**VIKELP** HEALTH and BODY BUILDING Tablets  
Now having smashing success in England and U.S.A. (Kelpamati). 717

## MAYHEW smiled.

"I took off my coat and waistcoat, and put on my dressing-gown," he said, "and kept myself casually between him and the lanai doors, so that he couldn't slip out, while I went through my things to see if anything was missing."

"But he might have shot you!" "He might have," Doctor Mayhew said gravely. "That thought was in my mind. But I have learned one cardinal principle in life. Nobody kills in cold blood unless he hates his victim to the point of insanity. So I kept face. He didn't know I knew he was there." He smiled.

"But it sounds too awful!" "It was, Miss Yates. I went too close to the curtains."

"I—I don't understand." "I was too casual. He put a gun in my ribs—stuck it in—when I came close enough."

"But, Doctor Mayhew—"

"He made me stand with my back turned while he got into the lanai. By the time I dared get my own gun, he was gone. So I have been playing bloodhound up the lanais, very fully, after him, ever since."

"But you must report this to the hotel."

"Yes, I must," Mayhew said. "It is not pleasant, is it?"

"It should say it isn't pleasant. It's—it's awful."

"Shall you go down and dance with Mr. Drumm now?"

"I shall dance all night. I wouldn't dare stay here alone."

"But I don't think the intruder will bother you."

The way Mayhew said that was not the way he should have said it. He said it pleasantly, but there was a definite note of conviction in it, as if it were a conclusion that he based on absolute knowledge, not merely one of those platitudes men give out to calm frightened women. It was a definite statement of what he knew to be fact, and in that moment Connie felt danger in the man. Cool, polite danger that stands silently in the background, looking at people and biding its time to strike. And she knew that to disarm it she had to ask the one question that she had carefully avoided asking. The first thing that any innocent person would ask under the

circumstances. And she must ask it casually, without the slightest false timbre in her voice. Mayhew was waiting for it now just as plainly as if he had asked her to say it—just as Bo had waited for her to repeat his words into the telephone.

"Did he steal anything?" "Nothing," Doctor Mayhew said, "of any value to me. I am sorry to have disturbed you. Pray do not alarm Dame Ellen. Good-night, Miss Yates."

He bowed slightly again and stepped back into the lanai. His heel scraped against the sill, but there was no other sound. He might be standing out there still. There was no way now for her to know, unless she got up and went to the curtains and looked. He could stand there and watch every move she made. The tightness came back to her shoulders until, presently, she was ready to scream with it. She had to get out of the room, but she couldn't leave the bed, for if he was out there he would watch every move she made—watch her hands if she tried to push the cigarette case farther down under the covers.

What an utter idiot you are! Why didn't you scream when Fanning came in? Why didn't you tell Mayhew about Fanning? People can't do things like this to other people, even if this is Honolulu. This is completely idiotic.

Then suddenly she wanted to see Sherman Drumm. The only possible way of rationalising this business was to listen to Sherman's banter. Sherman would laugh at the Apocalypse, and order another drink as the hoofs thundered over.

With one sideways movement she turned and put her feet out of bed, and with her left hand under her as she did it, she flipped the cigarette case down under the rumpled covers. She took her dressing-gown from a chair and wrapped it about her, then she crossed quickly to the lanai doors and snapped on the outside light. The whole gallery was empty and there was no sound but the restless Pacific, chuckling softly up the beach.

She dressed and went back once more to the lanai. It was still empty. She crossed to the bed and reached under the covers for the cigarette-case. It was nullo work—quite a plain thing of black and silver with a heavy gold lining. There was no initial, no mark of any kind on the outside. No cigarettes inside.

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## Seven Must Die

Continued from Page 7

dash eleven dash twenty-one. And six dash ten dash twelve."

"What did you say?" "Just numbers," Dame Ellen said. "Very small numbers along the inside lip of the gold here." She tapped the open cigarette case with her fingernail. "Along the bottom and up the right side. It's the maker's mark, I expect, or a pawnbroker's. Here. Give it back to Doctor Mayhew and go to bed."

"But I can't. I was told not to."

"Well, my dear child, perhaps if you don't he'll have you locked up. Who told you not to?"

"Bo Fanning—the man who stole it."

"Well, what are you going to do then?"

"I was going down to find Sherman Drumm and dance with him."

"That, of course, is an admirable solution to the whole problem," Dame Ellen said. "Here is the cigarette-case. Good-night, my dear."

"But I want to leave the case here."

"I thought you did," Dame Ellen smiled. "That's why I handed it back to you."

"I'm not going downstairs with it."

Dame Ellen closed her eyes. "I don't know a thing about it and I don't want to know a thing about it. Put it somewhere while my eyes are closed, child."

Connie looked at the dressing-table. She looked at the bed, at the chaise longue, at the chiffonier. She

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cap in his hand while he talked to Mayhew. Or, rather, he didn't talk, he listened. Mayhew did the talking, whatever it was—Connie couldn't hear it—and, a moment later, the mate put on his cap and turned back down towards the drive gates. Mayhew stood watching him for the time it took to light a cigar, then he turned and came up towards the terrace.

He came up the steps slowly, without looking up to see who was above him until he reached the top. He was so close to Connie before he saw her that she could smell the fine smoke of his cigar. Then he did see her, and he smiled.

"I trust you have forgiven me my unpardonable intrusion, Miss Yates."

"Don't be absurd," she said. "I'd've barged into your room under the same circumstances."

SHE saw his eyes flash in mild amusement. He said, "The dancing is over."

"Apparently it is," she said, "and I don't seem able to find Mr. Drumm, now that I've come down."

"Perhaps I can help you."

"It isn't important enough."

"But you were to dance with him. That is why he called you. That is why you came down," Doctor Mayhew told her.

"Yes. But Mr. Drumm is an extremely volatile young man. He effervesces into ideas which evaporate at once."

Doctor Mayhew smiled. "Perhaps Mrs. Sefton crystallised his ideas for this evening then. They left at midnight for a party at the Base and they have not yet returned, Mrs. Sefton and Mr. Drumm."

He said it evenly, with no emphasis. A piece of information, it was, which he felt necessary to impart to her under the circumstances. He said it, and turned slightly away, as if his attention were drawn elsewhere, now that that item was written off his mental books. All of it was quite casual and ordinary, but the thin fear she had felt when he stood in her lanai doorway came back to her.

"You must be mistaken," she said. "If Mr. Drumm were at the Base, he couldn't possibly be downstairs here in the hotel, calling me by telephone, too, could he?"

"No," said Doctor Mayhew. And that was all he said. He stood slightly towards her. There was infinite purpose suddenly in every movement the man made and in everything he said, but he said everything and did everything behind the eternal mask of his softness, his pinkness. In that moment it was a fantasy of the night that Doctor Mayhew held the dummy of himself before her on a pole—a puffy-stomached, pink-handed dummy—and spoke behind it with evil deference. He was two people, one visible and harmless and the other one quite blindingly cruel, quite ruthless.

She drew in a deep breath. "So you are going with us on Captain MacVey's boat, Doctor Mayhew?"

"Am I?" He looked at her.

"Have I spoiled your surprise?"

"Not if you haven't told Dame Ellen," he smiled.

"I'm afraid she knows that you are going with us."

He shrugged. "I thought it would be more pleasant if she merely found me aboard after we sailed."

"I thought you loathed small boats?"

Please turn to Page 43

**Bad Breath, Flabby Fat**

**CONSTIPATED FOOD TRACT**

Retained fermenting food wastes poison the system and are a positive menace to fitness and good looks. Sufferers from constipation usually experience flatulence, a bloated feeling, have sick headaches, biliousness, pimples, bad breath, and put on excessive unhealthy fat. Depression hangs around and everything seems wearisome and gloomy.

It is surprising the welcome relief and fitness that are obtained by dispersing constipation with Pinkettes. These gentle little laxative and liver pills are perfectly harmless, for they are compounded of safe vegetable ingredients. Pinkettes exercise and strengthen lazy bowels, help the liver in its bile producing function, keep the digestive system regular and efficient. Unload your liver, dispel constipation and unhealthy fat without delay, by taking Pinkettes to-day. At chemists and stores, 1/3 bottle.\*\*\*

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# Three Smart Girls



SOLD BY FINE SHOPS THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA

THE GIRL ON THE LEFT

WEATS

**floraloc**  
(REG.)

An important sunshine fashion! You'll rave over the stunning prints! . . . Because they're knitted (you'd never guess it to look at them) these frocks simply won't crush! There's good taste and fine detail in the styles. Yes, they have the famous guarantee too! /from 39/11

THE LASS IN THE CENTRE

WEATS

**SHARKTEX**  
(REG.)

These crisp, cucumber cool frocks are impeccably tailored. In white and frosted pastels, they're guaranteed fadeless. . . . Amazingly inexpensive, yet nothing about them to indicate it! /from 25/11

THE YOUNG LADY ON THE RIGHT

WEATS

**EVERLOC**  
(REG.)

"The frock that has everything"! Won't crush, won't fade, but WILL WASH! Clever, well-bred styles, and such gay stripes, spot, and check patterns.

Remember, every frock has the famous guarantee! /from 35/-

STYLED  
EXCLUSIVELY BY

**Spectator**  
(REG.)  
SPORTSWEAR





## BOOKS TO READ

"KONIGSMARK." A. E. W. Mason. Robustly colorful historical novel by a writer who knows all the tricks. Princesses, heroes, cunning courtiers, 'n' everything.

"ROYAL MARRIAGE." Lady Troubridge. Exiled royalty on the Riviera makes a match with a powerful Prince. Light stuff, remote and unconvincing.

"MEAT FOR MAMMON." Mary Mitchell. Disappointing latest novel by the Australian author of "A Warning to Wantons." About a dull pair of sisters.

"THE PLATINUM CAT." Miles Burton. Topical touch in this detective tale. The victim is one of the few who share the secret of London's defences.

"PORTRAIT OF LUCY." Winifred Birkett. Ranks high for fine writing but low for poor characterisation. The Australian backgrounds are splendid, but peopled with ghosts. Lucy is a passive dreamer; there is beauty in the conception of her character, but little life.

"REBECCA." Daphne du Maurier. Exciting and romantic tale, well told. A second wife finds that the ghost of a first is difficult to lay.



Reviewed by ESME FENSTON

### ANDRE MAUROIS makes the glib judgments of half-baked psychology look silly in his new novel about a natty little invention that reads your secret thoughts.

EVER been appalled by the uncharitable turn of your thoughts, or the mad flights of fancy you make in an apparently idle moment?

You see yourself assassinating Hitler or your mother-in-law, playing Ophelia or writing the world's best novel—no trouble at all in the unbridled gallop of thought.

But how much more appalling would it be if the said thoughts could be neatly recorded and heard back on a gramophone disc!

Andre Maurois has made a splendid comedy on this possibility in his new novel, "The Thought-Reading Machine."

It is not hilarious comedy; it is the smooth, measured, restrained humor of the ironic Frenchman.

His central figure is a French professor lecturing at an American University, who becomes friendly

with Professor Hickey, a young English scientist with a strong streak of curiosity.

Hickey invents the pycograph—ultimately known as "Psiki"—and having amazed the Frenchman Dumoulin by knowing his unspoken thoughts he lends him the machine.

Dumoulin and his wife, Suzanne, have been quarrelling. She is unhappy in America, and in anger he makes a record of her musings.

Imagine his chagrin at finding evidence that she cherishes tender memories of a youthful love affair with a cousin, that she considers her husband rough, awkward, and conceited.

The record almost suggests that she wished she'd married the cousin.

(Imagine the machine in your home!)

But Suzanne laughs at such notice being taken of her idle reverie.

In return she presents her husband with a pycograph of his

thoughts, after a cocktail party, and they are much more damning when they dwell on a beautiful young girl-student than ever hers were.

Fortunately, the Dumoulines are sensible people. The revelations serve to draw them more closely together and with no secret thoughts to cause trouble between them they cease to quarrel.

So far the pycograph is a secret. It becomes public as a result of two incidents.

Hickey's laboratory assistant unscrupulously uses the machine to gain information concerning the opposing team's tactics in an important football match between the University and the Army.



MISS NELLE M. SCANLAN, New Zealand novelist, whose latest book is "A Guest of Life." The manuscripts of Miss Scanlan's first novel went down with a ship that was torpedoed on its way to England during the War.

The University, though obviously the poorer team, has a glorious victory, but when the president of the University finds out the cause he makes it public and insists on a replay.

Football being such a mania in America, this becomes a nation-wide sensation and the pycograph front-page news.

The second incident concerns a murder, a celebrated case in which the convicted man is reprieved three times as a result of public interest.

To determine his guilt or innocence, the pycograph is used. He is proved guilty of this and two previous crimes, and is sent to the electric chair without delay.

American enterprise immediately leaps to the business of exploiting the machines commercially.

Here's what a cynical advertising man worked out as a publicity campaign for "Psiki."

"The Pycograph and Sex: you realise the possibilities here, Professor; a full-page in color showing an exquisitely beautiful girl, half-naked. Does she love you? Psiki will tell you... a handsome young man is seated beside his girl; Does he want you? Psiki knows."

"Then again a husband: What has she been doing to-day? Will she tell you the truth? Yes—because Psiki is always there."

"We'll quote letters from simple people: The Pycograph has brought happiness to thousands of families. Here are some extracts from letters received yesterday: 'My home life, which I believed ruined for good, has been remade by the Pycograph.'"

#### Campaign Bally-hoo

"I THOUGHT that parents could never know their children; the Pycograph has proved that I was wrong." From a diplomat: "The Pycograph is the best embassy secretary I've ever known; it also works in the interests of peace." From a doctor: "At last I really understand my patients!"

America goes for "Psiki" in a big way. In innumerable undetectable forms it is made and sold in thousands.

The company is brilliantly successful—at first.

But soon there are tragedies. Dumoulin's sister-in-law commits suicide as a result of finding out from her own pycograph "how unhappy she was." That is only one case.

Violent indignation flames up. Little booklets appear showing how to protect yourself against the pycograph by reciting poems and mathematical formula mentally.

So records become mere long, boring recitations without any intimate revelations.

The excesses of cheap psychology are satirised thus, for the pycograph proves that even undisciplined private thoughts cannot be taken as indicative of the real feelings and desires of the thinker.

Intelligent users soon realise this, as one scientist puts it, such reveries reveal merely a "complementary side of a man's nature—his artistic side, his impulse towards escape. But the great danger is that those who hear psychograms will always be inclined to accept the complementary part for the whole truth."

Amateur psychologists please note!

We're all a little tired of being told that our idle dreams have deeply sinister meanings.

Good-bye to all that!

"The Thought-Reading Machine." By Andre Maurois, Jonathan Cape, London. Our copy from Angus and Robertson.

## A Queen of Hearts at Seventeen must start at Seven to guard her Smile



### Ipana and Massage help your dentist keep gums firm and teeth sound.

EVEN at seven they're a perfect combination—little Mary Ann and her bright, sunny smile! And her dentist and her teachers and little Mary Ann herself want to keep that combination. Though she's only seven, Mary Ann has already learned the importance of massage to firm, healthy gums and sound, sparkling teeth—and practises it, too!

To-day's soft and creamy foods are a lot to blame for tender, ailing gums. For soft foods do deny our gums the work and stimulation they need for perfect health. Robbed of this work, gums tend to grow flabby, weak—and sooner or later your tooth brush flashes that warning tinge of "pink."

"Pink" on your tooth brush means only one thing—see your dentist! You may not be faced with serious gum trouble—but let your dentist decide. Usually, however, he will pronounce it a simple warning of under-worked gums—gums that need more exercise—and he may also suggest, as so many dentists

often do, "the healthful stimulation of Ipana and gum massage."

For with massage Ipana is especially designed to aid the health of your gums as well as to clean your teeth. Each time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana into your gums. Circulation is aroused in the gum tissues—gums tend to become stronger, teeth have a brighter look.

Schedule yourself for this healthful dental routine. Let Ipana Tooth Paste with massage help you to a more attractive smile!

Choice of a dentifrice calls for professional assistance, therefore Ipana is sold by CHEMISTS ONLY

#### EASY TO KEEP SMILES LOVELY WITH IPANA AND MASSAGE



**Ipana**  
TOOTH PASTE





## CASH PRIZES AWARDED

Each week £1 is paid for the best letter, and 2/6 for every other letter published here.

Pen names are not permitted. This is in accordance with the decision of readers in a poll taken on this page.



## WRITE NOW

All readers are welcome to try their hand at writing to this page on any topic that interests them. Letters should be short and concise. Address will be found at top of page 3 of this issue.

## HASTY JUDGMENTS

HOW often do we hear the expression, "I know when I first see people whether I like them or not."

We cannot possibly know people's characters, likes and dislikes or their mode of life as soon as we meet them, therefore how can we judge them?

I myself have often felt drawn to a person at first, only to be disappointed after further acquaintance, but have also felt myself to have little in common with a person at a first meeting, to find later that I liked and enjoyed that person's company.

Let us then reserve our judgment until we really know each other.

£1 for this letter to Edith Bury, 29 Asling St., Preston West, Vic.

## BLARING RADIOS

WIRELESS, to me, is a ceaseless wonder, and the privilege of being thus able to enjoy concerts, operas, famous singers, great pianists and entertainment of every variety which otherwise would be out of reach is a never-ending pleasure.

And yet one continually enters homes where the radio blares stridently forth, its tone unadjusted, while people in the house try to out-talk the wireless.

A wireless can be such a good companion when treated properly. Nancy Meadows, 36 Belmont Avenue, Kew E4, Vic.

## INEVITABLE CHANGE

CHANGE is inevitable—a natural law of life, but one which most of us accept willingly enough into the social scheme of things, provided it makes for improvement.

But we must have a sense of values, and not lightly discard old things for new simply because they belong to the old order.

Mrs. I. H. Dart, 11 Tamar St., Marriekville, N.S.W.

## Healthy Legs For All!

Elasto, the Wonder Tablet Take It and Stop Limping

LEG aches and pains soon vanish when Elasto is taken. From the very first dose you begin to experience improved general health with greater buoyancy, a lighter step, and an increased sense of well-being. Painful, swollen (varicose) veins are restored to a healthy condition, skin troubles clear up, leg wounds become clean and healthy and quickly heal, the heart becomes steady, rheumatism simply fades away and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, although the relief does seem magical; it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by Elasto, the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.

Elasto Will Lighten Your Step!

You naturally ask—what is Elasto? This question is fully answered in a highly instructive booklet which explains in simple language how Elasto acts through the blood. Your copy is free—see offer below. Every sufferer should test this wonderful new Biological Remedy, which quickly brings ease and comfort and creates within the system a new health force; overcomes sluggish, unhealthy conditions, increasing vitality and bringing into full activity Nature's own great powers of healing. Nothing even remotely resembling Elasto has ever been offered to the general public before; it makes you look and feel years younger, and it is the pleasantest, the cheapest and the most effective remedy ever devised.

Send for FREE Booklet.

Simply send your name and address to ELASTO, Box 1532E, Sydney, for your FREE copy of the interesting Elasto booklet. Or better still get a supply of Elasto (with booklet enclosed) from your chemist to-day and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto makes. Obtainable from chemists and stores everywhere. Price 7/6, one month's supply.

## When Friendship Sometimes Palls

I AGREE with Mrs. J. Bury (17/9/38) that friendships pall when people see too much of one another.

I have never seen one case of a lasting friendship when the two parties are continually in one another's houses. One must get weary of discussing the same subjects with the one person.

Miss Marjorie Wilson, Bald Knob, via Landsborough, N.C. Line, Qld.

## Not Real Friends

I DO not agree that the constant company of one's best friend is apt to pall.

Real friends do not tire of one another, even if meeting daily.

Friends know of our characters, moods, interests and difficulties, and can share joys and sorrows. We cannot see too much of them.

Mrs. R. Jukes, 1 Pearl Avenue, Milldura, Vic.

## Constant "Dropping In"

MRS. BURY writes wisely. A true and sincere friend is not necessarily one perpetually on the doorstep, but one whom we can rely upon to help when really needed—to share our joys and sorrows, but not to bore by that too constant "dropping-in" which spoils so many friendships.

Nancy Meadows, 36 Belmont Avenue, Kew E4, Vic.

## True Friendship

IT does not matter if you see a friend every day or only occasionally. True friendship is founded on tolerance and understanding.

A friend is one who can rejoice with you when fortune smiles or sympathise when things go wrong.

Mrs. S. J. Levy, Koyal Parade, Alderley, Brisbane.

## Wiser Course

MRS. J. BURY and her friend have shown wisdom indeed in keeping their long friendship unspoiled by refraining from seeing each other too often.

Friendship, like other human relationships, has a bloom on it which can be rubbed off by familiarity. It is far better to wish for more of each other's company than to tire of it.

Mrs. Moutatt, 38 Robinson St., Croydon, N.S.W.

## Find It Boring

YES, Mrs. Bury, the friendships of long standing seem to be those between people who do not see too much of each other.

When friends—particularly women—acquire the habit of going everywhere and doing everything together, they soon begin to bore each other, and spoil what would otherwise be a happy friendship.

Further, we naturally have more interesting topics to discuss when we do not see each other too often.

Mrs. H. Mylius, 58 West Parkway, Col. Light Gardens, S.A.

## Can't See Enough

I DISAGREE with Mrs. Bury that the best of friendships is apt to be strained if one sees too much of the other.

If friends like one another, they will continue to do so no matter how often they see each other.

Miss Elma L. Martin, 101 Holmes Rd., Moonee Ponds W4, Vic.

Send for FREE Booklet.

Simply send your name and address to ELASTO, Box 1532E, Sydney, for your FREE copy of the interesting Elasto booklet. Or better still get a supply of Elasto (with booklet enclosed) from your chemist to-day and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto makes. Obtainable from chemists and stores everywhere. Price 7/6, one month's supply.

## Develop Your Talents—and Live!

MISS KATHLEEN QUINN (17/9/38) says it is only when we are endeavoring to develop hobbies that we really live.

But it is not only these that are important in living, but the development of our sense of beauty in general, and our moral attitude—the evolution of our character through adulthood to old age.

That is why we are put on this planet. That is the logical course everyone takes.

When we cease to develop, we cease to exist.

Miss Payne, Lindsay St., Perth.

## Inner Resources

IF one has inner resources such as the enjoyment derived from the pursuit of a hobby, one is much happier than if one has to be entertained all the time.

The happiest people are those who are self-sufficient. Miss Quinn's letter is one reason for encouraging hobbies.

People to-day are too inclined to lead aimless lives—entertainment at dances, movies, by radio. Even the gentle art of conversation is dying out.

Mrs. Myers, Kennaway St., Tummore, S.A.

## Best Time of Life

DEFINITELY, Miss Quinn, as you say our striving to succeed is the time when we are actually living. When this feeling passes so does the best time of our lives. Then all we do is exist.

Miss M. Devine, c/o G.P.O., Melbourne.

## Not Our Only Concern

I AGREE with Miss Quinn that we do not really live until we develop our natural talents. Many

## Why Waste Precious Time?

I HAVE repeatedly noticed while travelling in trams and trains the number of people who sit for long periods without occupying themselves in any way. They either gaze vacantly out of the window, or at one another.

Time is so precious, and there is so much to do and to learn in this life, that it seems to me a dreadful waste to sit with idle hands and without reading for such periods. Such time could be spent by women knitting, and there are numbers of interesting as well as educational books and magazines within the means of everyone.

Lorna Trench, 29 Rowell Avenue, Camberwell, Vic.

people do not trouble to investigate their own possibilities.

But I realise that life is not quite as mathematical as that—it may be the primary reason for existence, but we also have our feelings and the major events of our lives to reckon with.

Millie Mills, 24 Park Avenue, Randwick, N.S.W.

## Satisfying Joy

IT is the person who has every minute of her time devoted to doing something worthwhile—caring for home and children, and, as Miss Quinn says, developing her hobbies and individual talents—who truly lives.

Many people seem to think that the ideal of living is to be wealthy enough to have plenty of clothes, dinners, dances and "fun"—a gay round of social pleasures.

But people who have all these things are not necessarily happy.

The joy of watching oneself improve, be it at golf, music, and the joy of watching one's family grow under one's care and guidance are the only satisfying pleasures in life.

Betty Commins, Invermay, Launceston, Tas.

## Why Worry Over Trifling Troubles?

MISS SMITH (17/9/38) is right. It is foolish to worry over trifles, and it is quite true that "three-quarters of our troubles never happen."

How often do we waste hours worrying over a coming ordeal, only to find it is not nearly as bad as we anticipated.

If only we could refrain from



crossing our bridges before we come to them we would be ever so much happier.

Mrs. W. A. Stanley, 41 Strathalbyn St., East Kew E3, Vic.

## Eternal Truth

L. SMITH's letter on "Why Worry" sounds no new note, but as it reiterates an eternal truth it is well to take heed of it.

Worry is so needless—and so useless. One gains nothing by it; one only makes things worse.

Most of the things worried about never happen. And it's no use worrying about things that have happened—nothing can change them. The only thing to do is to learn from one's mistakes and not worry about them.

Miss J. Beale, 30 Tennent Pde., Dulwich Hill, N.S.W.

## Inevitable Worry

I QUITE agree that it is foolish to worry unnecessarily, but, on the other hand, a certain amount of worrying and planning is inevitable in our lives.

I find that the carefree, non-worrying people generally let someone else do their share of worry and care, without which family life would be very haphazard.

Miss Isa Wright, Boyd Rd., Nundah, Qld.

## Matter of Emotion

IT is always easy to say "Don't worry," L. Smith, but worry is a thing that has no regard for reason. Our intellects may tell us that we are worrying about trifles, but that does not make it any better. We must just worry until the emotion has worn itself out.

Anyhow, who is to say what is a trifle and what is not? We do not worry about trifles as such, but because some inner sense tells us that there is potentially a greater trouble in those so-called trifles.

Mary Flynn, Childers St., North Adelaide.

## Pessimistic View

I QUITE agree with L. Smith concerning worrying over trifles. To take a pessimistic view of affairs, and to meet trouble half way, is the quickest way to a nervous breakdown.

Why not wait until you have the true facts before working yourself into a state of panic? Then, as so often happens when you know the truth, you will probably find there is nothing to get panic-stricken about.

Miss Joan Wilson, Bald Knob, via Landsborough, N.C. Line, Qld.

## Can't Help It

ANY person who has any imagination at all, I am afraid, must worry.

People can advise one not to think about a certain problem—"dismiss it from your mind" is, I think, the expression—but how can one help it when one is vitally concerned? How can one help being fearful when vital things depend on a successful result?

Mary Llewellyn, Augusta Rd., New Town, Tas.

## TOO FRANK?

THE modern generation, in my opinion, is to be admired in most ways. But one sometimes wonders if our love of frankness and our scorn of hypocrisy aren't sometimes carried beyond the bounds of good taste.

The courtliness, good manners, and concern over little niceties that are so characteristic of the passing generation seem to be passing with them. And it is to our loss.

After all, however much we desire the contrary, we cannot at times avoid being hypocritical. So we might just as well put the sugar on the pill.

Mrs. J. Hamlyn, 17 Wigram Rd., Giebe Point, N.S.W.

## JOY OF ANTICIPATION

HOW often do we hear people say: "I looked forward so much to such an outing, and I didn't enjoy myself a bit. I feel so disappointed!"

I used to feel this way myself until I decided that things rarely come up to our anticipations.

It seems to me that the "looking forward" to pleasant happenings is a complete state of mind in itself and is very delightful. Also it is often nothing to do with the "real thing."

Let us then enjoy our state of expectation, and if things don't turn out as well as we hoped at least we've had the fun of anticipation.

Mrs. Moutatt, 38 Robinson Street, Croydon, N.S.W.

## PRAISE FEMININITY

AT last we girls have a chance to wear the frills and furbelows dear to our hearts, and to the hearts of our men. For fashion decrees such clothes for the coming season. Men do not want their girls in slacks.

Men prefer femininity rather than masculinity.

Think how charming this spring will be, with flowers, frills, and laces of cobwebby texture.

We do not want footpaths, sweepers or bustles, only laces and frills embellished with all the feminine charm of twenty years ago. So here's to a gayer and brighter summer!

Reva Hall, 3 Violet St., Punchbowl, N.S.W.

She's Bathed in Day-long Freshness



THE picture doesn't do her skin full justice. Only by actually seeing it with your own eyes, by touching it with your own hands, could you know the silky loveliness and radiant freshness of this skin cared for with Wright's Coal Tar Soap.

What Wright's does for baby's tender skin it can also do for yours. Its mildly antiseptic lather gets deep down into the pores, removing every trace of dirt and danger. It leaves your skin soft, supple, and aglow with radiant freshness.

**WRIGHT'S**  
Coal Tar Soap



## EVERY CHILD NEEDS A SPRING CLEAN

Pimples are sure signs that the bowels are clogged with sour, bilious poisons which inflame the blood.

'California Syrup of Figs'—'Calfig' is a quick, safe remedy to cleanse the system and purify the blood. Give a dose at bed time. In the morning the bowels will act; gently yet thoroughly removing the poisonous waste. Continue 'California Syrup of Figs'—'Calfig' for a few nights and the skin will be clear, fresh, glowing with a beautiful, healthy colour. Better still, you will see a wonderful improvement in the child's health. Doctors and nurses all recommend this liquid laxative.

'California Syrup of Figs' is sold by all chemists and stores, 1/6 or 2/3 times the quantity for 2/10. Be sure to say 'California' and look for 'Calfig' on the package. Get a bottle to-day.

## Money For You!

Ladies—make good money in spare time. Easy, interesting. Nothing to buy. Nothing to sell. Write NOW for FREE Particulars to THE MANAGER, Box 13082, SYDNEY, N.S.W.

## W

HEN she had finished dressing, Cameron took her arm.

"Well, now, Jenny, would that husband of yours look in and see Minlay and me in the morn?"

She faced him squarely, with the singular precognition of women who have known a life of trouble.

"There's something serious the matter with me, doctor."

Silence.

All the fineness of humanity was in Cameron's face, and in his voice as he answered—

"Something get serious, Jenny."

Now, strangely, she was more composed than he.

"What does it mean, then, doctor?"

But Cameron, for all his courage, could not speak the full, brutal truth.

How could he tell her that she stood there with her doom upon her, stricken by the most dreadful disease of any known to man, an unbelievably malignant growth, which, striking into the eye, spreads through the body like flame—destroying, corrupting, choking! No hope, no treatment, nothing to do but face certain and immediate death!

Six days the least, six weeks the

## Wife of a Hero

Continued from Page 5

utmost that now was the span of Jenny Sutherland's life.

"You'll have to go into the hospital, lass," he temporised.

But she answered quickly:

"I couldn't leave the bairns. And Ned—with the big match coming off—it would upset him, too, oh, it would upset him frightful—it would never do at all, at all." She broke off, paused.

"Could I wait, maybe, till after the match?"

"Well, yes, Jenny—I suppose if you wanted you could wait."

Searching his compassionate face, something of the full significance of his meaning broke upon her. She bit her lip hard. She was silent.

"I see, doctor, I see now. Ye mean it doesn't make much difference either way?"

His eyes fell, and at that she knew.

The morning of the great match dawned misty, but before the forenoon had advanced the sun broke through magnificently. The town was quiet, tense with a terrific excitement.

As early as eleven o'clock, in the fear that they might not be able

to secure a place, folks actually started to make their way to the ground. Not Ned, of course! Ned was in bed, resting, as he always did, before each match. He had a most particular routine, had Ned, and this day more particular than any.

At ten Jenny brought him breakfast, a big tray loaded with porridge, two boiled eggs, a fine oat-cake specially baked by herself. Then she went into the kitchen to prepare the special rough tea which, with two slices of toast, made up his light luncheon on playing days.

As she stood at the stove, Ned's voice came through complainingly: "Fetch me another egg when ye bring in my soup. I'm thinkin' I'll need it before I'm finished."

She heard, and made a little movement of distress; then she went into him apologetically.

"I'm sorry, Ned! I gave ye the last egg in the house this morning."

He glared at her.

"Then send out for one."

"If ye would give me the money, Ned."

"Money! Lord! It's always money! Can't ye get credit?"

She shook her head slowly.

"Ye know that's finished long enough ago."

"Good heavens!" he exploded.

"But ye're a bonny manager. It's a fine state of affairs when I'm sent on to the field starvin'."

"Bring in my soup quick, then, and plenty toast. Hurry up now or ye'll not have time to rub me. And for heaven's sake, keep these brats of yours quiet. They've near rung the lugs off me this morning."

She went silently back to the kitchen, and, with a warning gesture, stilled the two young children there—the others had been dressed quite early and sent out of their father's way, to play on the green.

Then she brought him his soup, and stood by the bed while he supped it noisily. Between the mouthfuls he looked up at her and surlily demanded:

"WHAT are ye glowerin' at—with a face that would frighten the French? Lord knows, I havena had a smile out of ye for the last four days."

She found a smile—the vague, uncertain travesty of a smile.

"Lately I haven't been feeling too well, Ned, to tell ye the truth."

"That's right! Start your complaining, and me on the edge of a cup-tie. Darnation, it's enough to drive a man stupid the way ye keep moanin' and groanin'."

"I'm not complaining, Ned," she said hurriedly.

"Then away and get the embrocation, and give us a rub."

She brought the embrocation, and while he lay back, thrusting out a muscular leg, she began the customary rubbing.

"Harder! Harder!" he urged. "Use yourself a bit. Get below the skin."

It cost her a frightful effort to complete the massage. Long before she had finished a sweat of weakness broke over her whole body. But at last he grunted—

"That'll do, that'll do. Though little good it's done me. Now bring in my shaving water, and see that it's boiling."

He got up, shaved, dressed carefully. A ring came to the door bell.

"It's Bailie Paxton," she announced. "Come with his gig to drive you to the match."

A slow smile of appreciation stole over Ned's face.

"All right," he said. "Tell him I'll be down."

As he took his cap from the peg she watched him, supporting herself against the mantelpiece of the room. Sadness was in her face, and a queer wistfulness.

"I hope ye play well, Ned," she murmured. How many times had she said these words, and in how many places? But never, never as she said them now!

He nodded briefly, and went out.

The match began at half-past two, and long before the hour the park was packed to suffocation. Hundreds were refused admission, and hundreds more broke through the barrier and sat upon the touch-line.

The town band blared in the centre of the pitch, the flag snapped merrily in the breeze, the crowd was seething with suppressed excitement.

Then the Rovers took the field, very natty in their bright blue jerseys.

A roar went up, for two trainloads of supporters had followed them from Glasgow. But nothing to the roar that split the air when



BLUE AND WHITE cotton print features this dress worn by Martha Raye, of Paramount. White pique outlines the neck and the short sleeves, waistline and down the front. Covered buttons are the added features.

Ned led his men from the pavilion. It was heard, they said, at Overton, a good two miles away.

The coin was spun; Ned won the toss.

Another roar; then dead silence as the Rovers kicked off. It was on at last—the great, the glorious game.

Right from the start the Rovers attacked.

They were clever, clever, playing a class of football which chilled the home supporters' hearts. They were fast, they worked the ball, they swung it with deadly accuracy from wing to wing.

And, as if that were not enough, Levenford were nervous and scrappy, playing far below their best, shoving the ball anywhere in a flurry. All but Ned!

Oh, Ned was superb! His position was centre-half, but to-day he was everywhere, the mainstay, the very backbone of the team.

Ned was not fast, he never had been fast, but his anticipation quite made up for that—and more.

Time after time he saved the situation, relieving the pressure on the Levenford goal by some astute movement, a side-step, a short pass, or a betty kick over the half-way line.

Please turn to Page 20

## End Eczema Tortures Forever No Need to Suffer Another Day

There is one simple yet inexpensive way to stop the itching and torture of Eczema instantly, and that is to apply Moone's Emerald Oil night and morning, and people who suffer from any embarrassing or disfiguring skin trouble would be wise to banish it before it reaches a more or less chronic stage.

Ask any first-class chemist for an original two-ounce bottle of Moone's Emerald Oil (full strength) and refuse to accept anything in its place. It is such a highly concentrated preparation that two ounces last a long time, and, furthermore, if this wonderful discovery does not give you complete satisfaction you can have your money refunded.

## No More Piles

Pile sufferers can only get quick, safe and lasting relief by removing the cause—bad blood circulation in the lower bowel. Cutting and knives can't do this—an internal remedy must be used. Dr. Leonard's Vacuoid, a harmless tablet, succeeds because it relieves this blood congestion and strengthens the affected parts. Vacuoid has a wonderful record for quick, safe and lasting relief to Pile sufferers. It will do the same for you or money back. Chemists anywhere sell Vacuoid with this guarantee.



whenever & wherever you need it...at the turn of a tap...  
**ELECTRICITY AT HALF COST**

Here is another bargain offered by the Sydney County Council to its customers . . . electric hot water in your kitchen, bathroom, and laundry for as little as 3/9 per week . . . WITHOUT DEPOSIT! The Smiths took advantage of this offer the other day. The Council included the cost of wiring and plumbing in the terms, and also supplies electricity to them at the greatly reduced rate of .35d. per unit. You can enjoy the same wonderful advantages and economy.

Ownership of an electric hot water storage system means that you have steaming hot water always on tap—in the kitchen, the bathroom, the laundry—wherever you want it! There is nothing to switch on or off. The scientifically insulated storage tank is hidden away in the roof, and you almost forget it is there. Remember—NO DEPOSIT, 5 YEARS' TERMS, WEEKLY INSTALLMENTS AS LOW AS 3/9. AND your home will not be disorganised during installation. Call at the Showrooms of The Sydney County Council and make your application.

# Electricity

THE SYDNEY COUNTY COUNCIL, QUEEN VICTORIA BLDG., GEORGE ST., SYDNEY  
ALSO AT 208 BURWOOD ROAD, BURWOOD, AND 250 BRAYSH STREET, CAMPBELL

ELECTRIC HOT WATER . . . AS DEPENDABLE AND ECONOMICAL AS ELECTRIC LIGHT



## The EASIEST way of all to REDUCE

Tens of thousands of grateful women know that Marmola Prescription Tablets genuinely enable you to reduce, safely and gently. You can continue to eat what you like, at the same time



avoiding strenuous exercise and the very positive danger of weakening caused by drastic purgatives and salts.

Four times a day they take a little Marmola tablet, containing in exactly the right quantity a world-famous corrective for obesity which prevents your food from turning into useless fat. This corrective is prescribed by physicians everywhere and acknowledged to be a most effective fat reducer.

Since 1907 more than 20 million packages of Marmola have been purchased. Could any better recommendation be had? Today—buy a package of Marmola and start at once. When you have slimmed to your liking and are once more the proud possessor of a beautiful slender figure, stop taking Marmola.

Marmola Prescription Tablets are sold by all chemists at 4/3 per package, or you can secure them direct from The Marmola Co., P.O. Box 3679, S.S. Sydney, N.S.W.

## Simple Remedy for Bad Stomach Gives Swift Relief

No Need of Strong Medicines or Diet. Safe and Simple Recipe Keeps Stomach in Fine Condition

If you are a victim of Stomach Trouble—Gas, Sourness, Pain or Bloating—you may have quick and certain relief by following this simple advice.

Don't take strong medicines, artificial digestants, or pull down your system with starvation diets. For within reason most folks may eat what they like if they will keep their stomach free from souring acids that hinder or paralyse the work of digestion.

And the best and easiest way to do this is to follow every meal with a teaspoonful of Salix Magnesia—a pleasant, harmless, inexpensive prescription that promptly neutralises acidity and keeps your stomach sweet and clean.

A week's trial of Salix Magnesia, which any good chemist or store can supply, should quickly convince you that 90 per cent. of ordinary stomach distress is absolutely unnecessary. Be sure to get Salix Magnesia.

### The Chemist says—

"Most of my customers prefer HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE because it has such a fine record. Hearne's has been for many years amongst my best sellers for Coughs, Croup, Colds on the Chest, Bronchitis, etc." 2/6 and 4/6.



Always insist on...

**HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE**

## HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE

### New Medical Triumph

CONSTANT headaches, poor circulation, failing sight, dizziness, flushes, kidney and bladder weaknesses are caused by High Blood Pressure. If you suffer this way, start a three month's course of DR. MACKENZIE'S MENTHOIDS, the new prescription for High Blood Pressure. It contains natural salts and helps improve circulation, rejuvenate your arteries, purify your blood, and give you new vitality.

Get Genuine

**Dr. Mackenzie's MENTHOIDS**

### Library Science

AMERICA leads the world in library science, according to Miss Lillian Foley, senior cataloguer of the Commonwealth National Library, Canberra, who returned to Sydney last week after a holiday in America.

During her tour Miss Foley took the opportunity of visiting many well-known library centres in the United States, and was interested in the library schools for training pupils, who on graduation receive a degree in library science.

In one American library she saw a special section set aside for books from which films have been made.

### Had Best Portrait in Art School Exhibition

A YOUTHFUL Australian still in her teens studying art in Paris is Miss Shirley Morris Edwards, of West Australia. She is a student at Grande Chaumière, and had the honor of having the best portrait in the last end-of-term exhibition.

She has a studio in the Montparnasse quarter—where the artists dwell.

A sister of Miss Bess Morris Edwards, so well known in Australian capitals, and in London, for her mannequin work, Shirley was a pupil of Mr. Julian Ashton in Sydney before going to London two years ago to further her art studies.

### Planted Avenue of Trees

AS a memorial to the late Mrs. F. G. Fanning, members of the Country Women's Association, in New South Wales, recently planted an avenue of West Australian flowering gum-trees at Dee Why, Sydney.

Mrs. Fanning was for many years president of the Cumberland branch of the C.W.A., and an enthusiastic worker for the ideals of the association.

The trees, which came from the Government Nurseries at Gosford, N.S.W., were planted in the roadway leading to Keera House, the C.W.A. seaside home at Dee Why, Cumberland branch members have furnished rooms in Keera House in memory of their late president.

Those taking part in the planting ceremony included Mrs. Arthur James, president of the Metropolitan Group of the C.W.A., and Mrs. Colin Venn, president of the Keera House committee.

### Travelled Extensively On Y.W.C.A. Work

MISS GERTRUDE OWEN, recently appointed national general secretary of the Young Women's Christian Association in Australia, is a native of Ballarat, but for many years has lived in various parts of the world.

For six years she was general secretary of the Y. W. C. A. at Christchurch, New Zealand, and from there went to Adelaide, where she was general

secretary for two years.

More recently she has been in Singapore and the Federated Malay States, and before that was acting national secretary for Australia for a year.

Miss Owen will not take up her appointment until March next year.

She has been travelling throughout Australia for the Y.W.C.A. for several months and was an Australian delegate at the World Y.W.C.A. meeting at Ontario, Canada, recently.

### WIFE OF LIEUT. GOVERNOR

LADY JORDAN, wife of the Chief Justice of New South Wales, Sir Frederick Jordan, whose appointment as Lieutenant-Governor of the State was recently announced, takes a prominent part in the musical, social and charitable activities of Sydney.

An ardent lover of music, she is on the Ladies' Committee of the Sydney Symphony Orchestra, Celebrity Concerts, and has also done much to help young Sydney musicians.

The lovely garden at her home at Vaucluse, Sydney, is one of Lady Jordan's chief hobbies.

### They Are All Clinic-conscious

SOCIAL welfare work in Liverpool, England, is described by Mrs. G. M. Warren, who arrived last week on her first visit to Australia.

She accompanied her husband, who is joint general passenger manager of the Cunard White Star Line.

A keen social and maternity welfare worker, Mrs. Warren is greatly interested in the activities of the Liverpool Maternity Hospital.

The largest of its kind supported by charity in the city. It has 107 beds. The mothers, she says, now prefer to go to hospital rather than have their babies at home.

She considers that in Liverpool women, especially those in poorer circumstances, are becoming very clinic-conscious, and regularly attend the pre-natal and infant welfare clinics.

Mrs. Warren is also interested in the work of the Mercy Mission for Seamen in Liverpool, and works a day each week in the canteen there.

### Gives Much Time to Welfare Movements

MRS. A. P. LLOYD, of Brisbane, began to work for various charitable organisations during the war, and has kept up her interest in them ever since. She has given much of her time to the Lutwyche Church of England—in fact, has worked for it for more than 17 years.

Mrs. Lloyd is a vice-president of the Ladies' Guild, which is mainly responsible for many improvements to the church and grounds. The District Nurses' Home has had practical assistance from Mrs. Lloyd for a number of years. So has the Eumogera Boys' Home, of which she is a vice-president. About fifty boys from the ages of five to fifteen are taken at the home. They are sent to school and are trained to work on farms or to take up any suitable work.

### Their Show Is Popular in America

THOSE clever sisters, Misses Joan and Betty Rayner, well known in Australia as the Troubadours, have recently been playing to audiences of fashionable holiday-makers at Scarsdale Little Theatre, New York State, U.S.A.

American audiences are so delighted with their programmes of folk songs and dances that their show has been booked as far ahead as May next year.

Many New York engagements have been made for the sisters by the Junior Programs Agency, which has also booked the Troubadours in schools as far west as Pittsburgh.

Miss Rayner and her sister made special appearances at Vassar College, America's famous University for women, and at Smith College.

### Toured Europe On Foot

HIKING through Europe was the simple mode of travel chosen by Miss Monica Moran, a former New Zealander now living in Adelaide, and two South Australians, Misses Linda Harry and Elizabeth Barton, who recently returned to Australia after a trip abroad.

With their belongings in knapsacks on their backs, the trio set off from Holland for Belgium, went on to Cologne, and followed the Rhine to Meina. They then trekked through the Black Forest, where they took dozens of snapshots of the peasant villages, including a peasant wedding, with all the participants in national costume, with headgear that had been in their families for 10 or 11 generations.

Miss Moran speaks enough German, Italian and French to make herself understood, and the travellers went into many homes, where, in Germany, she said, there was an average of about eight photographs of Hitler in each room.

### Sport Important in Developing Balanced Mind

MISS DOROTHY ROSS, of Melbourne, recently appointed headmistress of Melbourne Church of England Girls' Grammar School, in succession to Miss K. A. Gilman Jones, who has resigned, is an M.A., and also holds the Diploma of Pedagogy of London University. She has made several tours abroad to study phases of education.

A University tennis blue and captain of several interstate University tennis teams, as well as a former member of the Melbourne University hockey team, Miss Ross has definite views on the important part sport plays in developing a well-balanced mind.

For the past nine years she has been supervisor of the Associated Teachers' Training Institution, Melbourne.

### Will Spend Two Years Nursing Outback

LOOKING forward with keen interest to life in the outback Sister Phyllis Dakers and Sister Jessie Sinclair have left Melbourne to join the Australian Inland Mission Hospital at Hall's Creek, in the Kimberleys, West Australia.

Both nurses were formerly on the staff of the Royal Melbourne Hospital. They will be stationed at the mission for the next two years.

### Dancing Round The World

AFTER making many successful appearances on the English and Continental stages, Miss Dorothy St. John, Melbourne dancer, and her partner, Mr. Mickey Powell, have returned to Victoria on a short visit.

At London's leading variety theatre, the Holborn Empire, Miss St. John and her partner were billed on the same programme as such famous artists as Josephine Baker and Florance Diamond.

Early next year Miss St. John and Mr. Powell will set off on another dancing tour. First to India, where they have engagements, and then on to London to fulfil other contracts.



Miss St. John—Judith Craig.



AN OLD WOMAN AT 30

Her heart aches as she faces that mirror. Life's not fair to this woman of thirty who is looking old, old!—when she has every right to be young. She's paying the penalty. Harsh medicines are at last taking their toll.

### The Truth about Constipation

Constipation is mostly the result of insufficient "bulk" in modern over-refined foods. Many people try to cure constipation by taking harsh habit-forming medicines. Once started the intestines depend on this unnatural daily stimulus. The peristaltic action of the intestines weakens. Many intestinal disorders of middle-age are directly traced to this constant use of harsh medicines.

### A Safe, Pleasant Corrective

Kellogg's All-Bran supplies the natural "bulk" needed to provide regular elimination. It absorbs moisture in your body, forming a soft mass that gently cleanses the intestinal walls. Kellogg's All-Bran is not a "cure-all"—but it does correct common constipation.



### SNORING? CATARRH?

Snoring is a sign of catarrh, quickly remedied by putting 5 drops of the marvelous new prescription, Dr. Brodie's Kanatox, in your nostrils each night 5 weeks' treatment. Blinks 10/-, Pocket flasks 3/6. At your nearest Chemist. Each flask contains special English dropper. Get genuine Kanatox. Refuse poor substitutes.

**KANATOX**

BE SURE HIS LINEN'S MARKED

**JOHN BOND'S MARKING INK**

Special pen with 6d. size, also linen stretcher with 1/- size. Of all Stationers, Stores, etc.

## Why Suffer from PILES?

Famous Ointment Relieves & Removes Them



**ZAM-BUK SUPPOSITORIES**

are recommended for inward use. Left in position at night they heat while you sleep. Price 1/6 per box.

For INWARD PILES

Are you a victim of piles (hemorrhoids)? Do you suffer from swelling and burning irritation? Are you weakened by constant hemorrhage? If so, be sure and try Zam-Buk, which has proved successful in thousands of cases.

Zam-Buk brings relief and is wonderfully soothing; it has a contractive influence on the dilated veins, checks the bleeding and causes the piles to gradually disappear.

Zam-Buk also prevents septic conditions arising where the membranes are broken or inflamed. Don't suffer a day longer—get a 1/6 box of Zam-Buk to-day and use according to the printed directions.

### Read This Convincing Testimony.

"For years I had piles, and used to be laid up with them. Zam-Buk Suppositories brought wonderful relief from the burning pain, and I can do housework in comfort and be on my feet eight hours a day." Mrs. M. Smith.

"The pain and hemorrhage of piles caused constant misery. I began to look an old man, and was low-spirited. Zam-Buk caused my piles to disappear, and I have ended years of suffering." Mr. A. Fletcher.



## Wife of a Hero

Continued from Page 18

NED was the best man on the field, a grand, a born footballer. He towered—this bald-headed gladiator in shorts—over the other twenty-one.

It had to come, of course—one man alone could not stem that devilish attack.

Before the half-time whistle blew the Rovers scored. Not Ned's fault. A slip by the Levenford right-back, and quick as thought the Rovers' outside-left pounced on the spinning ball and steered it into the net.

Gloom fell upon the Levenford supporters. Had the score-sheet remained blank their team might have entered on the second half with some much-needed confidence, but now, alas, a goal down, and the wind against them—even the optimists admitted the outlook to be poor.

There was only one chance, one hope—Ned—and the memory of his emphatic words, "If the Rovers win I'll be over my dead body."

The second half began; and with it the precious moments started to run out. Levenford were more together, they gained two corners in quick succession; when attacked they rallied and rushed the ball forward in the teeth of the wind.

But the Rovers held them tight.

True, they lost a little of their aggression. Playing on a small pitch away from home, they faded somewhat as the game went on, and it almost seemed as if they were content to hold their one-goal lead.

Quick to sense this attitude of defence, the crowd roared encouragement to their favorites.

A fine frenzy filled the air, and spread from the spectators to the Levenford players. They hurled themselves into the game.

They pressed furiously, swarming round the Rovers' goal. But still they could not score.

Another corner, and Ned, taking the ball beautifully, headed against the crossbar. A groan went up of mingled ecstasy and despair.

The light was fading now, the time going fast, twenty, ten, only five minutes to go.

Upon the yelling crowd a bitter misery was hovering, settling slowly. Defeat was in the air, the hopeless wretchedness of defeat.

AND then, on the halfway line, Ned Sutherland got the ball. He held it, made ground, weaving his way with indescribable dexterity through a mass of players. "Pass, Ned, pass!" shouted the crowd, hoping to see him make an opening for the wings.

But Ned did not pass. With the ball at his feet and his head down he bored on, like a charging bull.

Then the crowd really roared—they saw that Ned was going in on his own.

The Rovers' left-back saw it, too. With Ned inside the penalty area and ready to shoot, he flung himself at Ned in a flying tackle.

Down went Ned with a sickening thud, and from ten thousand rose the frantic yell—

"Penalty! Penalty! Penalty!" Without hesitation the referee pointed to the spot.

Despite the protestations of the Rovers' player, he was giving it—he was giving Levenford a penalty!

Ned got up. He was not hurt. That perfect simulation of frightful injury was part and parcel of his art. And now he was going to take the penalty himself.

A deathly stillness fell upon the multitude as Ned placed the ball upon the spot.

He did it coolly, impersonally, as though he knew nothing of the agony of suspense around him.

Not a person breathed as he tapped the toe of his boot against the ground, took a long look at the goal, and ran three quick steps forward. Then bang! The ball was in the net.

"Goal!" shouted the crowd in ecstasy, and at the same instant the whistle blew for time.

Levenford had drawn. Ned had saved the match.

Pandemonium broke loose. Hats, sticks, umbrellas were tossed wildly into the air.

Yelling, roaring, shrieking deliriously, the crowd rushed upon the field.

Ned was swept from his feet, lifted shoulder high, and borne in triumph to the pavilion.

At that moment Mrs. Sutherland was sitting in the kitchen of the silent house. She had wanted badly to go to the park for Ned; but the mere effort of putting on her coat

had shown how useless it was for her to try.

With her cheek on her hand, she stared away into the distance. Surely Ned would come straight home to-day, surely he must have seen something of the mortal sadness in her face.

She longed desperately to ease the burden in her breast by telling him. She had sworn to herself not to tell him until after the match. But she must tell him now.

It was a thing too terrible to bear alone!

She knew that she was dying; even the few days that had passed since her visit to Hislop had produced a rapid failure in her strength—her side hurt her, and her sight was worse.

An hour passed, and there was no sign of Ned. She stirred herself, got up, and put the two youngest children to bed.

She sat down again. Still he did not come. The other children came in from playing, and from them she learned the result of the match.

Eight o'clock came, and nine. Now even the eldest boy was in bed. She felt terribly ill; she thought, in fact, that she was dying.

The supper which she had prepared for him was wasted, the fire was out for lack of coal. In desperation she got up and dragged herself to bed.

It was nearly twelve when he came in.

She was not asleep—the pain in her side was too bad for that—and she heard the slow, erratic steps, followed by the loud bang of the door.

He was drunk as usual; no, it was worse than usual, for to-night, treated to the limit, he had reached a point far beyond his usual intoxication.

He came into the bedroom and turned up the gas.

Flushed with whisky, praise, triumph, and the sense of his own ineffable skill, he gazed at her as she lay upon the bed; then, still watching her, he leant against the wall, took off his boots, and flung them upon the floor.

He wanted to tell her how wonderful he was, how marvellous was the goal he had scored.

He wanted to repeat the noble, historic phrase he had coined—that the Rovers would only win over his dead body.

He tried feebly to articulate the words. But, of course, he got it mixed. What he said was:

"I'm going—I'm going—to win—over your dead body."

Then he laughed hilariously.

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## ENO IS DIFFERENT because

Eno contains no Epsom, Glauber or other harsh purgative mineral salts.

Eno contains no sugar to overheat the blood and can safely be taken in cases of diabetes.

Eno is non-irritant and non-habit forming.

Eno is pleasant to taste, mild yet thorough in action.



# ENO'S "FRUIT SALT"

Eno costs 2/3 and double quantity 3/9

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## LOSE UGLY FAT LIKE SHE DID



"I feel so pleased with YOUTH-O-FORM that I must write and thank you," says Miss D.E.C. in her letter. "My legs and bust were terribly fat and a huge under my chin made my face look fat and ugly. I was envying the nice rounded figure of a friend of mine, and she laughed and told me how fat she used to be until she took YOUTH-O-FORM. She praised it so much that I determined to try it myself, and it is all she claimed for it—and let's move. The ugly fat has disappeared from my thighs and chest, and people are telling me how much better I look. I am delighted with the change YOUTH-O-FORM has made to me." Don't suffer the discomfort of obesity. Reduce by this simple, pleasant, natural way. A capsule of famous

Full 8 weeks' Treatment 20/- 10-day 5/6

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DOCTORS AND ALL GOOD CHEMISTS RECOMMEND

**"4711"**  
Classic Eau de Cologne  
The world's favourite - invigorating, fragrant and cool.

**THE FAMOUS HOUSE OF 4711 EAU DE COLOGNES**

**"Tosca" Eau de Cologne -**  
A happy union of a glamorous perfume with the freshness of Classic Eau de Cologne.

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A happy union of an elusive, subtle perfume with the freshness of Classic Eau de Cologne.

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## DRINK CRAVING CONQUERED

By EUCRASY with 40 Years' Success.

"Thanks for an almost unbelievable cure. My husband has not touched a drink since he had a course of Eucrasy. He says he will never touch it again," writes a grateful woman.

It can be given secretly or taken voluntarily. Not costly. Call or write to-day for a FREE SAMPLE. Booklet and many Testimonials. Dept. B, EUCRASY CO., 297 Elizabeth Street, Sydney.

## I AM A LIGHT FAIR-HEAD



...Once my Hair began to Darken Then I Found A New Way to Bring Back My Natural LIGHTER Golden Colour Without that Brassy Bleached Cheap Look!

It's fascinating new easy way to bring out the full radiant light loveliness of fair hair—whether it is ash, mousey or brownish. Sta-blond is a shampoo which not only cleans and makes bright hair light and fluffy (any shampoo can do that), but washes it 2-4 shades lighter in a few minutes and brings out that natural, lustrous golden gleam which makes light fair girls so attractive. Sta-blond keeps light fair hair golden always and prevents it from darkening. Further, it contains the remarkable Viof, which prevents dandruff and brittleness, and rejuvenates the roots. You'll find that your perm takes better when you use Sta-blond. Try Sta-blond today and keep your hair lighter, lovelier and more lustrous. It can never get dark or mousey while you use this wonderful shampoo. Sole distributors: Fawcett and Johnson Ltd., P.O. Box 3679 SS, Sydney.

CONTAINS NO DYES OR INJURIOUS BLEACHES  
STAY FAIR WITH STA-BLOND

## "ONLY THING FOR INDIGESTION"

Mr. C. McD., of Wilsdon, Teulba, writes: "I have suffered from indigestion, and I find that TWIN SODA is the only thing that does me any good." (The original of this unsolicited tribute is on file). TWIN SODA will end your indigestion. First it neutralises all excess stomach acids and thus stops pain at once. Secondly, its gentle laxative action cleanses digestive organs and restores healthy functioning. Your chemist sells TWIN SODA at 1/6 a large packet.

## Asthma Germs Killed in 3 Minutes

Choking, gasping, wheezing Asthma and Bronchitis poison your system, ruin your health and weaken your heart. Mendaco, the prescription of an American physician, kills Asthma Germs in 3 minutes, refreshes the blood and builds new vitality so that you can sleep soundly all night, eat anything and enjoy life. Mendaco is so successful that it is guaranteed to give you free, easy breathing in 24 hours and to completely stop your Asthma in 8 days or money back on return of empty package. Get Mendaco from your chemist. The guarantee protects you. \*\*\*

2388



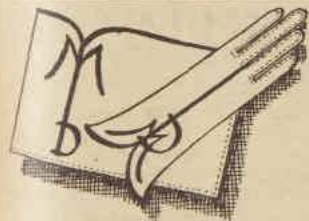
# FASHION PORTFOLIO

October 8, 1938

The Australian Women's Weekly

First Page

## SWEET SIXTEEN



● TOP LEFT: If the spring makes you daffy-eyed like "Dopey," you need the sulphur and molasses effect of this inky-black jumper suit, with a staccato applique of white lace flowers. Topped with a tiny upturned sailor.

● TOP CENTRE: If you pin your faith in stripes you'll love this navy bolero suit, featuring cunning blouse and revers in Ramona-pink. Perch a flake-light felt atop your head and punctuate bare arms with pink suede gloves.

● TOP RIGHT: If you suddenly love everybody, particularly that Gary Cooperish lad next door, you'll cherish this heart-melting black straw, caught back with a glistening bow of cire satin, in a new version of the halo.

● LOWER RIGHT: If you read seed catalogues and dream of a garden of your own, this willowy copper-ton frock scattered with sunshiny flowers will satisfy that yen for color. With it go a boxy jacket and the pep of maize accessories.



## "DULUX" GIVES THE Magic OF LOVELY LASTING COLOUR



Use the miracle finish "Dulux" in your home — let its lovely, glowing, lustrous colour renew drab furniture, give new charm and beauty to kitchen, spare-room, verandah. "Dulux" is as beautiful as it is durable because it's chemically different! "Dulux" is easy to use, dries quickly — and a wipe over with a damp cloth removes grease and grime and restores its original beauty!

**B.A.L.M. DULUX**

SUPERSEDES ENAMELS AND VARNISHES



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# COLOR ACCENTS ON BLACK...



● CYCLAMEN-ROSE is one of the shades that go divinely with black. Rene, our fashion artist, here uses it for a draped suede hat, long gloves, and handbag. The dress has the frill top and front fullness, which provide the smart, new silhouette.

● CHAMOIS - YELLOW is the attractive shade of the high straw sailor, kid bag, and matching gloves which make the distinctive accessories to the black outfit above. A gold clip fastens the bulky, stiff taffeta jacket.

● GREEN DOUBLE SHEER makes the alluring draped turban with flowing attached scarf. The calf bag and gloves match in color. The frock is cut on simple lines, with short sleeves emphasising the shoulder-line.

*Rene*



# VEILS and FLOWERS...

They Give Tons of Charm  
to Tiny Hats

⑥

● A BLUE VIOLET pillbox worn straight on top of the head. Fuchsia-red camellias, an emerald veil with a high bow and trailing end worn scarf fashion under the chin.



● A FINE black straw has a crown of sweet peas and a loose black mesh veil.

● BLUE FORGET-ME-NOTS round a tiny deep blue cap with a matching chiffon scarf drapery.

● A BLACK shiny pillbox has a high cluster of yellow carnations and a length of black mesh veiling to fall down one side.

● GREY summer felt makes this visor model. Banded in moss-green velvet ribbon with a mass of violets perched over the front brim.



# PARIS SNAPSHOTS . . .

From MARY ST. CLAIRE, by Air Mail.  
 Sketched by PETROV



(1) FOR THE BRIDE—a white satin lace-trimmed sandal. (2) For evening—a wide band of black and silver ribbon tied in a bow on top of the head. (3) Star-shaped "patch," emphasizing strapless bodice. (4) Gauntlets with frills and dancing figures.



(5) DINNER MODE—pleated chiffon blouse and long skirt—all black, diamante buttons. (6) Toque of multi-colored flowers held with fishnet veiling. (7) Afternoon frock bedecked with flags of all nations.

## It's Not Her Fault

She's Tearful, Troublesome  
 and Often in a Temper . . .

The Doctor knows it's—

## Faulty Elimination



Where constipation is easily recognised and can be promptly checked, faulty elimination, or incomplete bowel action is insidious and many times more dangerous, because unsuspected. Bowels may appear regular yet are doing only half their work, allowing food waste to pour undetected poisons into the system. The blood-cleansing organs, the liver and kidneys, are over-taxed with work and become sluggish. That is the real danger, and that is the cause of "crankiness," crossness and temper.

Act quickly, but act carefully.

Medical science knows one medicament with gentle, direct action on the bowels, inducing natural movement, thus relieving and toning up the over-worked liver and kidneys. You get this medicament in Laxettes. In place of dangerous ingredients of some aperients that scour the natural lubricant from the bowels and cause even more serious subsequent trouble, Laxettes contain only safe, natural properties. Laxettes are so pure, safe and pleasant to take that they are recommended for babies, as well as for children and adults.



Only Genuine if in a Tin.  
 Genuine Laxettes are stocked by all chemists and store-keepers, 1/6 the large tin—6d. the sample tin. Unless they're in a tin they're not genuine Laxettes.

**LAXETTES**  
 Rectify Faulty  
 Elimination

SHOES in black or colored velvet have just a single wide strap across the instep in addition to the ankle-strap, while another very attractive style, obviously intended as part of bridal ensembles, have white satin toes covered with minute rows of very narrow Valenciennes lace.

WITH the new romantic evening frock, off-the-shoulder-line patches are returning to favor, but not for wear on the face. Hearts, stars, half-moons, diamonds and ordinary rather large, round discs in black velvet, they are worn on shoulders and back.

THE flags of all nations are the popular trimming of the moment. Tiny sets of flags which include the tricolor of France, the Union Jack, the crosses of Switzerland and the Scandinavian countries as well as the red, gold, and black of Belgium are being embroidered on woolly jumpers, satin blouses and black crepe afternoon frocks as their only touch of color.

RIBBON tied round the head, or on the hair in an enormous bow, is being worn very much in the evening instead of hats.

The ribbon, usually in brightly-colored tartans, is from four to six inches wide, and the bow stands up on the top of the head.

ACCORDION-PLEATED black muslin blouses worn with long black velvet skirts are "de rigueur" for dinner wear. These ensembles are plain, the only ornament being a large brilliant buckle at the back of the head to keep the high coiffure in place.

*Il ne vire pas.*



### ★ ITS SHADES ARE FAST! ★

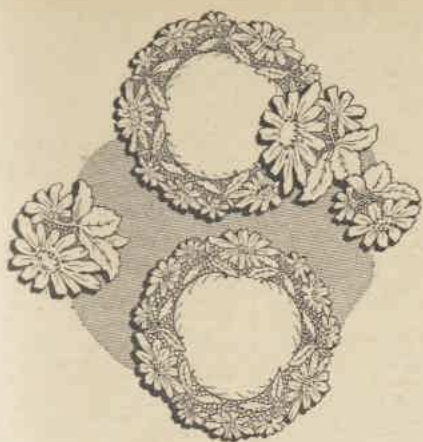
Lenthéric of Paris, the master perfumer, has created a lipstick which gives day-long color to your lips. A lipstick that is indelible and doesn't alter. It lasts all day. Choose from seven thrilling shades.

Prices: 3/9d, 5/6d  
 Refills: 2/6d, 3/9d

**LENTHÉRIC**  
 PARIS







## COLOURED MATS

To make your tables gay

Farmer's sells for the first time "Poinsettia" paperware for unusual table mats and d'oyleys. In red, green, blue, silver, gold, pink and cream. These 19" mats, 3/9. Mat, 12 d'oyleys, 4/11. 10" table mats, 6 or 7 in pocket, 2/3. Packets of 8, 10 or 12 d'oyleys, 2/6. From Stationery, Ground Floor



## FOR YOUR TABLE

You push the lever and release as much as required without the worry of drips and sticky spoons... Ideal for honey, syrup, mayonnaise and sauces. Ea., 12/6

Lower Ground Floor

★ Send Christmas cards to friends overseas. Farmer's has a magnificent collection at various prices. Remember, last overseas mail closes Thursday, 17th November.



## CANDY STRIPES

At ten shillings saving

WORTH 29/11. Little sheers you'll find ever so useful for afternoon or semi-evening wear. The Peter Pan collar and soft-gathered bodice are youth personified, and on the second frock you'll admire the clever stripe effects. Sizes XSSW, to W. In assorted colours. 19/11

"Popular" Salon, Second Floor

★ The XV Group of Independent Artists will hold an Inaugural Exhibition, from Saturday, 8th, to Friday, 21st October, in Blackland Galleries, 9th Floor. No charge.

# FARMER'S

Mails to P.O. Box 497 AA, Sydney. Phone M 2403.



Shirley Temple dolls in bright new frocks. Prices from 25/6 to 95/-. As illustrated, price, 45/-

Baby Dolls imported from abroad. Attractively dressed. Usual price for these is 3/6, now at 2/6

"Gloria" Dolls reduced. An imported dolls, sleeping style. Usually 10/6, now priced at only 7/11

Thousands of dolls for

## The "Doll Aisle"

come from the world's markets

The Quintuplets and the Seven Dwarfs, Donald Duck and Peter Rabbit, Topsy and Toodlums and Gloria — from furry pups to charming Victorian ladies, Farmer's has a truly magnificent collection of Christmas dolls. Bring the youngsters to see the new "Doll Aisle," where thousands of "little people" have been collected from all over the world... complete even to small make-up and bath-tub accessories! Don't forget to see the specially reduced dolls.

LAY-BY NOW FOR SANTA

### WHEEL TOYS

Also every conceivable type of wheel and mechanical toy from the other side of the world... cars, trains, scooters, etc., to lay-by for Xmas.



Baby Doll that speaks. Composition head and limbs. 28 ins. high. Usual 12/6. At 10/6

### TEDDY BEARS

Farmer's has a large number of teddy bears and fur toys brought back from the world's leading toy markets. Why not lay-by for Santa!



### "Topsy" doll

You'll adore these lovable little "Topsy" dolls that Farmer's bought overseas. In all sizes, priced from 3/6 to 22/6. Illustrated, 12/11



Beautiful "Baby Betsy" dolls, very luxuriously dressed. Her clothes are all hand-made from soft wool. Priced 19/6 to 37/6. Illustrated, 27/6



### Seven dwarfs

"Dopey", "Happy", "Sneezy", "Doc" and the others are at Farmer's for Xmas. Colourful clothing, made in England. Priced, each, 12/6

Country Carriage extra. Fourth floor.



## WASH SUITS FOR BOYS

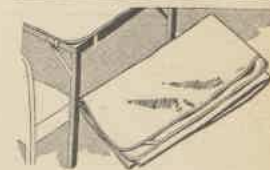
TUSSORE SILK, 16/11 (Above). Wash suit, of natural pure tussoire silk with double-seamed shirt and tailored pants. Fit boys 2 to 5 yrs. Matching sou-wester hat. 19j-22". 5/11

MIRACLE CLOTH, 9/11. Fadeless material in harbour blue or tobacco brown. Well-lined pants. Fit 2 to 5. Matching sou-wester hat. 19j-22". 4/11

"O to 6" Salon, Fourth Floor



## AIR-CONDITIONED TO 73°



## Table covers for bridge

Fleecy nap rubber. They fit any bridge table and add a cheerful note to your parties. Available in colours of green, blue and fawn. 6/11. Ground Floor, George Street



## HALF PRICE OR LESS

1,000 dozen Swiss, French, Irish and Italian hankies in best quality white or coloured embroidered linens in hundreds of designs. Usual 1/11 to 12/6 each. Now, each, 1/- to 4/11. Henkies, Ground Floor



## That Luscious New Shade is CONGO!



*"Thrilling with Spring Costume colors," says*

JOAN BENNETT

charming star of *I Met My Love Again*

CONGO is fascinating...utterly feminine...in tune with Fashion! Congo is Glazo's newest nail polish success—an enchanting deep orchid-rose picked by stylists to harmonize with the season's blues, grays and beige. Wherever you go you'll see Congo. It's a color men admire, too. Accent your costume with this latest, perfect shade. And remember Glazo's other smart new colors: TROPIC...SPICE...CABANA. Each is a gem of beauty. You'll love their variety!

## GLAZO'S NEW Perfected Polish

1. LONGER WEAR—lasts for days and days without peeling, chipping or fading! Meets the demand for a slightly heavier polish that really rings to the nails.
2. EASE OF APPLICATION—every drop goes on evenly. Will not streak or run.
3. BRILLIANT LUSTRE—won't fade in sun or water.

Get Glazo's new, exciting colors—CONGO, SPICE, CABANA and TROPIC—at all drug counters, in extra large sizes at... 2/-



**GLAZO**  
The Smart Manicure

## To Relieve Catarrhal Deafness and Head Noises.

If you have catarrhal deafness or head noises, go to your nearest chemist or store and get a 4/- bottle of Parmitin (double-strength), and add to it a pint of hot water and a little sugar. Take 1 tablespoonful four times a day.

This will often bring quick relief from the distressing head noises. Choked nostrils should open, breathing become easy and the mucus stop dropping into the throat. It is easy to prepare, costs little, and is pleasant to take. Anyone who has catarrhal deafness or head noises should give this prescription a trial. Get Parmitin today.

## Nervous, Weak, Ankles Swollen?

Much nervousness is directly traceable to poisons in the kidneys and bladder, which also cause getting up nights, burning passages, swollen ankles, backache, rheumatism, circles under eyes, excess acidity, leg pains and dizziness. The Doctor's prescription Cystex starts eliminating these poisons in 3 hours, quickly ends kidney and bladder troubles, restores energy, health and steady nerves. Cystex must prove entirely satisfactory and be exactly the medicine you need or money back is guaranteed. Ask your chemist for Cystex today. The guarantee protects you.

THE figure gave one quick and comprehensive glance around, and then, taking a tape-measure from its pocket, it proceeded to cautiously climb the railings by the base of the statue!

The race for the Enid Stakes (11 million sovs—Sol had brought off another coup) was getting very hot. The Duke led by two theatres and a night-club, but his Lordship was a warm second. Then came the Field, and well in the ruck was Ffoliot, the Dark Horse.

At an almost obscenely early hour one morning Bobbie rang Enid up. His usually slightly bored voice was vibrant with excitement.

"Listen, O Queen of my Heart," he breathed. "An event—an astounding event of international importance—has occurred, and it is absolutely essential that I should see you this morning! As early as possible!"

"Are you feeling, or do you really mean that, Bobbie?" Enid inquired. His tone rather impressed her.

"As you would say, O Fairy of the Stars-and-Stripes, I sure do!" was the answer.

"Very well, then. Let me see . . . I am going to the office with father—I'll call for you at your club about eleven, then!"

"Oh!" came Bobbie's rather thoughtful voice. "You're going to the office, are you?"

"Sure! Why?" Bobbie's tone puzzled her.

"Oh, nothing! See you at eleven, then! Slong!" And Bobbie rang off.

A little later the big car rolled swiftly but with befitting dignity down Victoria Street. It was just opposite the Abbey when Mrs. Yanker suddenly gave vent to a strangled scream. Then:

"Say, Solly!" she gasped. "Just train your lamps on that gol-darned statue!"

Mr. Yanker, a trifle startled, turned his eyes in the direction of the replica of their national hero. Then he emitted a sort of huffing-snot, and, without putting his hand out, cranked all the four-wheeled brakes on. A delivery van crashed heartily into their rear, but neither that nor the picturesque flow of language that followed it could tear Sol's goggling eyes from that statue!

For Abraham Lincoln was, undoubtedly and indubitably, sitting down!

His expression was the same; the ill-fitting frock coat and the badly-hanging trousers were the same. Only the pose was altered, in that instead of standing in front of the great chair with the embossed eagle he was now sitting in it. But not looting at his ease, or languidly lounging, for the austerity of his expression was confirmed by the stiff, upright, disapproving pose he had adopted in, at last, taking his seat.

And the three people in the car were all staring at it as though hypnotised. Sol himself was gasping like a dyspeptic codfish; Mrs. Sol looked like one who, having backed a rank outsider, has just heard that it was first past the post; Enid's expression was enigmatic, but the wonderful blue of her eyes looked rather like the Southern skies just when the sun is peeping up from behind the horizon.

"Now, then!" ejaculated the commonplace voice of the traffic-policeman, as he fished out his notebook. "What's all this about, eh?"

And Sol managed to gasp, in a dry, throaty croak:

"The statue—look at the statue! It's—sitting down!"

The constable took a quick glance over his shoulder:

"Of course it is!" he snapped. "What did you expect it to be doing—playing darts?"

Then a suspicious look came into his cold eye. He put his face close to Sol's and sniffed, like a bloodhound on the trail.

"B-b-ut it was standing up just now—yesterday morning, that is!" gasped Sol.

"Oh, was it?" said the constable, grimly. "Well, I can't smell nothing, but it's either drink, dope, or bats in the belfry. You'd better come along of me, sir—the Court's sitting, so it won't take long!"

The constable took charge of the dazed Sol, and Enid took charge of the car.

At Westminster Police Court the magistrate was very unsympathetic.

"You say you were startled by the fact that the statue of Lincoln was sitting down! Well, I see nothing startling in that! It always has been sitting down!"

"Standing up, your Worship!" interpolated the clerk, in a stage whisper.

"Oh," said the magistrate. "Well, it comes to the same thing, so far as this case is concerned." Interrogatively, to a police sergeant: "You say the doctor found no trace of alcohol?"

"None, sir! But he said the pris-

## Abraham is Seated

Continued from Page 6

oner was in a dazed condition, and not fit to drive a car!"

"Very well, we'll give him the benefit of the doubt! Pay fifty pounds, ten guineas costs, and the doctor's fee!"

The result of all this was that Enid was very late for her appointment, but Bobbie waited patiently. As soon as they were alone, he announced:

"I have to inform your Serene and Beautiful Highness that to-day your friend, Mr. Lincoln, has accepted an invitation to be seated!"

"You're telling me . . ." said Miss Yanker. "Have you any notion how it happened, Bobbie?" She looked at him with considerable suspicion, which he bore with equanimity.

"I have!" he answered, cheerfully. "In the parlance of the best criminal circles—I done it!"

"You mean that you and you alone made that statue sit down?"

"I mean just that! That is to say, I am solely responsible—with the aid of certain paid henchmen of mine, who, however, did no executive work—for the change in the gentleman's attitude!"

"Prove it!" snapped Enid.

"With pleasure. I will tell you now that, to-morrow morning, the statue will be standing again. If that is not sufficient proof, if you care to be outside the Abbey at two-thirty sharp to-morrow morning, you will actually see the—ah—

## GIRLIGAGS



"SOME WOMAN claims she can end any foreign war with an army of shapely blondes. But every man will tell you it has always worked the other way in all our daily domestic battles."

transportation, so to speak! Now, tell me—have I done anything—something daring; unusual; something that no one else has ever done—or have I not?"

And there was certainly no cloud in the blue of her eyes as she looked into his own ardent ones, and said:

"Bobbie! If you are certain you can prove it—you can get busy on procuring a special licence right away!"

"Good egg!" said Bobbie.

I am not a statistician. I cannot compute, even roughly, how many thousands of people pass the Lincoln statue each day. But it must be very many thousands, and it is amazing to relate that, out of all those thousands, only a few noticed the difference in the position of the late President of the United States. Which was, perhaps, just as well, since those few indulged in many and bitter quarrels with friends and acquaintances who were perfectly certain that the statue had always been sitting. As most of them said: "If not, what the deuce is the chair there for?"

Late in the evening a descriptive reporter on London's liveliest daily heard the rumor. He dashed down to have a look at the statue, managed to get a picture postcard of it, showing it in an undoubtedly erect pose, and straightway wrote a three-column, front-page spread, with splash headline: "AMAZING MYSTERY OF LONDON STATUE—WHAT MADE LINCOLN SIT DOWN?" If he had had the nous to take a flashlight photograph of it, he wouldn't have got the sack!

At two-thirty that morning Enid stood in the shadow of the Abbey and watched a lorry approach along the deserted street. It had upon

it a small but very powerful crane, and a large object swathed in canvas.

The lorry pulled up before the sitting statue, and a number of men alighted. They were all wearing peaked caps, and had overalls over their uniforms. In very large white letters on the side of the lorry was painted: "The Royal Society for the Preservation of Statues." There was a sort of foreman in charge, wearing a bowler hat. In this individual Enid, not without a thrill, recognised none other than Bobbie Ffoliot.

Under his directions the men got to work. The crane got busy and lifted the sitting President out of his chair and placed him in the lorry. Then the standing figure of the President, having been unwrapped from its canvas wrappings, was lifted from the lorry and replaced in its original position. A passing policeman, on his beat, paused for a moment and remarked: "Blimey! You made a quick job o' that, didn't you?"

"Not 'arf!" answered Bobbie, lighting a cigarette.

The policeman called a cheerful good-night and passed on his way. A few minutes later the lorry drove off also. And last of all Enid made her way somewhat thoughtfully home.

The following morning Mr. Sol B. Yanker, always a man of his word, placed the reservations for the best suite on the newest transatlantic liner in his wife's lap. About the same time his daughter, inheriting at least one good trait from her father, placed the rest of her life in the hands of Mr. Robert Ffoliot. A little later, over a simple wedding-breakfast taken a deux, he told her the story.

"FOR one who worships me as you do, O most Beautiful of Brides," he commenced, "you know but little of me! For instance, you never knew until now that I spent some years of my youth in learning to sculpt. I was a good sculptor—up to a point. That is to say, I could imitate, but could never create. So I gave it up. But when you made your funny little stipulation about the jolly old President . . . well . . . I took up sculpting once more!"

"The first act of the drama took place in Westminster Police Court, when a young man, who gave the slightly improbable name of Robert Smith, was charged with being drunk and disorderly. It seems that the police found him measuring the statue of Lincoln with a tape measure. He explained that he was a tailor's assistant, and had decided that the President wanted a new suit. But when they asked him why he also measured up the chair, he couldn't answer. So they fined him ten bob, and sent him away. He was, of course, your new but devoted husband!"

"The rest you will guess. When the sculpting was finished, I hired a lorry with a crane attached. I had a not quite truthful legend painted on its sides, and I engaged a team of hefty unemployed gentlemen, whom I rigged up in second-hand uniforms which, I gather, had once belonged to the Stoke Newington Silver Prize Band. With slight alteration the letters did nicely for the initials of the Society for the Preservation of Statues!"

"Then we got busy, late at night, and removed the original statue, substituting the sitting one. A constable came butting in, but was, of course, completely deceived by the uniforms, and we explained that we were temporarily removing it for renovation! He stood and watched us for a while, wished us luck, and then retired in good order. So did we!"

"That concludes the second act, and the third, I believe, you actually witnessed yourself. Anyway, the important point is that I have fulfilled all your requirements. The statue of President Lincoln duly sat down, and I have actually done something—something big—something daring—something unusual—something that no one else has done! And you have kept your pretty little word, so we're all square! Except that, seeing as how we're married respectable like, I think I might have a kiss!"

He got it—and then Enid said:

"Now, immediately after the honeymoon, we're going to take the finest studio in London! I shall give dinners to important people in the art world, and you must get busy on a lot more sculpting . . .!"

"Shades of Lincoln!" groaned Bobbie. "I knew there must be a catch in it, somewhere . . .!"

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...YOUR FRIEND IS A SKIN SPECIALIST, ANN? I'LL ASK HIS ADVICE ABOUT MY AWFUL BLACKHEADS

SKIN SPECIALIST TELLS WHAT TO USE AND WHY . . .

There's nothing like Rexona Soap to clear your skin and keep it healthy. Rexona's specially medicated lather draws away all the dust and germs from deep-down in the pores where your skin troubles actually begin. That's why Rexona quickly corrects skin faults, and guards against blackheads and blemishes in the future.

## FOR SERIOUS SKIN TROUBLE

If your skin trouble happens to be persistent, you need Rexona Ointment as well. This wonderful healer destroys germs, soothes affected parts and, with Rexona Soap, makes your skin smooth and healthy again in no time.

YOUR FRIEND'S ADVICE WAS WONDERFUL, ANN. IN THREE DAYS REXONA HAS MADE MY SKIN AS CLEAR AS CRYSTAL

Soap, 9d. Tablet, Ointment, 1/6 Tin. (City and Suburbs)

Rexona

## Perfect Eyesight Without Glasses

Whatever your trouble may be it can be eliminated by EYE CULTURE—

EYE STRAIN  
EYE HEADACHES  
LONG SIGHT  
SQUINT  
ASTIGMATISM  
SHORT SIGHT  
OLD AGE SIGHT  
GLARE

or any other eye trouble, but disease, the only real and lasting remedy must come from a natural source . . . Eye Culture.

I can tell you here and now that glasses do NOT help you to have or regain perfect sight, but EYE CULTURE DOES. You have only to ask yourself how many people you know who, once having taken to glasses, are ever able to leave them off again? You must also realise that glasses must be constantly changed and each time for stronger lenses as the eyes become weaker. Glasses are merely unightly "crutches" for the eyes.

EYE CULTURE, on the other hand, is a natural, easy means of bringing the eyes back to normal, without glasses. It is a scientific system of eye health and training (not just eye exercises) which has proved completely successful in so many thousands of cases.

## AGE DOES NOT MATTER

It doesn't matter, either, what your age is, or the condition of your eyes. EYE CULTURE CAN DEFINITELY HELP YOU. Eye Culture occupies only a few minutes of your time, and can be carried out without any trouble in your own home or at your work.

Don't wait another day; whether you are young or old, if your eyes are causing you any trouble, call and see me personally. Advice is free, or if unable to call, send a 3d stamped addressed envelope, mentioning your particular eye trouble, for advice and free booklet entitled "Perfect Eyesight Without Glasses," to Eye Culture, No. 1, Jansz Buildings, 107 Elizabeth Street, Sydney, N.S.W.

## EYE CULTURE

## MAKE BABY'S HAIR CURLY

Mrs. Roach of Newcastle, tells how she made her little girl's hair grow from straight to wavy and curly with Curlypet. She says:—

"Baby's hair was very straight and dry before I started to use Curlypet on her hair. She now has strong, soft curls in place of the lack, stringy hair, and she looks just adorable and pretty. I am telling everybody I know all about Curlypet. Yours sincerely, Mrs. Roach."

Brush Curlypet into your own child's hair to make it grow beautiful, wavy curls. Get a 3/6 tube (month's treatment) from your chemist or store today. Be sure to get GENUINE CURLYPET

## Sniffing, Snuffling

Get a 1/6 tube of NASAL BALM for Cold in the Head and Catarrh to clear your congested nostrils. NASAL BALM is a product of The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Pty., Ltd. See you get the package with the star-polished star on it. At chemists and stores.



# Intimate Jottings *by Caroline.*

## DID YOU KNOW—

That no one in Sydney has a moment to spare this week, as there are parties, dinners, balls and receptions from daylight till dawn?

## Race Week is Merrily on its Way

RACE WEEK started merrily with the Derby last Saturday, followed by the Australian Club's "At Home," and then the Derby Ball at night.

Apart from the thrill of picking winners at Randwick, there is the Pink and Black Ball at the Trocadero this Tuesday, which promises to be one of the gayest and most spectacular events of Race Week; the Union Club's "At Home" on Ladies' Day, and the Royal Sydney Golf Club members' dance on Saturday.

Added to this list are the smaller parties arranged by well-known hostesses, who include Mesdames Rodney Dangar, Penfold Hyland, Nigel Smith, Leonard Darby, Sidney Jamieson, and Miss Noreen Dangar.

Frances Angus' engagement ring is a beautiful diamond solitaire. Her fiancé is Alec Binnie. They intend being married in about six months' time, and will live on the bridegroom's property, Merrilong, Singleton.

## Many Smart Punters at Randwick

IT was a difficult task to choose the most smartly-dressed punters at Randwick for the Derby and the Metropolitan. Here are just a few of the smart ones.

Mrs. Gordon McKay, of Delegate, who wore a wide-brimmed black hat with an extremely shallow white crown to match her black, grey, and white ensemble.

Miss Jean Kennedy, whose floral crepe frock was worn with a tailored Parma violet coat and a large violet straw hat, trimmed with curled pink and violet feathers.

Miss Heather MacLeod, in an American model navy silk frock, with a full skirt swinging out over taffeta, and relieved with a wide belt and braces embroidered in colored wools.

Miss Lorna Searl, whose tailored black coat had revers of the vivid floral silk which formed her frock. Her smart black straw hat had two birds, one white and one green, in front.

## Sailed for Malaya

MRS. E. J. SULLIVAN, of Strathfield, accompanied by her small daughters, Moya and Cecily, sailed by the Maatsuyker a week or so ago to join her husband in Malaya. Her two elder children, Tony and June, have remained in Sydney, Tony at De La Salle College, Castle Hill, and June at Mt. St. Bernard's, Pymble.



## RADIANT HEALTH!

thanks to FIGSEN!

NEW health, new happiness, and new enjoyment of life awaits all who realise what NYAL FIGSEN can do in assisting nature to stimulate normal bowel action and end constipation. Constipation is serious, yet it can be banished without purging, griping or loosing a habit, by taking this pleasant tasting NYAL FIGSEN. For children or adults, for people who are delicate or those who are strong, there is no more gentle and effective natural laxative than NYAL FIGSEN. Why not be entirely free of headaches, sleeplessness, depression, blotchy complexion, etc., which are so often the symptoms of constipation? Call in at the next pharmacy you pass and buy a tin of NYAL FIGSEN.

1/3 a tin.

**NYAL  
FIGSEN**

## Romance in the Air

IT is seldom that the spring race festivities pass unless there is at least one large society wedding and one or two interesting engagements.

This year it looks as if Race Week will establish a romantic record. Already four engagements have been announced—Frances Angus to Alec Binnie, Sheila Pring to Geoff Plater, Margaret Cary to Ian McLaurin, and Yvette Hall to John Palmer.

As for weddings . . . well, there was Joyce Beazley's to John Hall, of Newcastle last Wednesday, Pam Laidley Dowling's to aide-de-camp Blake Pelly on Thursday, and this Wednesday Betty Weiher, of Darling Point, marries Tom Peters.



## All-White Weddings

THERE is a return to favor of the all-white weddings. And for spring-time it is a particularly lovely choice.

Gwyn Irving, of Coonamble, who married Henry Bell in Sydney on September 22, chose the all-white scheme for herself and her bridesmaids.

Since then Pam Laidley Dowling, Joyce Beazley, and Betty Weiher all have chosen all-white array.

Joyce Beazley, instead of traditionally throwing her bouquet for someone to catch, pulled each waterlily separately and threw them among the 200 guests at the wedding reception at Elizabeth Bay House.

When Joyce and her husband, John Hall, were ready to leave the reception for their honeymoon, the groomsman carried them shoulder-high to their car, amid loud cheers from the guests.

Mavis Lynch, daughter of Mrs. A. Lynch, of Bombowlee, Tumut, has announced her engagement to Leonard Owen, youngest son of Mrs. A. Bennett, of Woodlands, Junee. Mavis is known to her friends as Chip.

## Well-known People

THE Orient liner Orcades will arrive in Sydney at the end of this month with a crowd of well-known town and country people returning from overseas. Mrs. Norman Dangar and son Peter, of Palmerston, Armidale, are on board. Also Mr. Justice Halse Rogers, with his wife and daughters Judith and Lorraine; Betty Field, Jocelyn Josephson, and Mrs. F. J. Fenwick, of Walewa, accompanied by her daughters, Peggy and Nancy.

Another passenger is Viscountess Stonehaven, wife of a former Governor-General, who will renew acquaintance with many friends. She is accompanied by her debutante daughter, the Hon. Ava Baird, who was a schoolgirl when she left Australia.

## New Coonamble Home

MR. AND MRS. HENRY BELL, whose wedding took place a fortnight ago, will make their home at Whitewood, Coonamble. The old homestead has been generally renovated and refurbished for the bride, who was formerly Gwyn Irving.

Scores of country people came to Sydney for the wedding, including the Roy Bells, of South Esk, Queensland, the Frank Thompsons, of Widden, Muswellbrook, the Harold Whites, of Denman, Jessie McDonald, of Singleton, Helen Rouse, of Gulgong, Mr. and Mrs. Ted Crossing, of Quirindi.

## Masked Dancers

THE Mask Ball at Romano's last Friday was a cheery prelude to Race Week gaieties. Everyone donned a mask—even the familiar statues at the entrance to the ballroom sported funny faces. And the white marble bust of Napoleon in the foyer was disguised by a mask and top hat.

The "unmasking" at midnight was followed by an eggs-and-bacon supper. Proceeds of the ball will benefit the Deaf, Dumb and Blind Institution for Children.

Among the well-known dancers present were Mrs. Hector Livingstone (Moree), Peggy Buchanan (Pokataroo), Mrs. Cyril Ruwald, Joan See, Cecile Weston, Diana Downes.



MISS SHEILA PRING, whose engagement to Mr. Geoff Plater was announced last week, chose for Randwick this American model black crepe frock trimmed with bands of fringe. At the neckline are three gold birds, and her hat is a large black straw, swathed with veiling spotted in colors.

## Novel Table Setting

THE Table-Setting competition held at Anthony Hordern's Fine Art Gallery last week for the Royal Prince Alfred Hospital drew many hundreds of spectators. One of several well-known hostesses who arranged tables was Miss Noreen Dangar. It was a most attractive setting for a birthday dinner party, and Miss Dangar provided an unusual arrangement of flowers and candles.

In two flat green bowls were pale yellow and white poppies with a row of white azaleas as a border, and from the centre rose eight very thin candles, four pale green ones, and four yellow.

## Returned to Country

MR. AND MRS. KEN ARNOTT, who occupied the Langford Gibson house at Rose Bay while Mrs. Gibson made a trip to Colombo, have now returned to Glenalvon, Murrumbidgee. They were accompanied, of course, by their young son, David, and baby, Julia, and Mrs. Arnett's mother, Mrs. Hugh Taylor, also drove back with them to spend a few weeks in the country.

## Huge Floral Slipper

THE Australian Club has earned a reputation for lavish floral decorations at its annual "At Home," but at last Saturday's party the decorative scheme was so beautiful it seemed to surpass all previous efforts.

Countless blooms from the mountains, country districts and Melbourne transformed the club into a spring garden.

Five thousand flowers were used to make a lady's slipper which stood several feet high in the billiard room. About eight feet long, it was made of shaded pink flowers and had a huge buckle of mignonette.

To complete the decorations by 4 p.m., a small army of florists worked from 6 a.m. on the day of the party.

## I LIKE—

Mrs. Lennox Bode's black straw picture hat, with two ostrich feathers—one white and one pale pink—swathed around the crown, and scalloped brim.

**ATKINSONS**  
of London  
*Brilliantine*

Gives  
your wave a  
silky gleam!

Preserve the smooth set of your wave with Atkinson's liquid brilliantine. Such a fine, delicate oil, for only the finest brilliantine should be used for a woman's coiffure. Ask your chemist for ATKINSON'S.

Available in  
Unexcused,  
English Lavender,  
White Rose and  
Californian Poppy.

1/6 Per Bottle



## Girls Make Munitions



THESE GIRLS, seated at their machines in the Commonwealth Clothing Factory, Melbourne, are making the pure silk cartridge-bags which will be filled with explosive and inserted in steel cartridge cases. Fine hand sewing is required as well as machine stitching.



A NEW KIND of "powder puff." The machinist sews two discs of material together, but must be careful to put the right sides together. It looks harmless now, but when filled with high explosive the "powder puff" provides the vital spark to set off the powder in a shell.



GIRLS at Footscray munitions factory work various machines which turn a cup of metal into a finished cartridge. These girls put points on bullet cases. In the cordite (high explosive) filling department they wear woollen overalls and leather shoes without nails for safety.

*Fight  
Epidemics  
with  
EXTRA  
nourishment*



Guard your children against epidemics by increasing their powers of resistance with Cornwell's Extract of Malt. This famous pure tonic food builds strong bone and muscle, enriches the blood and the extra nourishment prevents malnutrition, the source of so many children's illnesses.

**CORNWELL'S**  
*Malt Extract*

FAMOUS FOR OVER A QUARTER OF A CENTURY

Sold by all Chemists  
and Grocers  
— get a tin to-day

*For the Women  
who take a pride  
in their home!*

MISS  
MARGARET  
MORLEY

presents

"Helpful  
Hints  
for the  
Home"

Wednesday  
and  
Saturday

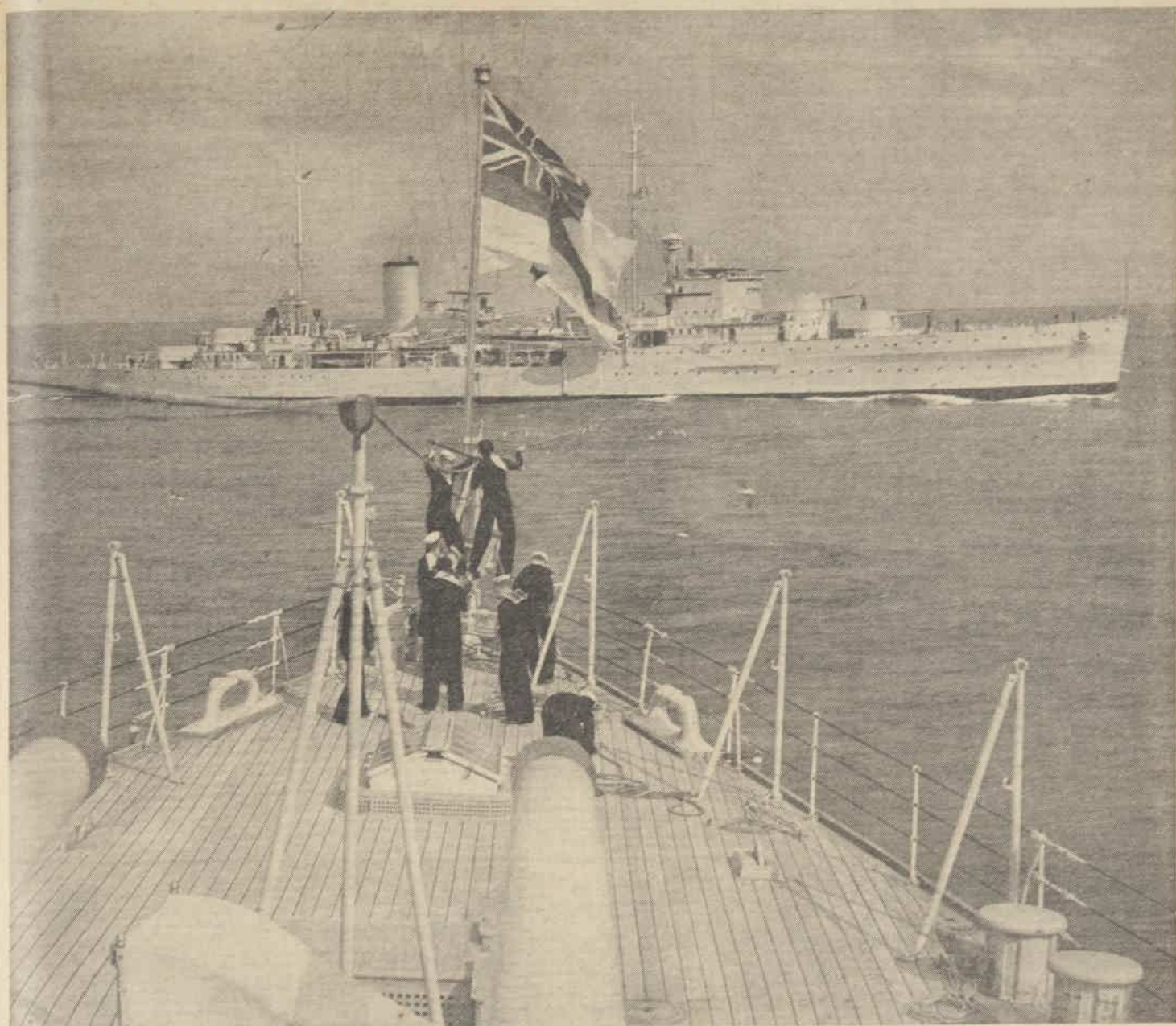
3.50  
p.m.

**2GB**





# AUSTRALIA'S EYES TURN TO ITS NAVY

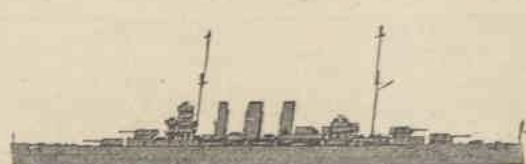


H.M.A.S. SYDNEY, FORMIDABLE LIGHT CRUISER, PASSES THE BOWS OF THE FLAGSHIP, H.M.A.S. CANBERRA, ON RECENT MANOEUVRES.

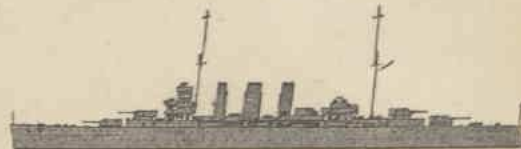
**M**OVES have been made to prepare the Royal Australian Navy for war emergencies.

Accompanying drawings show ships of our Navy. Two more cruisers similar to H.M.A.S. Sydney would join the present strength, it was stated recently.

The Australian Squadron includes two heavy cruisers, three modern light cruisers, one older cruiser, five destroyers, two escort sloops, one survey sloop.



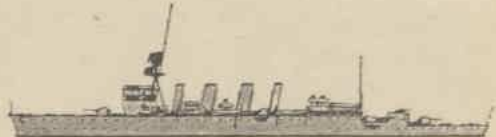
CANBERRA (Heavy Cruiser).



AUSTRALIA (Heavy Cruiser).



SYDNEY (Light Cruiser).



ADELAIDE (Light Cruiser).



SWAN (Escort Sloop).



STUART (Flotilla Leader).



VOYAGER (Destroyer).



VENDETTA (Destroyer).



YARRA (Escort Sloop).



MORESBY (Survey Sloop).



VAMPIRE (Destroyer).



WATERHEN (Destroyer).



## WRITTEN IN THE STARS

### ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN

President Astrological Research Society

**Many people are regarded as the "salt of the earth." Librans can enjoy fame as its "sugar" if they so desire. They are so sweet.**

**L**IBRANS are those people born between September 23 and October 24, and, to a lesser degree, those during whose birth-hour this particular zodiacal sign happened to be peeping over the eastern horizon.

The characteristic of paramount importance in the make-up of nearly all Librans is their consistent desire to please.

They love harmony and enjoyment themselves, and are happy when bringing these things to other people. They'll even sacrifice their own rights in the cause of "popularity," and will work hard and long to earn the approbation of those they love.

Yet, strangely enough, these admirable qualities often get them into plenty of trouble. This, because the wish-to-please which makes them so easy to get along with also makes them rather unreliable and diffident in important crises in their lives.

#### Need For Faith

**T**HEY have a tendency to think more of the opinion and judgment of other people than of their own. This is regrettable, for the Libran intuition and ability to judge wisely are second to none. They can afford to trust their instincts, whereas other people must spend time in careful reasoning.

But, here's the rub! Once these Librans have made a decision, and when they feel sure they are right, they should stick to their opinions and not let anyone (no matter how plausible) prise them loose.

As sure as they don't they'll live to regret it, and the future will usually produce ample evidence of their lack of wisdom in this regard.

Such evidence will often show that the other person had an axe to grind, or that his judgment was poor.

So, Librans, learn to have faith in yourselves. Regard your capacity to be pleased with yourself and your cleverness as an asset. Realise that it will give you self-assurance in times of need, and never forget that your inborn and intuitive wisdom is of a higher order than most other people's, despite what they may think.

Another thing! When important decisions must be made, or when you feel unsure and unhappy, find some snug little corner far away from both friends and enemies, and hide there while you give yourself up to relaxation and meditation.

If you can learn this art, you will start on the long road to success and happiness. You will find that your sensitive other self will seem to work out the problem for you, and suddenly you will know just what to do, and will feel confident and optimistic once more.

Incidentally, Librans cannot stand up to disaster like those of other signs. They lack the real fighter's virility, and prefer to give way rather than make a nuisance of themselves and infuse harmony with chaos.

At the same time, you must not imagine yourself an "angel of peace." You're not. As a general rule, you will try to take the easy road to avoid trouble, but when you are really roused—and especially when you or yours have been, to your way of thinking, unjustly treated—you can hit out boldly and defensively. True, it will chiefly be with biting sarcasm and a few "home truths," but, nevertheless, with rather paralyzing results.

But "go to it," Librans. You

**L**IBRANS are usually very lovable... but oft-times very lazy.

They are usually happier and more successful when wearing their harmonious colors—yellows, pale pinks, and blues—or their gems—opal, turquoise and light sapphires, and a piece of their harmonious metal, copper.

are ninety per cent. nice ninety per cent. of the time, so the other ten per cent. doesn't matter much.

#### The Daily Diary

**T**RY to utilise this information in your daily affairs. It will prove interesting.

**ARIES** (March 21 to April 21): Let your conscience be your guide all this week. Difficulties, annoyances, and losses can upset your plans, especially on October 10.

**Taurus** (April 21 to May 21): Just plod along; October 11 and 12 just fair.

**GEMINI** (May 21 to June 21): Your clouds should have silver linings at this time, so be optimistic and hard working. Make the most of your fortunate planetary rays on October 13 and 14. Go after things then.

**CANCER** (June 21 to July 21): Be your cautious, conservative selves. Afflicting star influences can bring trouble your way, especially on October 8 (after noon), 9 and 10. Live quietly then.

**LEO** (July 21 to August 24): Quite fair for semi-important affairs on October 8 (p.m.), 9 and 10. But don't be rash.

**VIRGO** (August 24 to September 23): Just fair on October 11 and 12.

**LIBRA** (September 23 to October 24): Set your goals on mountain tops and try to reach them on October 13 and 14, for the stars will favor you then. Be enthusiastic and venturesome. Ask favors, seek promotion.

**SCORPIO** (October 24 to November 23): Routine best. October 15 just fair.

**SAGITTARIUS** (November 23 to December 21): You can afford to be mildly bold on October 9 (after 3 p.m.), 9, and 10. But only mildly.

**CAPRICORN** (December 21 to January 20): Your stars are unfriendly now, so let caution be your watchword. Be aggressive, over-confident and bad-tempered or moody on October 8, 9, 10, and 15, only if you are looking for trouble, and lots of it.

**AQUARIUS** (January 20 to February 19): Luck favors the brave, especially when the stars are friendly. You can be optimistic and confident this week, especially on October 13 and 14. Be practical, far-seeing, and hard-working then. Future good fortune will reward diligence.

**PISCES** (February 19 to March 21): Wait a while if you are planning any important projects or changes. Meanwhile, perfect your plans. October 15 just fair.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them.—Editor, A.W.W.]

## Charlie Chan Now Going On the Air

### Oriental Sleuth Made Fortune for His Creator

Charlie Chan, the Oriental Sherlock Holmes, will take the air soon in a series of detective adventures.

These will be presented from 2GB, the first of them being programmed for Monday, November 7.

**E**VERYBODY knows Charlie Chan, and most people admire him for his Oriental finesse and that charming proverbial philosophy of his.

Thousands know him through the Charlie Chan books, such as "The Black Camel," "The House Without a Key," and "The Chinese Parrot." Millions know him as depicted by the late Warner Oland in the talkies. Among these were "Charlie Chan at the Olympics," "Charlie Chan on Broadway," and "Charlie Chan at the Races."

But in spite of being one of the best-known detectives in fiction, it

was not until after the death of his creator, Earl Derr Biggers, that Charlie Chan made his radio debut.

There is a story behind this. During his lifetime Earl Derr Biggers found that his income from royalties and talkie rights was so great that if he added to it the increased income tax would actually reduce his income.

So naturally Earl Derr Biggers refused all radio offers for Charlie Chan, reserving that income for his heirs.

However, now that Earl Derr Biggers has died, his creation is as famous overseas on the radio as he is in book form and on the talkies.

## An Afrikaner in Australia

### Folk-Song Recordings to be Heard in Interview with Visitor

**D**OROTHEA VAUTIER, who conducts The Australian Women's Weekly sessions from 2GB, will interview an interesting visitor from South Africa on Thursday of this week at 11.45 a.m.

Mr. Paul Jacklin landed a few weeks ago from South Africa.

In his baggage were some interesting records of South African folk-songs.

Mr. Jacklin, a Boer, or, as he calls it, an Afrikaner, by birth, was educated in England at Cheltenham and Cambridge, so he can look on things South African with that degree of impersonality which is essential to real appreciation.

But make no mistake about it—this young man is proud of his lineage.

When Dorothea Vautier called on Mr. Jacklin and his bride the other day, Mr. Jacklin played for her some numbers he had recorded in Cape-town.

These records were all folk-songs of one kind or another, a heritage from the days of the Dutch East India Company.

Miss Vautier has arranged for Mr. Jacklin to discuss these folk-songs and play one or two of them during the interview.

Mr. Jacklin is on a world tour, advising and reporting on broadcasting programmes for the South African Broadcasting Corporation.


He is a writer, producer, and actor, and has played at the Old Vic and Stratford-on-Avon theatres and has toured America in the name part of "Young Woodley."



## My Children DIDN'T WANT ME!



If you wake tired, feel depressed, get nervous... then you too are probably suffering from Night-Starvation. Tiredness and loss of energy are usually caused by Night-Starvation. You see, during sleep, energy is used up keeping the heart and lungs at work. Energy must be replaced—or you wake tired.

A cup of Horlicks regularly at bedtime creates the new energy you need. It helps you to wake refreshed—and guards you against Night-Starvation. Horlicks makes a delicious cold drink in summer—but remember to use the Horlicks Mixer. Horlicks is priced from 1/6; economy size 2/9; also the Horlicks Mixer 1/-.  


**HORLICKS** guards against NIGHT-STARVATION



# Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, with LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, joins up with GRUNTZ: Theatrical producer, and becomes the star turn of his revue. He unwittingly rouses the jealousy of NORVELL: Who has the knife-throwing act in the revue, and on the first night when Mandrake's amazing magical demonstrations on the stage attract the atten-

## THE STORY SO FAR:

tion to two gamblers, Norvell helps them to kidnap him. They want Mandrake to help them illegally with his magic. Mandrake refuses, and they knock him out. Fearing that he will give them away, they take him, still insensible, to a Zoo, where there is a ferocious lion, and leave him outside the open door of the cage. NOW READ ON.





# Sensation

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HANDIES ARE PACKED IN ATTRACTIVE PINK AND BURGUNDY COMPACTS EACH CONTAINING 21 FACIAL CLEANSING PADS



# THE MOVIE WORLD

October 8, 1938

The Australian Women's Weekly Special Film Supplement

Page One

1. SHIRLEY TEMPLE at a grown-up luncheon.

2. MR. AND MRS. ROBERT YOUNG, at left, merrymaking with Mr. and Mrs. Allan Jones (Irene Hervey) at the famous Trocadero restaurant.

3. ROSALIND RUSSELL receives a present from the cast and a kiss from the director upon completion of her picture.



4. ROBERT TAYLOR grooms his favorite steed on his Californian ranch. Riding is his hobby.

5. WALKING to work, Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire go arm-in-arm with song writer Irving Berlin.

6. NORMA SHEARER relaxing on the sands at Lake Arrowhead—her haven between picture-making.

## STARS OFF GUARD

Most popular pastime in Hollywood is snapping the stars off guard—without benefit of screen make-up. These candid camera shots, direct from Hollywood, show some of the stars on the set, at gay spots round town—or just relaxing between pictures.

## Moviedom Gossip

From JOHN B. DAVIES and BARBARA BOURCHIER, New York and Hollywood

### Prefers the Stage

JOAN BENNETT, who received nice notices for her work with the stage road company of "Stage Door," intends to return to Broadway.

First, however, she will make another picture, "Trade Winds." This drama was written and will be directed by Tay Garnett, and is based on his trip around the world in an overgrown yacht. Most of the backgrounds will be patched up from film he shot during the cruise.

### Father and Son

BASIL RATHBONE'S good-looking young son, Rodion, will make his first screen appearance as an aviator in "Dawn Patrol."

Rodion has been working in the cutting-room at Warners, but was persuaded to try acting in this one picture.

He vows he'll go back to his old job when his part is completed. His father also appears in "Dawn Patrol"—in a sympathetic role!

### Rainer as Airwoman

HAVING passed the necessary examinations and obtained her American citizenship, Luise Rainer is now concentrating on aviation.

She has been taking flying lessons from Paul Mantz, who was formerly Amelia Earhart's flying partner, and is working for a pilot's licence.

### Sabu for America

SABU, the clever little Hindu boy starring in Korda's "Elephant Boy," will soon be visiting America, but he won't even glimpse Hollywood!

Accompanied by an impressive retinue of servants, including two six-foot Sikh bodyguards, Sabu will journey across the Atlantic on the Queen Mary, visit New York and other eastern cities, then return to England to star in "Burmese Silver," for producer Korda.

### Pleasure With Pain

BETTY GRABLE is laid up for a week as a result of a speed-boat trip she took with her husband, Jackie Coogan, from Catalina Island to Los Angeles. They travelled in a very choppy sea at an average of 50 miles an hour.

Betty suffered shock as well as painful sun and wind burn.

### New Way to Diet

GREGORY RATOFF lost 26 lbs. by his unique method of dieting. It is really quite simple. He claims that his appetite gets the better of him only when he smells food cooking. He has what he calls his own invention to avoid temptation. "I do it by holding my nose," he says in his inimitable accent. "What I don't smell, I don't want!"

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CITY	Creamy <input type="checkbox"/>	Green <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWNETTE <input type="checkbox"/>	Normal <input type="checkbox"/>
	Medium <input type="checkbox"/>	Hazel <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	LIPS
STATE	Ruddy <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTE <input type="checkbox"/>	Moist <input type="checkbox"/>
	Sallow <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Dry <input type="checkbox"/>
AGE	Freckled <input type="checkbox"/>	LASHES	REDHEAD <input type="checkbox"/>	
	Olive <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	
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# The Prodigal Returns

AFTER EIGHTEEN MONTHS IN DRAMATIC ROLES, POPULAR GINGER ROGERS REJOINS ASTAIRE IN DANCING FILM, "CAREFREE."

EIGHTEEN months ago R.K.O. yielded to the importunities of the feminine half of the screen's most successful dance team, and the partnership between Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire was dissolved.

Ginger, despite her popularity as a dancer, was anxious to prove her worth in drama and straight romantic roles.

And she did it, in three notable romantic films, "Stage-Struck," "Vivacious Lady," and "Having Wonderful Time"—and at the same time considerably improved her working conditions.

Amiable, hard-working, she nevertheless found the strain of making picture after picture in quick succession too great, and went on strike during the making of "Having Wonderful Time."

Before she would return to work, the studio had to agree to allow her six weeks' vacation between pictures, and shorter working days.

Now, with added prestige, she has returned to dance with Fred Astaire, who, after one unsuccessful venture, made no more dancing films without her.

The team is now hard at work, halfway through a gay, high-stepping musical, "Carefree."

Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire are one of the most successful combinations in films—and not only because of their nimble, graceful dancing.

There is something essentially modern about them, and Ginger, glamorous, appealing, makes a pleasing foil for Fred's angular attractions.

As screen co-stars Fred and Ginger are an unusually harmonious combination.

They have built up their screen success together.

When his sister and only previous dancing partner, Adele Astaire, married Lord Charles Cavendish, Fred was left alone for the first time in his professional career—a career, incidentally, which commenced at the age of eight years.

Ginger filled that breach. That was five years ago. Fred had appeared in a small role in only one film. Ginger was just another pretty girl in pictures. They were featured as a dancing team in "Flying Down to Rio" in support of the principals, Dolores Del Rio and Gene Raymond, and were an immediate hit.

Co-starring roles have followed in six major musicals, and each picture has brought amazing success to stars and studio alike.

A characteristic which Fred and Ginger share in their screen work is conscientious thoroughness. This formed the first bond of their mutual admiration.

## Dance Routine

FRED is renowned as a tireless worker, serious, worrying, painstaking, never satisfied with what he does.

When dancing in vaudeville with Adele, Fred insisted that their performances be as nearly perfect as they could make them.

Sometimes Adele would say, "Oh, I can slide through that all right without practicing." Fred would give her one of his most whimsical looks and she would give into his wish. They would rehearse until the routine satisfied them both.

"Dancing with Ginger is different," Fred admits. "Adele and I always had plenty of fun together—too much sometimes to be good for our work. But we had danced as a team since we were kids. Adele refused to be serious. Taunted me, in fact, for worrying as I did. She was older than I, too, and—well, she was my sister and work had to take second place.

"I found dancing for the screen much more exacting and far more

satisfying. Ginger Rogers proved an ideal partner from the first. She is just as anxious to achieve perfection in dance steps as I am. She'll work any length of time to get a routine just right. I've seen her tapping away, without complaint, hours after any other girl would have been home in bed exhausted."

Much has been written of the strenuous hours of rehearsal which precede the making of an Astaire-Rogers musical.

Fred begins four or five weeks before actual shooting of a production commences. He works every day from ten till six. Ginger shares in this rigid schedule, but Fred creates most of the numbers on his own, then he and Ginger get together to improve, polish and perfect them.

They rehearse the dances in sequence as they appear in a picture. Sometimes it takes hours to get one step the way they want it. Then the pieces are put together to form

the completed routine, which is then practised as a whole. Steps that give sufficient trouble to warrant it always receive

nicknames. These stick throughout the making of the film.

Rehearsal days are strenuous ones for the stars, but merry days for the company at the studio. The making of an Astaire-Rogers film is considered by them something of a gala occasion.

An incident is quoted which gives an idea of the atmosphere of the studio when an Astaire-Rogers is in production.

Fred and Ginger had attempted one number fifty-six times. Still Fred insisted it wasn't quite right. Ginger's feet were blistered, and Fred, for all his magnificent endurance, was exhausted.

Everyone else on the set was near breaking point. The stars tried it



● Fred Astaire, R.K.O. star, in whimsical mood. He has made only one picture in the eighteen months since Ginger Rogers, his dancing partner, deserted him for drama.



● Confident of the future, Ginger Rogers. With three dramatic performances to her credit, she is stepping out once more with Fred Astaire. Their new film, now in production, is "Carefree." Ginger plans now to alternate dramatic and dancing roles.

again and suddenly Fred tripped and sprawled at Ginger's feet. There was a moment's hushed amazement. Then Ginger saw Fred's face. He wore the puzzled smile of the buffoon who doesn't quite understand why he is funny. Gone was the demon for work, the artist struggling for his unattainable goal of perfection. In his place, a clown.

The tension was broken, and Ginger, although fagged out, rocked with laughter. It was a merry interlude for the company. Fred rose slowly to his feet. The cameras turned again—and this time it was a take, and the day, despite its trials, ended on a happy note.

Last year their screen partnership was severed. It was an amicable separation, not the result of discontent or disagreement as was hinted at the time.

Ginger made "Stage Door" and has since co-starred in "Vivacious Lady" and "Having Wonderful Time." Fred made "A Damsel in Distress," but this film was disappointing.

For the future, Fred hopes to leave the screen in about three years—as a successful song writer. Ginger will, by then, she plans, leave dancing and musicals, and concentrate on her dramatic career.



# She Is Junior Champion of Swing

ADOLESCENTS ARE DOING WELL IN HOLLYWOOD — FEW BETTER THAN THE FOURTEEN-YEAR-OLD SINGING STAR, JUDY GARLAND.

From BARBARA BOURCHIER, Hollywood.

It wasn't so long ago that adolescence was looked at askance in the movie world—an uninteresting, uncertain stage of growth when chubby girls grew lanky and bony-kneed, and boys' mellifluous tenor voices cracked and broke.

In short, when a child grew too old to be dandled comfortably upon the knee he was too old for pictures and so disappeared long before his tenth year.

The amazing success of Deanna Durbin, fifteen-year-old singer of classics, coupled with the popularity of present-day child stars through into adolescence, has changed all that and glorified the "awkward age."

Schoolboys and girls are now stars in their own right, more popular among adult fans than many of their own glamorous contemporaries.

Judy Garland, freckle-faced 14-year-old torch singer and vendor of hot rhythm, is among the most popular and promising of these youngsters.

What Deanna Durbin is to the classics, Judy is to swing.

You will remember her because of her compellingly expressive eyes, her dynamic methods of seizing her audience, her delightful emphasis of the little mannerisms that so cleverly strengthen her personality—as well as for her attractive swing singing.

She started in pictures at the same time as Deanna—in fact, they made their first picture together.

At fourteen Judy is a veteran in the entertainment business.

She was born with the theatre in her veins, and made her stage debut even before she was able to walk.

Her father and mother, Frank and Ethel Gumm, were veterans of the stage, so it was only natural that Judy should take to the footlights.

As far back as she can remember, she was on a stage taking bows. At first, only as a "stooge" for her father's "gags," then, at the age of three, her voice began to develop, and she became a member of a trio

composed of her two older sisters and herself.

For eight years the trio played theatres large and small, in almost every large city in the United States. Since then Judy has travelled from coast to coast nineteen times.

As Judy grew, she became the star of the trio and usually ended the act, singing a solo. As she gained experience, her repertoire grew. She can now sing many songs in four languages.

The act didn't win wide acclaim until it was presented at the World's Fair in Chicago, and was then held over for treble the originally scheduled time. Then when the act was "clicking" everywhere, Suzanne, oldest of the trio, married. That ended the act.

Virginia, the other sister, went to work and Judy went back to school. If the love of acting hadn't been so deeply ingrained in Judy, she might still be going to school and her acting career would be a thing of the past.

It is interesting to note that Judy Garland and Deanna Durbin, the latter now Universal's most profitable star, made their film debut together in an M.-G.-M. musical short.

Judy impressed the studio, but Deanna was considered unlikely screen material and released from her contract.

However, six months away from the footlights was all she could stand, so one Saturday morning she appeared at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios and said she wanted to sing.

She won an audition. The test director was so impressed he called Louis B. Mayer. "I think this Garland girl has something," he said.

So Mayer gave her a chance. Judy sang for him as she had never sung before. Ten minutes later, she walked out of the studio with a contract.

She made her debut with Deanna Durbin in a short, entitled "Every Sunday."

Louis B. Mayer, pleased with Judy's work, was not so interested in Deanna, and soon afterwards released her from her contract.

He is reported to have wept bitter tears when he heard of Deanna's amazing success in her first film for Universal, "Three Smart Girls," and only found consolation in the steady, if not spectacular, success of his own fourteen-year-old.

Spurred on by the success of Universal's songbird, M.-G.-M. gave Judy increasingly important parts.



Her first was "The Broadway Melody of 1938," in which she played Sophie Tucker's daughter. Sophie in the film was an ex-actress trying to further the interests of her daughter, so that the child could carry on where she herself left off.

In this film she not only made a

This attractive youngster is Judy Garland, M.-G.-M. player, the Deanna Durbin of "swing." She was last seen in a comedy role in "Love Finds Andy Hardy." Her next film will be "The Wizard of Oz."

hit with the public, but with her fellow dancers as well, and Eleanor Powell, George Murphy, and Buddy Ebsen all gave her private lessons.

Her next film, "Thoroughbreds Don't Cry," gave her comparatively little opportunity, but in "Everybody Sing" she proved that she could dance with spirit, sing with astonishing regard to tricks of emphasis and delivery, and slip smoothly through emotional scenes with a convincing sincerity.

The transition period between childhood and full growth undeniably presents difficulties for screen presentation.

At what point in the stage of growing up should a girl or boy be allowed to depict romance, to wear adult clothes? How is one to present the inevitable business of growing up gracefully?

In Deanna Durbin's first three highly successful films she was given no love interest.

But her studio thought at fifteen it was time she began to grow up, and she is now at work on "That Certain Age," in which she will be for the first time heroine of romance.

She will still, however, be the schoolgirl with her familiar bows and abbreviated skirts.

So, too, is Judy Garland growing up. While still wearing short dresses and bobby socks, she shared a junior romance with Mickey Rooney in "Love Finds Andy Hardy," her most recent film.

Her attractive singing voice is being carefully watched.

In the past, juvenile singers had their voices ruined by forcing and over-work. But Judy's guide is Nelson Eddy, who has given her all the advantages of his scholarly career on the operatic and concert stage.

Thus, with ordinary luck, and sensible exploitation, she will have a promising adult career.

The success of adolescents in films to-day is significant. It would seem that fans have grown tired of stereotyped romance as depicted on the screen, and enjoy the light, unaffected entertainment provided by these youngsters.

Furthermore, if careers are carefully handled, there will be no reason why such promising stars as Shirley Temple, Jane Withers, and Freddie Bartholomew should not successfully pass their schooldays on the screen and become our adult stars of the future.

## Greta Garbo To Make Modern Comedy

From JUDY BAILEY, London.

THAT long-promised modern comedy for Garbo draws closer with the report of Hungarian dramatist Melchior Lengyel, now in London, that it is all fixed for her to start work again as soon as she returns to Hollywood in the comedy which he wrote specially for her, called "Ninotska."

William Powell, says Mr. Lengyel, will co-star with her.

Mr. Lengyel describes the story of Ninotska as follows: "She is a simple Russian girl, brought up under the Soviet regime, intelligent, witty and energetic."

"She is sent by her Government to Paris to take part in commercial negotiations needing tact and diplomacy, but does not consider using feminine charm as a weapon."

"William Powell is aristocratic leader of the French industrial group. He uses his masculine charm against her."

"The conflict between them is personal as well as that between Communism and Capitalism. But politics do not interfere with romance, and there is a Pygmalion-like transformation when Ninotska, in love with Paris as well as with Powell, exchanges her simple masculine clothes for Paris fashions."

Garbo herself is reported to have collaborated on the script.

In the meantime, William Powell, who has not made a picture since the unsuccessful "Baroness and the Butler" with Annabella, is to make the last of the "Thin Man" series.





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# Protecting Our Junior Stars

FILM YOUNGSTERS NO LONGER DEPEND ON THE GOODWILL OF THEIR PARENTS — BY LAW THEY MUST RECEIVE ONE-HALF OF EACH WEEK'S EARNINGS

From JOHN B. DAVIES, New York

RECENTLY the world was electrified by Jackie Coogan's suit against his mother and stepfather for the recovery of some of his earnings as a film star.

Famous child star of the silent era, he claimed he had earned over four million dollars during his film career, and of that had received nothing but his upkeep and one thousand dollars in cash.

His mother, Mrs. Lillian Coogan Bernstein, backed by Stepfather Bernstein, amazed the court by declaring: "Jackie hasn't got a cent! There never was one cent belonging to him. It is all mine and Arthur's. That is the law."

And she refused to acknowledge his right to the remainder of the money.

The case has not been settled, but as a direct result of it the financial position of modern film youngsters has now been clarified. By law child actors must receive one-half of each pay cheque they earn.

The small person who set the precedent is three-year-old Donnie



● THIS DELIGHTFUL child is three-year-old Donnie Dunagan, who makes his film debut in "Mother Carey's Chickens." His contract for this picture set a precedent for all future contracts for child actors.

cial endorsements, and phonographs, and he earns nearly two thousand dollars a week.

Every penny he has earned, however, has been placed in a trust fund for him. Half of this fund is to be turned over to him when he is twenty-one, and the remainder when he is thirty.

Half of fifteen-year-old Jackie Cooper's earnings—he makes a thousand dollars a week—is put into a trust fund. The rest goes to his comfortable upkeep.

Deanna Durbin's father invests all of her money, estimated at eight hundred dollars a day, in life insurance and real estate for her. Shirley Temple's movie earnings, which run up into four figures a week, go into trusts, annuities, and Government bonds.

One thousand dollars a week of Jane Withers' salary goes into a trust fund.

Mickey Rooney has an investment trust which will bring him at least fifty thousand dollars, in addition to endowment policies totalling twenty thousand dollars.

Says Mrs. Harold Moore, mother of four-year-old Dickie Moore, film star and model:

"We have no desire to exploit Dickie for our own gain. What he earns we feel belongs to him. And our principal thought is for his future."

"So all the money that Dickie has earned we have put into a trust fund which we will continue to maintain with his earnings until he is seven."

## SEARCH FOR ACTOR

WHILE producer Seiznick still searches for the most satisfactory cast for "Gone With The Wind," Columbia studios are looking for the right actor to play the lead in "Golden Boy."

This is the much-discussed play by Clifford Odets (husband of Lulie Rainer), which created a furore throughout America. Columbia acquired the screen rights several months ago. It is the story of a young violinist who, to make money, quickly becomes a prizefighter.

In the past few months Columbia have received more than 7000 letters from people anxious to play the role.

"I have a very beautiful and intelligent little man to propose for your Golden Boy," writes one woman. "He has chestnut-brown hair and hazel eyes."

She encloses a photograph of a chubby four-year-old boy in a sun-suit.



● ONE OF THE many talented youngsters who are earning large salaries in Hollywood to-day: Eleven-year-old Virginia Weidler, whose latest film is "Men With Wings" for Paramount.

Dunagan, who is appearing in "Mother Carey's Chickens," R.K.O.'s film version of the famous Kate Douglas Wiggin novel.

An edict recently set forth by Judge Emmet Wilson's Superior Court in Los Angeles, states that:

There must be contained in each child actor's contract a provision that at least one-half of salary and of all other compensations, remunerations or emolument to be paid for the services of such minor shall be paid by the employer into a trust fund to be established and maintained for the benefit of such minor, which provision shall be approved and consented to by the parents of the minor or any other persons who may or might be entitled to any portion of such salary, compensations, remunerations or emolument.

And Donnie's contract is the first to have such a provision, and to be ratified by the court.

This means that one half of each week's pay cheque must be placed in a trust fund in Donnie's own name, and no one may touch that fund, including his parents. When he is twenty-one the court will decide if the money is to be turned over to him in a lump sum, or paid in instalments.

While up to the present a child star's earnings have belonged to his parents to do as they chose with, most parents of present-day child actors have carefully watched over their offspring's interests.

Bobby Breen, whose sister is his guardian, has been carefully provided for.

His income is derived from five sources—pictures, personal appearances, radio performances, commer-



... and it is irresistible

● Even were your figure more lovely than the Venus, your profile a better one than Helen's and your eyes the envy of Marlene, much would still need to be done! For the finishing touches are no less vital than the first outlines, and the powder, for instance, that you sprinkle on yourself after the bath, is no less important than the bath itself! And that is why so many women of sensitive taste and sensitive skin choose Johnson's Baby Powder, the softest powder in the world. For many years its softness has pampered the skins of babies, and your own skin deserves no less. And all day or all evening its fragrance lingers with you and about you, perfecting your allurements, chic and charm.

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After Shaving and Showering! Johnson's Baby Powder makes its appeal to men who desire the maximum of comfort after shaving or showering. It dries, cools and protects the skin. No chafing—just a feeling of freshness and cleanliness.

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"Best for Baby - Best for you"

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Now! Pond's Hand Lotion with the active "SKIN-VITAMIN"



Makes Hands Softer

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● Use Pond's every time you wash your hands

Only 1/- a bottle at all stores and chemists.





## Here's Hot News From All Studios!

From JOHN B. DAVIES, New York; BARBARA BOURCHIER, Hollywood; and JUDY BAILEY, London.

**O**FFICIALS of the Hal Roach studio announce they have cancelled their contract with the comedian, Stan Laurel, despite the fact that it called for two more pictures.

Stan worked harmoniously with the Roach studio for eleven years, but nothing seems to have gone well with him since his divorce from his wife, Ruth, and his subsequent marriages—three of them—to the Russian singer, Iliana.

He walked out before his last picture was completed, and was not on hand when another was scheduled to start, so the studio felt they were justified in calling off the contract.

Roach is going ahead with plans to team his screen partner, Oliver Hardy, with comedian Harry Langdon in the future.

**A**USTRALIAN Mona Barrie has been kept busy during the past few weeks denying rumors that she

**S**AMUEL GOLDWYN, who, since the release of "The Hurricane," has been trying to find a suitable picture for Jon Hall, is now thinking of casting him again with Dorothy Lamour in another saga of the South Seas. Norman Hall, who, with Charles Nordhoff, wrote "The Hurricane," will write the script for the new film.

**W. C. FIELDS**, referring to Dorothy Lamour's avowed affection for dummy Charlie McCarthy, sent her a hatchet with this message:

"You know where it will do the most good."

**A**FTER travelling all the way to New York to be present at the opening of "Marie Antoinette," Norma Shearer was unable to attend the event.

Owing to certain labor difficulties the theatre was being picketed, and

*"That glass of Andrew's has done the trick"*



## Why put up with morning headaches?

If you have good reason to expect a headache in the morning because the day has been trying or because you have been a little over-indulgent, make no mistake about forestalling that bilious, "morning-after" feeling. Take a glass of Andrews Liver Salt at bedtime, and again in the morning.

Andrews gives you the gentle clearance, the inner cleanliness that is needed.

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There is a special reason for every ingredient in Andrews Liver Salt—each has its duty to perform. In combination, they bring about a **fourfold action** following the course of Nature itself.

(1) Andrews corrects stomach acidity without causing excessive alkalinity. Its minute bubbles of carbon-dioxide soothe the inflamed linings of stomach and bowels.

(2) Andrews eliminates waste by osmosis, or the flow of fluid through the bowel walls from surrounding tissues. This flow cleanses without harming the delicate bowel lining.

(3) Andrews has a moderate stimulating effect on the bowels—neither the drastic purging of harsh purgatives, nor the irritation of rough patent foods.

(4) Andrews has also a directly beneficial action on the liver, increasing the flow of bile necessary for digestion. Andrews is far, far more than just a saline, as results prove.

It must be remembered that Andrews is pleasant to take, refreshing to the palate with its bright sparkling effervescence. In order to achieve the most good, Andrews is made to effervesce slowly, its action being gentle and thorough and safe. It is the ideal laxative for all ages—children like it, and it has no griping or unpleasant after-effects, nor does it form habits.

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## Hairdresser Gives Advice on Grey Hair

Tells How to Make a Home-Made Grey Hair Remedy.

Miss Diana Manners, who has been a hairdresser in Sydney for the past ten years, gives this advice:—"There is nothing to equal the remedy for grey hair, made up from an ounce of Bay Rum, 1 ounce of Glycerine and a small box of Orlex Compound, mixed with a half-pint of water. Any chemist can supply these ingredients at a small cost and the mixing is so easy you can do it yourself and save the extra expense."

"By combing this liquid through grey hair you can turn it any shade you like, black, brown or light brown, besides making it glossy and fluffy and free from itchy dandruff. It is perfectly harmless, free from stickiness, grease or gum and does not rub off. It should make any grey haired person vastly more youthful in appearance."

## New 3-Second Relief CORN

PAIN GOES  
Corn lifts out

Actually... In 3 seconds after touching it with a drop of Frozol-Ice... you can feel the pain die out of any nasty nagging corn or callus. This better-type of anesthetic action works that fast every time. Soon after the corn begins to shrink... then works so loose that you can lift it out in your finger-tips. FROZOL-ICE is the safe, instant-drying, antiseptic treatment that does not spread out on healthy tissue. Only 1/6 at all chemists and stores.

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## SCREEN ODDITIES

By CAPTAIN FAWCETT

**ANITA LOUISE**  
PLAYED HER FIRST GROWN-UP ROLE (LOVE SCENES AND ALL) WHEN SHE WAS ONLY 13.

"PRINCE MIKE ROMANOFF" LOST THE ROLE OF THE BOGUS RUSSIAN PRINCE IN "ELLIS ISLAND" BECAUSE HE DIDN'T LOOK THE PART.

NEARLY 10 TIMES MORE BATHING GIRL PHOTOS ARE NOW MADE IN HOLLYWOOD THAN WERE TAKEN DURING THE MACK SENNETT "BATHING BEAUTY" ERA... AND NO WONDER!

had become the mother of a son. Recently a son was born to the wife of Phil Berle, American actor, and some of the newspaper reports remarked that Mrs. Berle was known on the stage as Mona Barry. As a result, Mona received numerous messages of congratulation.

**DOUGLAS CORRIGAN**, the lad who flew to Dublin "by mistake," has given R.K.O. permission to film the amazing story of his life, but so far has resisted all offers of acting jobs in pictures, insisting he only wants a job with an aviation company.

R.K.O. has paid young Corrigan a good sum for his life story, and it's quite likely he will act as technical adviser on the film, which is now titled "Flight to Ireland."

**CLAUDETTE COLBERT** will have a long vacation when she finishes "Zaza" in a few weeks. Her next picture, "Memory of Love," will not go into production until next January.

**A**S soon as Humphrey Bogart received his final divorce decree, he and Mayo Methot got married and went off on a short honeymoon. Mary Phillips, Humphrey's ex-wife, eloped last week with Kenneth McKenna. Kenneth is one of Kay McKenna's ex-husbands.

on the day of the opening Miss Shearer agreed to a request from the American Federation of Labor not to pass through the picket line.

**W**HEN David Niven was dropped from the cast of "The Lady and the Cowboy," there were rumors that he was at odds with his former girl friend, Merle Oberon, who stars in the film. But the truth is that Niven's role—that of a British diplomat—was deleted from the picture. The diplomat was to be portrayed as a comic character, and British censors objected.

**R**OBERT YOUNG will play opposite Joan Crawford in "The Shining Hour." Unable to get Tyrone Power for the film, Metro cast Robert Montgomery in the leading male role—but he objected, and now Robert Young has the part.

Melvyn Douglas and Margaret Sullivan will also appear in the picture—Margaret's last before she retires to await the star's second visit.

**L**UISE RAINER should be able to give a particularly effective performance in her next film, "Dramatic School." In the picture, the heroine, yearning to be an actress, runs away from home to attend dramatic school—which is precisely what Louise herself did not so many years ago.

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15 DAYS	Cruise of 4 States. Dec. 31 only	£12
20 DAYS	Picturesque N. Hebrides Cruise (Jan. 20 only)	£33
10 DAYS	Xmas Special, Dec. 24, Car & Sea	£14/10/-
10 DAYS	L. Howe & Melb. (Jan 3, Feb. 3, March 7)	£10/10/-
18 DAYS	Lord Howe Island	£16/15/-
9 DAYS	Lord Howe Island	£13/15/-
13 DAYS	Jan. 27 & Feb. 3, March 3, Brisbane & N.Z.	£14/3/6
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## PRIVATE VIEWS

### ★★ THE BARONESS AND THE BUTLER

Annabella, William Powell. (29th Century-Fox.)  
(Week's Best Release.)

THE famous stage play—a less brilliant but more popular variation of the "Guardaman" type of play in a way—is sumptuously produced and most artistic in direction and acting.

It isn't, of course, the same as the "Guardaman" in plot, but it has a resemblance in the polish and sophistication of its dialogue.

The plot concerns a most unusual butler who serves the daughter of a Hungarian Prime Minister. As well as demonstrating his mastery of repartee, and conquering the romantic and tempestuous lady, this bouncer actually enters politics and becomes leader of the Opposition, facing the lady's father across the house!

It is a typical Continental comedy, adapted for Anglo-Saxon tastes in as skilled a manner as "Pools for Scandal."

Powell is always better when his part allows him wit and irony, as this does. Annabella scores by vivacity and delicacy of manner. A remarkably good performance is that of Henry Stephenson, as the Prime Minister.

Light, clever comedy, with romantic interest; you'll like this.—Regent; showing.

### ★★ LETTER OF INTRODUCTION

Andrea Leeds, George Murphy. (Universal.)

PROBABLY Charlie McCarthy, the ventriloquist's dummy, will be the biggest draw in this film—but in actual fact it would be well worth seeing without his fun. Andrea Leeds, a young but not over-earnest actress, plays her most attractive

part as the girl who falls for the fascination of an elderly actor, played by Adolphe Menjou.

Menjou, as always, is impeccable in his portrayal of the charming, vain, pretentious actor, with a human heart under it all.

The young man, George Murphy, would stand little chance against Menjou in a real life romance—that is, if the girl had good taste. Murphy has little to recommend him beyond his dancing ability—and this isn't a foot-film.

However, Murphy does reveal unexpected strength in his fight for the girl, though his attempts to be witty and conquering are rather pathetic.

Edgar Bergen, the ventriloquist, introduces another dummy as a foil for Charlie McCarthy. This is Mortimer Snerd, a country bumpkin, and quite as funny in his way as Charlie.

It's a rather artificial picture this, but cleverly directed and well acted. Good entertainment.—State; showing.

### ★★ PROFESSOR, BEWARE

Phyllis Welch, Harold Lloyd. (Paramount.)

THOSE who like Mr. Lloyd—and there are plenty—will find this a scream. He himself has the same effect of striving for laughs that critical fans have detected in most of his pictures, but even if he isn't spontaneous he gets results.

This is because his stuff is so well planned, well written, and carefully carried out. The material in "Professor, Beware" is the best in any of his films for years. He plays his favorite role, that of a simple, earnest, and rather pathetic fellow,

### Shows Still Running

\*\*\* Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs. Feature-length fairy tale, drawn by Walt Disney.—Plaza, 19th week.

\*\*\* The Drum. Valerie Hobson, Sabu; Indian adventure.—Mayfair, 3rd week.

\*\*\* Holiday. Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant; romantic comedy.—Century, 2nd week.

who seems to be fair game for all the shrewd heads—but who eventually fools them all.

In this he's a professor, who gets mixed up in everything from love to politics, and hardly ever slows down in his wild, absurd career.

Phyllis Welch, the heroine, is the best actress seen in this type of film for years. She is, in fact, a real actress, and probably won't remain long a comedy assistant. Good-looking, too.

Swift and sustained fun, this.—Prince Edward; showing.

### ★★ DAD AND DAVE COME TO TOWN

Shirley Ann Richards, Bert Bailey. (Cinesound.)

MR. KEN G. HALL'S production technique has advanced greatly since the earlier rustic comedies from this studio. The new Bert Bailey picture is an act and smoothly made, with no slow sequences and not too much crudity.

The humor is of the simple, obvious kind, but put over with such gusto that it tickles you. The plot, too, has all the old conventions—Dad and Dave's embarrassment as to clothes, traffic, social behaviour, and so on. But slick direction helps it out, and the effect is bright entertainment.

Shirley Ann Richards adds greatly to the charm of the film; she is not only attractive, but the most human heroine yet produced here. Fred McDonald, as Dave, and Alec Kellaway in one of his best character roles support Bailey in his classic caricature of a countryman.—Capitol; showing.

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### OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM

No stars—below average.

★ One star—average entertainment

★★ Two stars—above average

★★★ Three stars—excellent

### ★★ THE CROWD ROARS

Maureen O'Sullivan, Robert Taylor. (M.G.-M.)

THIS story of a professional boxer's career is not made for the boxing fan, but for everyone. Indeed, its motif is a condemnation of the prize-fighting game for brutality and crookedness. There is, of course, plenty of fight in the film, but they give it to you in strictly limited doses, and eliminate all the gorier details.

The early part of the story is thoroughly realistic and affecting; it depicts a boy's determination to make good for his mother, and despite his wastrel father.

Gene Reynolds is the boy, and Frank Morgan is brilliant as the shifty and shiftless yet somehow charming old loafer. He determines to exploit the boy's talents—first as a singer, and later as a boxer, and does so so effectively that when Gene Reynolds gives place to Robert Taylor as the grown-up Tommy McCoy, every penny the lad has earned has gone in bars and gambling rooms.

But Tommy's troubles are only beginning. He kills a man in the ring; he gets mixed up with crooked gamblers and gangsters; and he falls in love with a girl of the class to which he has no hope of attaining.

Needless to say he fights through, both pugilistically and socially, but the hardest blow of all comes when the crooks get him in their clutches and order him to lose a big fight. Eventually, of course, he gets his girl, and gets out of the game, but not before there has been a lot of breathless action, some tender romance, and the necessary savouring of comedy.

Taylor is good in the role of the young fighter, though more romantic than realistic; he looks like a well-built college amateur.

Frank Morgan is so real as the father that his follies and treacheries positively hurt. Maureen O'Sullivan is a pleasant ingenue, and Edward Arnold gives force to the role of James Cain, the big gambler.

Good entertainment, and not just a boxing picture.—St. James; showing.

### ★★ THE MAGICIAN'S DAUGHTER

Eleanor Lynn, Frank Albertson. (M.G.-M.)

THIS is a short feature, but novel and amusing. Albertson plays the part of a reporter on a sensational journal, who has orders to expose a family of magicians. He falls in love with the illusionist's daughter, and promises to stop his investigations. But by then the matter is out of his hands, and the battle between the exposers and the wonder workers is hair-raising and very funny.

Meanwhile, the young couple have been having their love scenes at Coney Island, and their quarrels on the porch, as usual, and the young man has been nearly driven crazy by the pranks of a conjuring family, which range from embarrassing ventriloquism to the guillotine trick.

More laughs than many long comedies—though Mr. Albertson is rather unpleasant to look at.—St. James; showing.

### ★ DANGER ON THE AIR

Nan Grey, Donald Woods. (Universal.)

AVERAGE little thriller in the modern style, centring round radio personalities and the nefarious schemes of criminal minds—all treated lightly and with a song in the background.

Nan Grey is pretty and rather appealing, Woods a clever actor, but the two who really keep this rather thin show going are the comica, Skeets Gallagher and Jed Prouty (you know him—Pa Jones of the Jones Family).

Just fair entertainment.—State; showing.



Margaret Lindsay  
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Highly educated girl, and daughter of one of the most socially prominent families of Iowa. Has great love for classical music. Five feet five high . . . has eyes . . . dark brown hair. Creme Charmosan is prominent society, too, for it occupies an honoured place in the dressing tables of a million women. Why? Because it is the one cream that will remove many faults and many signs of age from your skin and make it years younger and prettier. Takes years and years from your looks. 56 looks 40, 40 looks 30, and 30 looks 20. What a blessing to the women of middle age. Holds your powder divinely all day, and there's nothing better in the world for protecting your skin from the cold of Winter or the heat of Summer.

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"I'm not going to the bridge club any more, Margaret."  
"Good heavens, June, you can't let me down like that. What's gone wrong?"  
"It's my hands—paws, I call them to myself. Why can't they look nice like those of all the other women there?"  
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Without Calomel—And You'll Jump out of  
Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should pour out two pounds of bile into your bowels daily. If this bile does not flow freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Wind blows up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, tired and weary and the world looks blue. Liver pills are only makeshifts. A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/3.

# Your Fate Was Involved In This Diary!

## Critical Events That Led World to Brink of War

Here is a diary of the critical events that led the world to the brink of war—the Munich conference being the last fence that barred the way.

It happened all so swiftly, each day's new angle wiping away the previous day's impressions, as the sands of time seemed to be running out.

This is the diary since August 3:

**AUGUST 3:** Lord Runciman left London for Prague.

**Aug. 19:** Czech Government announced concessions to Sudetens by appointing Sudeten officials to important administrative posts.

**Aug. 24:** Czechs began new negotiations giving still wider measure of autonomy to Sudetens, but Henleinists dissatisfied.

**Aug. 30:** British Cabinet approved course taken by Czechoslovakia at this stage.

**Aug. 31:** Czechoslovakian prediction that Hitler would act by October 15.

**Sept. 4:** Herr Henlein returned to Czechoslovakia after conference with Hitler at Berchtesgaden.

**Sept. 5:** Herr Koller, head of Western Bohemian Sudetens, said: "We want to rule, command, and administer ourselves."

German troops moved near frontier.

Reservists called up in France.

**Sept. 6:** Czech Government offered Sudetens autonomy on cantonal basis, full equality of status for Sudeten Germans, but disallowed Henlein's claim that Sudetens should profess full German nationality and political philosophy.

Hitler reported to want Henlein's claims granted in full.

**Sept. 8:** Sudetens broke negotiations with Czechs because of alleged Czech outrages. Conferences later resumed.

**Sept. 13:** Hitler's speech at Nuremberg: "If these tortured and oppressed creatures cannot defend themselves they will receive help from us." Referred to "bloodthirsty democrats."

**Sept. 13:** Martial law declared by Czechs in Sudeten districts. Sudetens delivered six hours' ultimatum to Czechs to withdraw exceptional measures. Czechs replied that they could not accept ultimatum, but left way open for further parleys.

Defence leaders summoned to No. 10 Downing Street.

**Sept. 14:** Australian Prime Minister, Mr. Lyons, stated that Australia would make common cause with Britain in event of war.

### Japanese View

**SEPT. 14:** Foreign Office spokesman in Tokyo, Mr. Kawahara, said: "Japan is fully prepared to join forces with Germany to fight against the Communist Internationale." Expressed admiration of Hitler's Nuremberg speech. First indication of Japanese opinion.

**Sept. 15:** Mr. Chamberlain flew to Germany to confer with Herr Hitler. Herr Henlein indicted by Czech Government for high treason.

**Sept. 16:** Mr. Chamberlain returned to England. No official statement. "We had a frank and friendly talk," he said.

Herr Henlein fled to Germany.

**Sept. 17:** German troops reported to be marching towards Czech border.

**Sept. 18:** French Prime Minister, M. Daladier, and French Foreign Minister, M. Bonnet, met British "Inner Cabinet" in London.

Poland demanded concession of Czech areas populated by Poles. Previously sympathetically inclined to Czechs.

**Sept. 19:** Anglo-French plan explained—to transfer areas with 50 per cent. of Germans to Germany, and set up international guarantee of new frontiers. Czechs reported aghast.

**Sept. 20:** Lightning invasion of Czechoslovakia threatened.

**Sept. 21:** Czechoslovakian Government, "under pressure," accepted Anglo-French plan.

Polish and Hungarian Ambassadors visited Hitler. Their demands for Czech territory followed.

Russian Foreign Minister, M. Litvinov, told League Assembly at Geneva of Russia's readiness to help Czechs.

**Sept. 22:** Czech Cabinet resigned. General Johann Syrový, commander-in-chief of Czech Army, became new

Premier, Dr. Benes retaining Presidency. Stronger front alarmed Germany.

Dr. Benes called upon Czechs "to preserve calm, and wait fearlessly. We are prepared if necessary to fight to the last man for our rights just as we are prepared to negotiate."

Mobilisation of Czech forces speeded up.

**Sept. 23:** Mr. Chamberlain's second conference with Hitler at Godesberg.

Mr. Chamberlain talked with Mussolini by telephone.

Prague message that Czechs feared Germans might march at any time.

### Anxiety at Peak

**SEPT. 24:** Hitler's latest proposals communicated to Czech Government. He demanded territory occupied by almost a million Czechs, double that originally in dispute. Rejected by Czechs.

English people warned to get gas masks.

Troop movements in Germany. Partial mobilisation in France.

**Sept. 25:** Mussolini threatened mobilisation. "Should the democracies attack Germany they would find themselves against a solid German-Italian bloc," he declared. "Our enemies are too stupid to be dangerous."

Hungarian and Swiss army manoeuvres continued.

French ministers again visited British Cabinet in London.

**Sept. 26:** Sir Horace Wilson flew to Germany with personal message for Herr Hitler from Mr. Chamberlain.

President Roosevelt appealed to Hitler and Dr. Benes for "reason before resorting to arms."

Hitler, at Sports Palace, Berlin, said: "Benes must hand us our territory by October 1, or we will liberate our Germans."

**Sept. 26:** The Tohokai, extreme Right Wing party in Japan, issued manifesto to Japanese Cabinet



HITLER AT NUREMBERG:

"If the tortured and oppressed Sudetens cannot help themselves, they will receive help from us."

urgency support of German demands in Czechoslovakia and that if democracies and Communists attack Germany Japan should give diplomatic and strategic help, in accordance with spirit of the Anti-Comintern Pact.

**Sept. 27:** Hitler reported to have given Czechs until 2 p.m. Sept. 28, to accept, otherwise would mobilise next day.

Russian mobilisation reported. One million troops massed near western frontier.

Paris prepares to evacuate 500,000 civilians.

British Fleet mobilised.

Extensive precautions in London against air raids.

Mr. Chamberlain told the Empire: "I will not abandon efforts for peace."

**Sept. 27:** Unofficial Tokyo message that Japan has not gone beyond affirmation of her moral support to Germany and Italy.

**Sept. 28:** President Roosevelt made second appeal to Hitler. Persistent rumors of general mobilisation in France. Vatican appeal to Hitler's "human reason."

Mr. Chamberlain, during the first official statement of whole negotiations in the House of Commons, received dramatic communication from Herr Hitler asking for four-power parley in Munich.

**Sept. 30:** Powers sign agreement at Munich. World tension relaxes but defence measures proceed.

## WHAT HAPPENS WHEN KIDNEYS STOP WORK?

The kidneys are amongst the most important organs of the human body. The correct function of the kidneys is the removal from the blood stream of surplus water and impurities which form from the natural decay of the tissues. If the kidneys do not carry out this work properly, these impurities are allowed to accumulate in the blood stream and to become distributed throughout the system, setting up disorders which eventually cause diseases such as Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Lumbago, Anæmia, and many other prevalent ailments.

Sufferers from such complaints will not find relief until the kidneys are restored to health. For over sixty years Warner's Safe Cure has been the accepted remedy for all kidney disorders—it is quick, effective and definitely non-habit forming.

One happy correspondent from North Fitzroy writes: "I suffered with kidney and liver trouble for a number of years and tried practically every medicine on the market without result. I then tried Warner's Safe Cure and after taking a few bottles I began to feel a different man. I continued with the medicine and am now my old self again, thanks to Warner's Safe Cure."

Chemists and Storekeepers sell Warner's Safe Cure in Concentrated form (non-alcoholic) at 2/9, and in the original 5/- bottles.

An illustrated booklet dealing with kidney and liver diseases, diet, etc., will be sent free on application to H. H. Warner & Co. Ltd., 530 Little Lonsdale Street, Melbourne.

## Tommy has a Tummy-ache

When your children's tummies are upset, or they are bilious or constipated, don't endanger their tender digestive organs with purgatives. Give them DINNEFORD'S PURE FLUID MAGNESIA. Recommended by doctors and nurses everywhere because it is so safe, so reliable a digestive and antacid, and so gentle a laxative. But be sure you get DINNEFORD'S, the original Pure Fluid Magnesia. Made only by Dinneford & Co. Ltd., London, England.

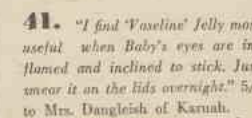
**Get the  
DINNEFORD'S  
MAGNESIA**

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## THE BEST CURE FOR BABY'S SKIN



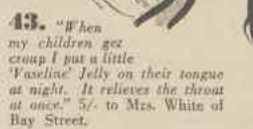
**40.** "Vaseline" Jelly rubbed on baby's head overnight will remove every sign of 'Cradle Cap.' 5/- to Mrs. McArthur of Carlow Street for a very helpful suggestion.



**41.** "I find 'Vaseline' Jelly most useful when baby's eyes are inflamed and inclined to stick. Just smear it on the lids overnight." 5/- to Mrs. Dangleish of Karuah.



**42.** "When baby's arms and legs become scratched and sore from crawling, I smear a little 'Vaseline' Jelly on them overnight, and by morning they are quite healed." 5/- to Mrs. Coles of Bully Street.



**43.** "When my children get cramp I put a little 'Vaseline' Jelly on their tongue at once. It relieves the throat at once." 5/- to Mrs. White of Bay Street.



**44.** "My baby's face was badly bitten by mosquitoes, and I rubbed 'Vaseline' Jelly all over it. In half a day all the angry red lumps had disappeared." 5/- to Mrs. Cody of Maclean Street.



**45.** "When baby was teething he had a nasty rash all over his face. 'Vaseline' Jelly very soon cured it." 5/- to Mrs. Carle of Aintree Road.

We will pay 5/- to anyone sending in uses for "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly, which we are able to accept and publish. Just post your suggestion to Chesebrough, Dept. A.21 Box 1131 J, G.P.O., Melbourne.

Remember when you buy, to look for the trade mark VASELINE. This trademark identifies the original Petroleum Jelly, especially refined and purified for medical and toilet uses. Do not accept substitutes.



Look for this name  
on the jar

**Vaseline**  
TRADE MARK  
PETROLEUM JELLY





HATS WERE A FASHION HIGHLIGHT of the Spring Race Meeting. One of the smartest models was that chosen by Miss Betty McCoy (above), of Point Piper. Of coarse yellow straw, it was trimmed with a yellow stock.

—Women's Weekly photo.

## Betty's "Racey" Narratives

### Who Is the Turf's Fastest Hussy?

By BETTY GEE

The young lady racehorses, barely turned two years, have their first race of their careers in the Gimcrack Stakes at Randwick this Wednesday.

The girl who wins it will get £1000, enough money to buy her the best wheaten and oat chaff and hay for the rest of her life, and sugar lumps, too, because most racehorses like them.

THERE are lots of swift young "hussies" racing this year, so it is going to be hard to win, but I've had a very special whisper about a young miss called Waireka, owned by Mr. E. J. Watt and trained by Geo. Price.

When you look at Waireka it makes you marvel that a thoroughbred could attain such development in less than two years of its career.

She has grown to tremendous size, yet her conformation is as graceful as a palm, and she's as pretty to look at as an exclusive French model, no matter where you stand.

So there she is, fully matured and developed, her education com-

plete even to a course at the best finishing (and starting) school.

She darts like a streak of light from the barrier, and can keep up a hot pace for five furlongs.

Waireka is raced by Mr. E. J. Watt, a rich member of the Australian Jockey Club Committee.

Her colors will be royal-blue body, white sleeves and blue hat. The colors have been in Mr. Watt's family for over 100 years.

But there are others who have good qualifications, too. For instance, Mr. Pat Osborne's Pigeon, Mr. H. A. Taylor's Melrose, Mr. J. T. Jamieson's Folk Song, Mr. E. J. Watt's Gold Crest, and Mr. W. Kelso's Sybil. Aren't they all nicely named?

If she wins this Gimcrack Stakes, we will be dubbing Waireka the best filly in Australia.

### THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY RADIO SESSIONS... from STATION 2GB

Featured by Dorothea Vautier.

WEDNESDAY, October 5—

11.45 a.m., Serial, "The Woman in White," by Wilkie Collins. 2.45 p.m., The Fashion Parade.

THURSDAY, October 6—

11.45 a.m., Interview with Mr. Paul Jacklin. 2.45 p.m., People in the Limelight.

FRIDAY, October 7—11.45

a.m., Serial. 2.45 p.m., Musical Cocktail.

SATURDAY, October 8—

2.30 p.m., "Let's Go Places."

9.30 p.m., "Hits of To-day."

SUNDAY, October 9—4.30

p.m., Celebrity Singer Recital.

—Tito Schipa. 6.15 p.m., Emile

Livi and the Orchestre Ray-

mond.

MONDAY, October 10—

11.45 a.m., Serial. 2.45 p.m.,

Review of The Australian

Women's Weekly.

TUESDAY, October 11—

11.45 a.m., Serial. 2.45 p.m.,

The Homemaker, Miss D.

Vautier.

By the way, who is the best man in Australia at the moment?

I suppose Ena, and I've got a very potent tip that she is going to win the Toorak Handicap at Caulfield on Saturday week.

I'll tell you why I think Ena is the best young lady in all Australia. She had Ajax fighting for dear life at the end of the Newmarket when he was such a hot favorite last March, and he only beat her by a neck.

And the other Saturday she beat Melbourne's best sprinters (Ajax did not run) in the Quality at Moonee Valley. Champions such as Regular Bachelor, Pamela and Beechwood had to bow politely and say, "You first, madame!"

Ena has won six races, yet she's barely turned four years of age. Her owner is Mr. A. G. Hunter, a V.R.C. Committeeman, whose colors are black-and-white stripes with white sleeves and black top.

Among the older dowagers of the turf, I suppose Stretto is the best. She is a beautiful creature from New Zealand. But she wouldn't be far ahead of Hamurah, winner of the Doncaster, worth £2000, at Randwick last Easter, and the Doomben Newmarket in Brisbane last June.

### Holiday Spoil

BUT what a tragic thing happened her the other day! Rushing round a paddock where she was enjoying a well-earned spell, she collided with a post and nearly battered her brains out. A clever operation has saved her, and I'm glad.

Tragedy has twice poked its nose into her family affairs. Randwick trainer W. Henderson raced her mother, Hamurana, and then gave her to Mr. C. L. Weston, of Cumnock, to breed from on condition that he had the first foal free. That first foal was Hamurah, who has won a fortune for Mr. Henderson.

But the ill-luck of it was that Hamurana died without further children. To compensate Mr. Weston for this loss, Mr. Henderson has generously promised to give him Hamurah free when her racing is over.

But she's going to win a few more good races before she becomes a mother of ten, you can take it from me.

Reverting to Caulfield on Saturday week, Petrusio has been practising at Randwick running swiftly to the left, the direction they take in Melbourne races. It's the opposite to Sydney's way. Petrusio is going to tackle the Guinea at Caulfield, and he'll be hard to beat. Mrs. Ritchie, his part-owner, told me so on the track at Randwick one day last week.

She's an enthusiast, and would travel 100 miles to see a good-looking horse.

Avenger, I'm told, is "a sitter" for the Randwick Plate this Saturday. And I've had a message from the florist's girl to be on Lolorus if he runs in the Chester Handicap.



Eyes for you alone

You're the only girl in the world to him —

keep him thinking so! Look your loveliest always with Three Flowers, the face powder that creates an aura of romance—an atmosphere of glamour about you!

A smooth, fine texture . . . a delicate flower fragrance . . . a subtle transparency that permits warm, natural skin



tones to glow enchantingly through—these are the qualities

that make Three Flowers the powder of smart women the world over, that will make you, too,

want to adopt this powder for your very own. In two sizes—2/6 and 3/9.

**Three Flowers Vanishing Cream.** For that perfect powder base—a smooth, lovely skin devoid of shine and roughness—try Three Flowers Vanishing Cream and see how evenly, how softly and lastingly, your powder will adhere! A daylong protection, besides, against dust and grime that tend to clog and enlarge the pores and cause blackheads. A true beauty essential of the fastidious. Jars 2/6—tubes 1/6.

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# Real Life Stories

## Movie Sensation That Was Not Filmed

### ... Girl Faces Death Under Water

IN 1936, Mr. Charles Chauvel produced in Australia a picture called "Uncivilised."

Many will remember this film, if only for the very beautiful under-water swimming sequence which caused such a sensation among Australian censors.

The location for the swimming scene was not, as one might have thought, the tropical streams of North Queensland, but was the exquisite Deep Creek, Narrabeen Lakes.

Nor did the leading lady of the film do the swimming; it was done by a "stunt" extra, and I was that extra.

The part of the creek which we filmed was narrow and of exotic beauty. Tropical ferns and rushes trailed their fronds in the clear water, and on the sanded bed grew dark-swaying clumps of water-weed.

But that was not all.

Along the banks great gums, grown tired of lifting their arms aloft, had let them fall, and on the bed of the creek lay one of those limbs which very nearly drowned me.

After several "takes" we were ready to begin the actual "shooting." I left the boat in mid-stream, duck-dived

beneath the surface, and fanned my way along the sandy floor, weaving a pattern round boulders and through weeds.

Then ahead of me I saw the snag. It was forked and would produce, I thought, a great effect with the white body passing between the two dark arms.

I misjudged my distance, however, and, swimming too near the narrow, closed end of the fork, I stuck fast!

In vain I wriggled and squirmed. I was fixed firmly, with my left arm pinned to that side.

My lungs nearly bursting, for I'd already been down about fifty seconds. I knew that I must have air before another forty seconds elapsed.

With a last water-logged movement I drew my knees up under me, exerting pressure on the lower branch while I strained on the upper branch with my back and right arm.

After what seemed an age the snag, already rotten with years in the water, split clean down the fork and I was left free to float to the surface.

The amazing part of it all was that those filming the episode remained unaware that anything had been amiss!

£1/1/- to Miss Grace Reithmuller, c/o 229 Clarence St., Sydney.



"Swimming too near to the narrow, closed end of the fork I stuck fast."

### Held by Smugglers

BEING an officer of the Imperial Maritime Customs in China, my rounds included the patrolling of the long piers of a seaport thought to be the haunt of salt smugglers.

The night was dark, and I was on the far pier when I heard gentle thuds and low voices. Before I realised it I was in the midst of twelve smugglers. Two of them grabbed me and I was requested to remain still and silent; a sharp knife-point gave emphasis to the request.

As there was now no further need for darkness or absolute quietness a few lights were lit and voices were no longer hushed. It didn't take long for them to complete their work, and when they had finished they released me on the understanding that for an hour I would not raise an alarm.

There were telephones in the warehouses along the waterfront, but I did not feel tempted to use them, for behind me for exactly an hour walked two Chinese.

Next morning I found a case of good wine outside my door.

5/- to J. Marshall, McKenzie Avenue, Wollongong, N.S.W.

### Dream Come True

WHEN I left England for the East in 1917, my cabin companion was a Scotswoman who seemed to have premonitions about happenings.

During the voyage out on the Osmania, she was unusually quiet, and seemed perturbed. When questioned, she told me of a dream she had had. The ship was being sunk by the enemy, the boats lowered without a hitch, and she saw us both in one filled with V.A.D.s. Then the boat was overturned—and the dream ended.

As the days passed we laughed at the dream, and forgot it, but as we were about to enter the harbor at Alexandria there was a crash—a shudder passed through the vessel, and she heeled over, having struck two floating mines.

We took to the boats, but the one we were in overturned, leaving us struggling in the water. When rescued we were taken to hospital, where we soon recovered.

5/- to Miss M. Bell, George Street, Stepney, S.A.

### Saved by Knife

WHILE holidaying at Jervis Bay my wife, a friend, and myself set out in a small rowing boat about 5 a.m. to do some fishing.

The sea was calm, but when we were a couple of miles out a strong westerly sprang up.

To make matters worse, one of the rowlocks broke, and it seemed as if we would be blown out to sea.

The kelleck was dropped, but it would not hold. The Australian fleet was anchored in the bay, but we tried in vain to attract attention.

Our only chance seemed to be to steer the boat with one oar towards the opposite shore. The need for something to use as a rowlock was desperate. All we had was a steel table knife, and this I put into the rowlock hole.

It was not a good fit, but my wife held it and the oar in position while I pulled against it.

The only way we knew we were moving was by the positions of the warships, but we eventually reached the opposite shore after a back-breaking row of more than three hours.

5/- to J. C. Kilby, Bream St., Coogee, N.S.W.

### SEND IN YOUR STORY

ALL readers are invited to contribute to this page.

Set down simply the most outstanding incident in which you have been concerned. It does not matter whether it be tragic, humorous, or eerie, but it must be AUTHENTIC.

A prize of £1/1/- is awarded for the best Real Life Story each week, and 5/- for others published.

Write your letters legibly on one side of the paper, and address them: Real Life Stories, The Australian Women's Weekly. The full address will be found at the top of Page 3.

### Family Accident

FATHER was driving me home from the city, and when the horse bolted and smashed the gig into a telegraph pole—

Father and myself were thrown out on to the road.

Mother, on seeing my father being carried in, fainted and injured her head on a fender.

A brother, going to phone for a doctor, fell over a bank and fractured several ribs.

Next morning my younger brother took the horse and gig out, saying that he would "take the devil out of her." But he came home with the horse, minus the gig, which she had smashed to pieces.

5/- to J. Shennan, Island Bay, Wellington, N.Z.

### Baths Collapse

JUST arrived in Melbourne from the Mallee, my mother took my sister and myself to St. Kilda Beach.

We had not been in the baths very long when a girl got into difficulties, and was carried onto the "ramp" for first aid.

A large crowd scrambled on to the structure to see what had happened, and without any warning there was a crash.

The weather-beaten baths could not stand the weight, and all one side caved in.

The unconscious girl and myself were the only bathers seriously hurt. 5/- to Miss Ethel Morison, Nicholson St., Fitzroy, Vic.

### When a Flier Was Kept in the Air

IN two half-hour flying lessons I had learned to make simple turns and gliding approaches to the aerodrome.

For my third lesson, my instructor wore a helmet but no goggles, and after ten minutes of simple evolutions I was instructed to close the throttle and glide in for a landing, which would be completed by the instructor.

We had just crossed the aerodrome boundary when I was surprised to receive the order through the earphones to open the throttle and go up again. The instructor explained that he had something in his eye, which was watering badly.

Fortunately, I had learned enough to circle the aerodrome, but each essay at a landing was

foiled by the fact that every time the instructor put his head up to make the final touch down the rush of air caused his eyes to water more fiercely.

Finally, as I was busy going over in my mind all I had read and heard about landings, we got down.

I made the approach, and the instructor kept his head down till the last moment, just popping up to make the actual landing.

On examination of the plane it was found that a large crack had appeared in the exhaust pipe, and all the fumes and soot had been blown along the side of the machine and into the front cockpit, where the instructor was sitting.

5/- to E. Johnston, 38 Morley Street, Toowoomba, Brisbane.

SWIMMING CHAMPION

"I LOVE SWEETS —AND IT'S ALWAYS WRIGLEY'S JUICY FRUIT FOR ME WHEN TRAINING!"

W.S.22a



# These *new* Junket Desserts make any meal a party!

*so colourful...so tempting...so easy to make...no eggs, no cooking, no baking!*

Here's good news... new desserts to thrill your family... desserts that are cool and creamy, brilliant with colour, chockful of surprise treats that make every mouthful an adventure... coloured, flavoured Junkets that you can make in three minutes.

Make Junket in the usual way, adding these enticing flavours from your own pantry... Vanilla, Chocolate, Coffee or Raspberry... serve in individual dishes and decorate with whipped cream and fruit, jelly or nuts.

## GIVE YOUR FAMILY MORE MILK

This is one of the best ways to give your family more milk, because Junkets are all milk and the rennet enzyme in Hansen's Junket Tablets makes the milk even easier to digest. Children who balk at ordinary milk, love it this new colour-flavour way.

Ask your grocer for Hansen's Junket Tablets to-day and see how quickly and easily you can make these delicious, different desserts.

Hansen's Fruit Junket Essence: Hansen's also make a Fruit Junket Essence, which sets, colours, flavours—all in one. Ask your grocer.



## HANSEN'S JUNKET TABLETS

"ALL THE YEAR ROUND"



## MAKE ICE CREAM AT HOME...Half Price

IT'S F-R-E-S-H, and you  
know just what goes into it!

Ice Cream made at home in your automatic refrigerator or hand-freezer with Hansen's Ice Cream Mix, is the most deliciously smooth, creamy ice cream you've ever tasted. You can prepare the mixture for freezing in just three minutes, and *no stirring is required while freezing!* Don't miss the pleasure and convenience of having ice cream whenever you want it—at half the price... Keep a variety of flavours of Hansen's Ice Cream Mix at all times.

## HANSEN'S ICE CREAM MIX

STRAWBERRY • CHOCOLATE • VANILLA





## Seven Must Die

Continued from Page 14

"WITH a hearty loathing, Miss Yates. But my enjoyment of your aunt's company far exceeds my loathing," he smiled. "And my intentions are most honorable, Miss Yates."

She finished her cigarette and snatched it far out into the shadows. "This has been pleasant, Doctor Mayhew. Good night."

"I shall finish my cigar," he said. "Good night."

The darkness was a cloak about her—a fine garment, soft to the touch and beautifully done. She loathed dropping it from her shoulders for the lighted brassiness of the hotel. She stepped inside and went slowly across towards the elevators.

There was the impudent snarl of a car in the drive below the terrace. It ripped out at the night and saw it with angry sound as the brakes howled the headlong rush of it down to a throbbing breath behind her.

She heard Sherman Drumm's voice calling to Mayhew: "Morning, doctor!"—and his step springing up to the terrace and across it into the lobby behind her.

"Say, what is this?" he called to her, and she stopped. "You can't do this to me, Connie," he told her pleasantly. "You're not two-timing me to-night. I'm two-timing you."

"How are you getting on with it?" "Famously," he said. "But it's not working, is it?"

"Not very well," she told him.

"All right," he grinned. "I never give up. To-morrow I play my next card. I become the strong, silent man. I stand where the wind can blow in my hair. I look into space at nothing. I eat my heart out for you, hopelessly. Good?"

"You might try it and see. It may have possibilities."

He said: "Connie, you left me and went upstairs to bed. What do you mean coming down again as soon as I turn my back? Is that decent?"

They were talking across twenty feet of lobby still. The ceiling is low and crossed with great dark beams to deaden the eternal confused hum of hotel lobbies, but she knew that their voices were carrying to the doors and to the open windows of the terrace in the quietness of that hour, and that what they said could be heard upon the terrace. She looked at Sherman.

"I hadn't any idea you were at the Base when you called. I thought you were down here, dancing. So I dressed and came down, after I told you I wouldn't."

Sherman stared at her. He shot both his hands into the pockets of his white dinner coat—shot them full down to the bottoms of the pockets, straining the cloth tight across his knuckles.

"So?" he said. He twiggled her long hair for a play-up. And he played up. "If you had agreed to come down, I'd've motored over here before you could have dressed."

He walked quickly over to her and stood facing her, his nose not eighteen inches from hers. "What's up?"

"I wouldn't dare tell you," she smiled. "I'd think I'd been drinking if I heard myself say it."

"Just a minute," he said softly; "don't cut me out of anything, Mayhew?"

She nodded. "All right. Let's have it. I started you off on that angle. Anything that develops along that line is mine. I've got it copyrighted. Give."

He stood back from her. There was solidity in Sherman Drumm. She saw it suddenly, and seeing it was a distinct surprise to her. That's what his banter was for—to cover it. He loathed the thought that he was a steadfast crumb at heart, so he deliberately discarded his life to disguise the fact from the world. He was a doctor, a lawyer, a stockbroker, for

the making; and it would be easy making for Sherman Drumm. Perhaps too easy; so he had gone to Spain to fly, instead, and slapped the lie into the teeth of the civilisation that had whelped him, for contempt of its stupidity.

He stood there with his hands at his sides now, his eyes quiet, looking at her evenly, waiting; and the reason that she had gone with him for fresh pineapple the reason she swam with him and danced with him was a sudden live thing in her heart. You like Sherman Drumm—and you're a fool, for Sherman won't ever like anyone better than himself. Everybody else in the world—every girl—will only be a mirror to Sherman, so that he can see himself eternally at new angles. But you like him, Connie Yates; and that will hurt you, for you know Ida Sefton is down there in that car waiting for him, and for one brief moment it makes you furious.

"Well?" Sherman said. "What?" And that was all he said, for, as he said it, Ida Sefton came up the terrace steps behind him, her golden hair a tight cascade with the light splintering upon it like broken sunlight, the blue column of her body a flame in the smoke of her gown.

"O H, Sherman, do look in my mail box and see if Tommy Molyneux has called."

"You look," he said to her. "I'm changing the guard." He took Connie Yates' arm and led her into an elevator. He held her arm gently all the way up to her floor. At her door she said:

"Sherman, Bo Fanning stole a cigarette case from Doctor Mayhew to-night and gave it to me to keep. I've kept it, and Mayhew knows I have it."

He drew in his breath slowly and looked at her for a long moment without speaking. Then he said: "Fanning is the man who has been following Mayhew. I've known it for a week."

"The detective?"

He shrugged. "It doesn't look like it now. I don't know what he is, but I'm very worried about you."

She smiled. "I'm all right now, Sherman."

"I'd like to think that it's because I'm here."

"It is," she said. "You are the most comforting person I've ever known."

"I don't like that at all; it sounds like an Elsie book."

She put her hand on his arm. "Please like it; it's what I need."

"Right you are," he grinned. "You shall have it, but I'll be back with more—much more. You watch me."

She opened the door to her room. He said, "Open all the doors through to your aunt's room—will you promise me that? And if you can't sleep, call me and we'll go swimming."

"I will, Sherman."

He wanted to go on talking to her, but she was not going to let him. There was that in her eyes again that there had been on the back terrace when she talked to MacVey—a vague light of trouble, a sudden drawing away from him, that hurt him too deeply for words.

When she closed her door, he went slowly along the corridor towards his own room at the end, with that certain knowledge in his heart that comes once to young men, if the gods love them, and only once. They never know it, but if they miss that one chance all the rest of life will be ashes that glow only with the forced heat of substitution. It isn't love; it's something desperately more than love. It is life itself, shared evenly and calmly and completely. It's the desire to give up and offer hostages to Fate. And he had that desire for Connie Yates.

In that moment his telephone rang, and he picked it up. There was soft breathing in the telephone for a moment—that and nothing more.

"Hello?" he said, and a man's voice spoke to him slowly and deliberately.

"Stay off the Storm Child," it said. There was a definite emphasis on each word. No threat to it; just an even, level intonation that carried no pleasantness with it.

Sherman said, "Who is this?"

"You know darned well who this is, you rat. And you know darned well why you're to stay off the Storm Child. This is a friendly offer; let's keep it friendly."

"I think I felt that," Sherman said, and the phone clicked off.

In her room again, Connie knew she couldn't sleep. She switched off the lights she had put on when Sherman was standing at the door, and went through the gently swinging curtains into the lanai. There was no moon, but the soft glow of the Island night was washed through the darkness with that soft luminousness that waters have at night. The lawn that led out to the beach was a dark velvet cloth spread smoothly below her. Beyond its dark hem, the broad lip of the beach yawned in silver to the ocean. There was a faint breeze rattling in the pepper trees with a soft metallic sound.

Suddenly there was a man on the beach. He had been there all the time Connie stood in the lanai, but it had taken minutes for her eyes to focus down to him, to become accustomed to the diffused glow of the night. He had been sitting far down near the water's edge, outlined against it and against the silver sands.

Please turn to Page 44

## WIFE WHO WAS CROSS AND TOUCHY

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HIS knees were drawn up to him with his arms clasped around them. He sat motionless, with his head bare, staring out across the limitless reach of water.

In the moment that she saw him, Connie knew that he was Captain MacVey. There he sat below her, his broad shoulders slightly hunched, no movement in his body. A sentinel on duty. How long he had been sitting there she had no way of knowing, but the whole attitude of him indicated that he had been there for hours, below her lanai, just sitting and staring out across the ocean, with who knows what thoughts crawling in his mind. There was something rather terrible in that, something cruel and desperately sad.

For a moment she had a flash of the years that had unwound to bring him there to this night's vigil. Years of hardness and of work, of desperate fundamentals met with a quick hand and a primitive brain. MacVey had slept under the stars to earn his bread, ridden horses to go places, fought men to save his own life. Fought them bare-fisted and gouging, with a knife in their belts and a knife when they had one. Rolled on the foul floors of Saigon bars, spitting his own blood through shredded lips; run panting and broken through the alleys of Canton with hot feet pursuing him. MacVey had driven down the long route to Macao under close-hauled canvas, the wind in his salt-rimmed eyes, the madness of conquest in his heart. And from all that he had come to sit quietly on the beach below her lanai, his back to her windows, the eyes of him staring far out across the waters he sailed, and the mind of him thinking of her.

MAKE no mistake, Connie Yates, for that is why he is there. Because of you. That thought brought her to with a start: I can't have this. I don't even know him. There is no past that we have shared in, anyway. It doesn't even feel that way now—that he is a house that I have been in before. That was

one ridiculous flash that is gone now and forgotten. He is someone completely apart from me, and Sherman is a grand soul to have listened to my nonsense—and to have been decent about it. Go to bed, Connie.

But before she slept there was Doctor Mayhew again in her mind. Doctor Mayhew standing in the driveway, talking in the shadows of a pepper tree to MacVey's mate—and the one odd thing about that was Mayhew's pomposity.

His whole manner with the mate had the falsity of a Japanese playing sahib to a Tamil servant; of a Georgia cracker, with money, playing quality to a Negro; of a travelling salesman from Omaha talking to a waiter in the Ritz Carlton in New York; of a Riviera Englishman playing mildred to a tramcar conductor in Nice.

But she did sleep.

Dame Ellen Melbury breakfasted in dining-rooms. She required hot tea in bed an hour before arising, but she breakfasted in dining-rooms.

Connie Yates was down before her, the next morning. About five minutes after she sat down, Bo Fanning came into the dining-room. He was grey with morning. His gaunt cheeks were grey and his hands were grey and the whole lank figure of the man was an uncertain thing that needed its breakfast.

He nodded to her as you nod to people you meet in hotels, and he sat down at his table, four tables from her. When their waiters were both away, Fanning said, without turning his head: "Can you hear me, Miss Yates?"

"Yes."

"Have you still got that cigarette case?"

"Yes, but you'll get it back right after breakfast."

"For Heaven's sake, no!" Fanning breathed. He snatched up his coffee cup and drained it.

Dame Ellen and Doctor Mayhew were coming into the dining-room. Doctor Mayhew carried her parasol and her sun hat. A liner and its snubbing tug, Dame Ellen and Doctor Mayhew. She was no taller than he, but there was an intangible dignity to her that gave to the movements of Mayhew a vague uncertainty. He walked beside her, talking and smiling and bobbing his head to her, but it was as if he ran aimless circles about her, clearing her path, bowing, scraping and genuflecting.

Bo Fanning rose from his chair as they passed, and bowed to Dame Ellen. Two waiters scampered towards her on the heels of the smiling headwaiter.

Doctor Mayhew put Dame Ellen's parasol across the arms of the fourth chair at their table and put Dame Ellen's sun hat in the seat of that chair.

There was a bellboy crossing the dining-room, threading his way carefully through the islands of white tables, moving swiftly towards Dame Ellen with a small white-metal silver in his hand and a white envelope clamped tightly to it by his brown thumb. Mayhew, the headwaiter and the two table men looked towards him as if they had been waiting for this moment. Dame Ellen glanced up from the menu in her hands.

"Dame Ellen Melbury?"

"Yes."

The boy held out the letter. Dame Ellen ripped it open and read it.

"Captain MacVey," she said to Connie, "has completed his passenger list. He can sail any time after twelve o'clock that is agreeable to us."

"To-day?" Connie looked at her aunt.

Sherman Drumm came briskly into the dining-room. Sherman had two hours' sleep under his belt, but there was no mark of it on him. He was fresh and smooth and new, and his starched whites slapped on him crisply like a whipped flag. He lifted a hand and a smile to Dame Ellen's table and sat down at Bo Fanning's.

DAME ELLEN'S waiter came with dishes. He leaned across for something and struck the chair opposite Connie. That was the chair with the parasol. It tipped, and the parasol, across the arms, commenced to roll. Mayhew reached for it, to stop it, with his left hand, but it was just out of his reach. The waiter fumbled, and between them, with a swift rush, the chair went over, carrying the parasol with it. The black-and-silver niello-work cigarette case shot out of its folds, struck flat on the polished floor and slid like a puck towards

## Seven Must Die

Continued from Page 43

Bo Fanning's left foot. Mayhew was on his feet in a second. Fanning stared at the case on the floor, not moving. Connie Yates stopped her coffee cup half-way to her lips.

There was tension suddenly in that breakfast-room, a quiet stalking through of something evil and wet-footed. It was in the air from the ocean that stirred the white curtains at the far windows. It was in the silence that hung over the tables. In that moment, and for a moment, there was no sound. Nobody spoke, nor was there the tink of china on china or the ring of table silver. And there was no noise of waiters' feet. Connie could almost feel the strain of Fanning's arm muscles under his coat as he sat there, four tables from them.

The only person definitely out of the picture was Sherman Drumm. He was bent casually to the menu, going over it with a healthy appetite.

Reality Sherman—a firm footing on the world, with a laugh for his banner and a quip in his teeth for a naked dirk. Doctor Mayhew's black-and-silver cigarette case lay near Fanning's left foot. He could have reached for it and picked it up, but he still didn't move.

Then Mayhew skipped lightly across the intervening space and bent for the case himself. He was smiling, Mayhew. His white linen coat was open to the round bay of his tightly waistcoated stomach.

"It eternally pops out at people," he said pleasantly as he alid the case into his lower right hand vest pocket, "when I bend over." He patted the case against himself comfortably. "Someday it will hit someone, and I shall be had up on a charge of assault with a lethal weapon." He stooped now for Dame Ellen's parasol and replaced it above her sun hat, across the arms of the chair opposite Connie Yates.

"What was it?" Dame Ellen asked him.

"My cigarette case," Mayhew said. "It popped out of my pocket when I tried to catch your parasol." He smiled pleasantly at Dame Ellen and at Connie, and he looked at Fanning again as he sat down once more.

He knew that Fanning had taken it. He knew that Connie had had it from Fanning the night before. He had seen it pop from Dame Ellen's parasol, but he had covered the whole thing up for his own blithe ends, with the intention of ignoring it, now that it was back in his possession.

Doctor Mayhew ordered his breakfast with great care. He was enjoying himself once again, with that deft way he had of expanding his personality to include everyone within reach. There was no conceit to it, no putting himself apart from them as an arrogant person does, but an all-embracing pleasantness, rather—a word for everyone, and the right word.

In company, Doctor Mayhew was an orchestra leader with the gift of bringing out the best in all his listeners and blending their contributions into the perfect symphony of fine conversation. The theft of his cigarette case and the covering up of the theft was a closed book.

But not to Sherman Drumm. He put his menu down and looked at Bo Fanning. Fanning's face was greenish. He swallowed coffee and wiped his lips.

"Why didn't you pick it up?" Sherman said quietly. "You wanted it badly enough last night."

"She told you—Connie Yates?"

Sherman nodded. "And I'm trying to decide whether to poke you in the face or not for mixing her up in it."

Fanning said, "You won't."

Sherman said, "After you left my rooms last night, you got a telephone call. Does that interest you? I took it for you. It was pretty definite. Are you going to talk to me?"

Fanning's hands came together tightly on the table top. "Who called me?" His voice caught.

"I don't know," Sherman smiled.

Fanning said, "How'd you really get shot up, Drumm? That Spanish flying story sticks in my craw. Come clean."

"My real name," Sherman said, "is Nick Papaloukas. I ran a restaurant in Chicago. I wouldn't pay the protection, so they threw me a pineapple."

Please turn to Page 45

## END THE PAIN OF RHEUMATISM

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Watch these symptoms:—Joint pains, baggy eyes, sallow complexion, headaches, dizziness, urinary troubles, bad back, too-old, worn-out feeling. These are all signs of kidney trouble. Get your supply of De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills to-day. They will surely end your kidney trouble and keep you looking and feeling strong, healthy and vigorous.

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**SHAMPOO**



# Seven Must Die

Continued from Page 44

"Do you think I'm kidding you?"

"Well, you write the ticket then. I've tried twice."

"Keep it," Fanning said. "I've got my own ideas, but they don't bother me."

"They don't sound too flattering."

"They aren't," Fanning said, "but I'm in a jam. I need help, so I can't be particular."

At Dame Ellen's table, Doctor Mayhew finished his coffee and took a long thin cigar from his leather cigar case. He rose and bowed to Dame Ellen, and went through to the terrace for his morning smoke. Fanning watched him without moving his head.

"Why do you need help?"

"I'm going on the Storm Child," Fanning said, "for my own good reasons. I want to know why you're going."

Sherman smiled. "Fanning, you'd never believe me. You aren't the type."

"Try me."

"I am going," Sherman said, "to drink Chamberlain in the bathtub. I once knew a man named Carwithin who always drank Chamberlain in bathtubs at sea. I must see what it's like."

"You're an ass," Fanning said, "but I need help, so it looks like you and I were going to do business together. I'm the survey man for Pacific on King Bradley's boat, the Albatross," Fanning said.

"The call I took for you last night in my room must have been from your office then," Sherman said. "They didn't leave a name, but they were darned explicit with their message. They said, 'Stay off the Storm Child, you rat.'"

Fanning swallowed hard. He didn't speak for he couldn't speak. Fear had the man closed up completely inside.

He sat there suddenly helpless, with all the fire in him gone out.

Dame Ellen and her niece were getting up from their table. They crossed the dining-room together toward the lobby. In the lobby entrance they stopped for a moment, and Sherman could see them talking briefly, but he couldn't hear what it was they said.

Dame Ellen looked at Connie. "About Doctor Mayhew's cigarette case, now, please." She smiled pleasantly.

Connie said, "I don't suppose you remember those numbers—that were inside the case—do you, Aunt Ellen?"

"Naturally not. I've a foul memory. So I wrote them down, after you left last night. Here." Dame Ellen opened her bag and took out a slip of paper. On it in her firm hand was written 171-11-21, and underneath that, 6-10-12.

"You knew I put the case in your parcel?"

"I watched you do it," Dame Ellen smiled, "with my eyes shut. Then I completely forgot it was there this morning. But after all, my dear, if you're going to go for your misguided sense of intrigue, I might just as well go to gaol, too." Dame Ellen smiled and she put the card back in her bag.

While they had been talking, Fanning sat there opposite Sherman, his eyes glazed with fear, his fingers tightly interlaced to keep them from trembling.

He said, "It's Linehardt, King Bradley's captain—he's in Honolulu—he knows that I'm booked on the Storm Child. One of them will get me now, no matter what I do! Don't leave me, Drumm! Don't let me be alone. I'll give you anything! I wanted to talk to you last night. That's why I waited in your room. Then I got afraid to wait."

"Pull yourself together," Sherman's voice was sharp, "and let's be explicit from now on. You're not the survey man for Pacific Indemnity any more than I am. Who are you?—or I drop you like that." He snapped his fingers. "And what's the tie-up between you and King Bradley's captain, Linehardt? Why does he want you to stay off the Storm Child, and what's he doing in Honolulu?"

Sherman watched the man. For a moment it seemed to him that Fanning had said all he was going to say; that he'd decided to keep what else he knew to himself. Then—

Please turn to Page 46

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FULL FIGURES!

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## Seven Must Die

Continued from Page 45

"LISTEN," Fanning said. "I'm good people. My old man was somebody in Sydney, but I slipped. Just as you've slipped—but I slipped long ago. I've been up the trail and down the trail. I was King Bradley's saloon steward once on the Albatross," Fanning said. "Not this last trip, when he jettisoned his crew and went on alone with Chang Tien, but for three trips before that. I got the job in Suva. I was on the beach when his steward got drunk and they put him in the hoosegow. I've seen Bradley's pearls."

"The ones he played marbles with?"

"He did play marbles with them. He used to close the saloon at night and shut himself in with Chang Tien. Chang Tien would put the rums up on the saloon table and cover it with felt, and Bradley would open the safe. He must have had five hundred big pearls. He'd dump them on the table and roll them around under the palms of his hands. I've

seen him kiss them. He'd pick up whole handfuls and press them to his beefy face. My God, to watch him! He loved them like you'd love a woman. He'd mouth them and nuzzle and coo to them. It'd make you sick, if they weren't pearls."

Sherman said, "It wouldn't make me sick. It sounds like fairly dull amusement."

"It's millions!" Fanning said. He licked his lips. "Millions," he whispered.

"Go on about it."

"Linehardt had been with King Bradley for years, as his captain. Bradley took him off the beach as he took me off—only Linehardt wasn't beseeching. I think it was murder with Linehardt. Whatever it was, Linehardt knew about those pearls long before I did, and he wanted them. Only he was loyal to the King. He wouldn't take them while the King was alive."

Linehardt knew something more. If you read the papers when the King disappeared, you remember they mixed Linehardt up a bit on the stand during their investigation.

Sherman said, "Vaguely."

"Well, they mixed him up," Fanning told him, "because Linehardt knew that King Bradley had a hide-out, and knew when the King forced the crew off the Albatross that the King and Chang Tien were going to that island to die. Linehardt knew about that hide-out from years of association with the King. He thought it was a pearl bed at first and he tried to worm the position out of the King, but he never could, although he managed to get a pretty fair idea where that island was. He had it bracketed down so that there was some chance of finding it; but

you know what that is if you know the sea."

Sherman nodded.

"But I got the position for him!" Fanning said. "If you think I didn't watch the old King like a hawk after I saw those pearls you're crazy. I snooped and peeked at everything I could lay my hands on. I steamed open all his incoming mail before he saw it and all his outgoing mail after he sealed it up. He tried to take a cigarette but it leaped from his fingers and bounced over toward Sherman's plate."

"I got the position," Fanning repeated. He was playing smart now to Drumm, and enjoying it for the moment.

"The King had it scratched in his cigarette case," Fanning said. "I saw it, open, on his bedside stand in his cabin, once when I made up his room, when Chang Tien was sick. When Linehardt and I got thick on the Albatross, I got his rough bracketed position from him after he asked me to keep my eyes open for the exact position. When I saw those figures scratched in the King's cigarette case, I got the hunch and I checked them with what Linehardt had worked out through the years. They were the exact centre of Linehardt's bracket!" Fanning licked his lips. "But I didn't tell Linehardt. Not me. Not until I met him again after the investigation in Sydney, when he thought it was safe to get a few tight-lipped lads together to go after those pearls. Then I told him, but it was too late. We were ready to go two months ago, but it was too late."

"I don't get it," Sherman said. Fanning leaned toward him. "When I got the chance, I stole that cigarette case from King Bradley and jumped ship in Melbourne with it. I lay low for eight weeks. In that time the King disappeared. Then I located Linehardt, two months later, and the night I found him and cut myself into his expedition that case was taken from me at the point of a gun in his hotel."

"Who took it?"

"Mayhew took it," Fanning said.

"Why?"

"I don't know, except that somehow he got on to what it had in it."

"Pleasant," Sherman said.

"SOMEHOW," Fanning told him. "Mayhew knows what that cigarette case is worth."

"Apparently," Sherman said. "And neither you nor Linehardt remember the numbers inside it?"

"We both thought we did, and then we couldn't agree on any figure so Linehardt financed me to follow Mayhew and get it back."

"And now Linehardt thinks you've double-crossed him, and you probably have."

"I swear I haven't double-crossed him, Drumm. I tried to get that case, and I failed. Now I can't help myself. Mayhew's paid my passage on the Storm Child. Look. He pulled a note from his pocket and tossed it to Sherman. Sherman read it.

Dear Mr. Fanning: This is to acknowledge payment of your passage on the cruise of the Storm Child. We will sail anytime after noon to-day that is convenient to the majority of the passengers.

Very truly,

T. S. MacVey, Master.

Fanning's voice was a whisper: "It was in my box this morning. Don't you see what's up? Don't you? Mayhew has got this whole thing up with MacVey, to take the old girl in. He's been working her for weeks for her money or her crate of jewels to finance an expedition, but he didn't dare tip his hand, so he worked up this adventure cruise—to go after the pearls. You mark my word, that's where we're going. And now Mayhew thinks I've got the position, too, so he's going to keep me where he can watch me. If I don't sail on the Storm Child, he'll plug me, and if I try to sail, Linehardt's crowd'll get me!"

"And between you, you've ruined my breakfast," Sherman said.

"What will I do, Drumm? This is a matter of life and death," Fanning pleaded.

"Toss for it," Sherman got up. "No, don't leave me," Fanning begged.

"Listen, Fanning; go sit in the lobby. Nobody'll kill you in the lobby. I need thought—lots of thought—and I can't think with you around. You depress me."

WHEN Sherman Drumm left the dining-room, there was one thought definitely in his mind, and that was that no matter what anybody told her Dame Ellen Melbury would go on the Storm Child. He could go to Charles Stavenaux, the British Consul-General, and lay the whole story before him, and Charles Stavenaux could talk his head off, but Dame Ellen would still go on the Storm Child. It wasn't the stubbornness that came of committing herself to it; it was the fact that her life had been active and she resented the boredom it had resolved itself into. Anything that would lift that boredom was Dame Ellen's meat, and she would go for it full out, regardless of talk.

Captain MacVey was in the lobby. He was in stiffly clean whites again, with his very fine panama in his hand, and he was talking to Connie Yates. Sherman walked up to them. They stood there, Drumm, slender and mocking always; a fine product of the system that had whelped him—money, schools, race boats and planes—and MacVey facing him, solid with the worth he had driven into himself from scratch. Hard work and fighting, cattle and mines, the Islands and the magnificent confidence that a scrounged education can give.

Sherman said, "How about the sun for an hour, and a bathe? You, Connie?"

She looked at him and shook her head.

"Too soon after breakfast?"

"Yes," she said.

He studied her face for a moment, then he looked at MacVey again. Suddenly he realised that he could like the man, and the thought revolted him, for he had no intention of liking him. The fact that there was one fibre in both their souls that could vibrate in unison appalled him, and he resented it deeply. There was that resentment in the blandness of his smile.

A car drove up to the hotel entrance and Ida Sefton got out of it and came up to them. Ida had a terrific great cartwheel of a sun hat on her golden head. It was slammed on—down in front and up in back—with the pert insolence that was always Ida's front to the world.

"I will give you one guess—what I've just bought," Ida said. "One guess."

"What have you bought?"

"A revolver!" Ida thrust out her right arm at full length and held a flat, wrapped box directly under Connie's nose. Two other packages fell to the floor, but Ida paid no attention to them.

"Whom are you going to shoot?" Connie asked her.

"I haven't the slightest idea," Ida said solemnly, "but Colonel MacCrae says I mustn't ever pull it out unless I intend to shoot someone with it, so I expect I'd better make up my mind soon, hadn't I?"

"Oh, yes," Connie smiled, "I believe that's important."

Ida said, "Of course it is. I had an awful time getting it. Colonel MacCrae had to go bond for me, so that the chief of police would give me a permit. Then I didn't know what kind of a revolver to buy, so I had to have Tommy Molynseaux come in and buy it for me. If it hadn't been for Tommy, I wouldn't have thought of cartridges. Isn't it absurd?"

Ida liked Connie. There wasn't any part of Connie Yates that infringed on Ida's world, nor was Connie a lame duck who had to be carried. There was give to Connie, bounce, texture to get your fingers into. Ida could do a lot with Connie Yates. That possibility was what made her like the girl.

"It sounds fairly absurd," Connie said. "What's it for?"

"For this adventure cruise," Ida said. "Somehow it seems to add flavor, piquancy. And it makes me feel virile." She looked at Sherman. "I've been told that I'm an effete product of a rotten civilisation; that I'm a softee and a leech, and perfectly helpless away from beauty parlors and hot running water and room service. So I'm going to find out if that's true; for it didn't sound too pleasant the way it was said."

"No," Connie said, "it doesn't sound too pleasant now."

"A revolver!" Ida said. "Isn't that ridiculous?" and she went on across the lobby to the elevators.

MacVey and Sherman smiled after her. Connie looked once at Ida's back and looked back at Sherman. Sherman grinned. "I did it," he said. "I told her she was a softee and a leech, and now I'll probably get your entire boatload shot up for my pains, MacVey."

"I don't think so," MacVey said. "She is probably afraid to open the box now she has it."

To be continued

MY HUSBAND CARES MORE FOR HIS OLD STAMPS THAN HE DOES FOR ME!

DEAR, YOU MIGHT HAVE SPARED YOURSELF LOTS OF MISERY IF YOU'D CONTINUED TO USE LIFEBOUY AS YOU DID AT HOME

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INDEED I DO! IT CLEANSSES THOROUGHLY AND IT'S EVER SO MUCH Milder THAN LOTS OF THESE "BEAUTY" SOAPS

"B.O." GONE—Happiness Returns

YOU'RE SO SWEET... AND THE PRETTIEST GIRL IN THE WORLD. HOW COULD I HAVE TREATED YOU THE WAY I DID?

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A LEVER PRODUCT



# THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY HOME MAKER

October 8, 1938

A special section devoted to the interests of home-lovers

Page One

## BRUSH UP ON Your HAIR Now!



IF YOUR HAIR is straight, have the ends permanently waved and you will be able to curl them as shown here.



By  
Janette

IT'S time to prepare for your Summer permanent wave, so your hair will look its very loveliest during the outdoor season just ahead.

IT'S not so long now to summer with its warmer weather and its usual annual holidays.

This means that it's time to start on a campaign for improving your appearance so you can really look your best during the most important season of the year.

It's a time when your hair must look its loveliest, for days out of doors, on the beach, or playing sports demand beauty for your hair if you want to appear your most attractive self.

So if you are planning a new permanent wave, start preparing for it now.

It is pretty important to do this preliminary work, and any trouble you take will reward you well. Not only will your hair have a better gloss, but the permanent will take better and last longer.

Even the most careful of us are more than apt to have a case of winter hair. Heaters inside naturally rob it of its natural oils, and when we are outside we always have a hat clamped firmly on our heads.

So the poor hair has very little chance to take a deep breath. The result is that it's definitely not in the pink.

There are split ends, dandruff or scaly scalp, and it's dry and lifeless.

So how about giving your crowning glory a break? Give it a chance to regain its health by a nice reconditioning period before you expect to be proud of it all decked out in a new wave.

### Daily Brushing

FIRST cut off the split ends and start afresh. You can either have this done by your hairdresser or do it yourself.

Then make up your mind to a really thorough daily brushing. Brush it up from the neck, and lean over while you're doing it. This will bring blood up in the scalp and increase the circulation that you have started with the brush.

Next brush it back from the hairline. After that part it in the centre and give it a good going over.

Don't give up until your scalp feels really stimulated, and here's something we found that made it seem less like work.

Do it while listening to the radio. You'd be surprised at how much

more brushing you can get in without being tired or bored to death.

The second step in reviving the hair is also very easy to do at home.

Shampoo your hair with a good, pure, melted soap or a liquid shampoo. Rinse it until the hair squeaks when you rub it between your hands.

After drying, heat a half pint of olive oil. Brush the hot oil over your scalp and through your hair with a stiff-bristled brush.

When it is completely oiled, wring out a towel that has been soaking in hot water and wrap it around your head. Keep putting on hot towels for about five minutes.

Leave the oil on overnight if possible, but at any rate let it stay on for an hour.

### To Recondition

NOW for another shampoo and you're through until the next treatment, which should be in either ten days or two weeks.

Of course, the length of time that it will take to recondition your hair depends on the shape it's in when you start.

But keep it up until the dryness and scalp flakes have disappeared.

It won't really take too long, and you'll be rewarded with shining tresses as well as soft ringlets.

As to the type of permanent wave to have—well, that's a matter for you to discuss with your hairdresser.

One of the very newest waves here at present has just come from America and curls without electric heaters, wires or strong chemicals.

This latest method is proving very popular with film players in Hollywood, because being a machineless process the hair can be waved while they are on the set.

The method consists of a foil cachet which, when brought in contact with moisture, steams up and subsequently cools down, moulding the hairs in curls. The foil cachet is extremely light, being the equivalent weight of a penny, and takes the place of heaters.

Special oils are used in conjunction with this method and separate solutions are applied for different textures of hair, such as bleached, white or tinted hair. It is also possible to have either spiral or flat waves to give any type of hair style desired.



ABOVE: "Brushing makes the hair set better," says Ann Doran, Columbia player, who keeps her hair lovely with regular care.

AT LEFT: Air and sunshine have a vitalising effect on the hair, believes Arleen Whelan, Fox player.

"I'm a ONE Brand woman now"

I was always having trouble with stockings—trying new brands and wasting money. So I decided to find a reliable brand and stick to it. Now I always ask for Kayser—they do wonderful things to my legs and they save me money. The MIR-O-KLEER sheers or service weights from 4/11 are remarkable value, and there's no ultra sheer to approach Kayser's MIRO-KAL-TWIST at 7/11.



"I insist on KAYSER"

PURE SILK HOSIERY LINGERIE GLOVES

## ...WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME

PATIENT: What are the symptoms of appendicitis? I feel sure I have this complaint, but dread an operation.

IT is difficult to conceive of anyone delaying an operation definitely needed for relief of pain and possibly the saving of life. Yet, experienced surgeons point out that many of the serious accidents of surgery occur chiefly because of delay.

Most persons have a dread of the "knife."

A diseased appendix may rupture, cause infection and produce inflammation of the peritoneum. The peritoneum is a thin membrane covering and surrounding the contents of the abdomen.

Once peritonitis sets in, the outlook becomes serious.

To combat the dangers of appendicitis, a few things must be kept in mind. Remember that any severe pain in the abdomen requires medical attention.

Do not flatter yourself that such pains are due to indigestion or an

upset stomach. If pain persists, call your doctor.

Above all, avoid the use of a cathartic because it may cause an inflamed appendix to rupture. Then peritonitis is almost a certainty.

In addition to pain and abdominal discomforts, the victim of appendicitis suffers from nausea and vomiting. Fever may be present.

Sometimes the symptoms are so mild that their true nature may be overlooked. Chronic appendicitis is equally dangerous because nobody can tell when an acute attack will occur.

If the physician advises an operation it is unwise to delay. There is very little danger if it is performed by a competent surgeon. There is great danger if the operation is unnecessarily delayed.

..BY A DOCTOR..



# PERENNIAL PHLOX IS A Sturdy STAND-BY

*It makes a lovely addition to the garden, for once planted it continues to grow, flowering brilliantly every year*

—Says THE OLD GARDENER

ONE of the most beautiful and popular flowers for the home garden is the perennial phlox.

Unlike the phlox drummondii, the perennial phlox once planted will continue to grow from one year to the next, bursting into prolific blooms every flowering season.

## How to have a Glorious Garden for Spring and Summer 1938



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experience stands behind each packet of seed or each plant you buy. The Free booklet contains examples of highly-developed strains of Giant-flowered Zinnias, Phlox, Petunias, Asters and many novelty plants, dwarfs and shrubs of outstanding merit and interest. Send the coupon below — or call for your free copy of the booklet at either of Anderson's Retail Stores, addresses below. Special lists on Fruit Trees, Roses, Farm Seeds, etc., sent free on request.

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A.N. 624

Phlox is easy to grow and needs very little attention if care is taken in the proper preparation of the soil at planting time.

Phlox can also be featured in almost any portion of the garden. You can have a massed bed of these plants and obtain a most striking display if the colors are kept well separated.

In a shrubby garden they make splendid borders, and can also be grouped between shrubs. They can also be planted as a background in rockeries, and in odd corners of the garden where color and usefulness are the order of the day they are really enchanting.

Perennial phlox is quite distinct from the phlox drummondii in so much that its habit of growth is taller; the flowers are much larger and can be picked on longer stems. A very good method of planting if space is available is to have a bed of perennial phlox with a border of phlox drummondii.

Perennial phlox can be had in a wide variety of colors ranging from delicate shades of sky-blue to deep red.

### Rich Soil

PHLOX love rich, deep soil, so in preparing the bed deep digging is first necessary. Add plenty of well-decayed animal manure, and rake the ground level. Space the plants when transplanting about 18 inches apart, to give them plenty of room to grow into good, strong, stocky plants.

When they have grown about six inches, nip the tops off. This will allow them to send out laterals to the main stem, and you will be rewarded with a profusion of blooms.

Perennial phlox make splendid pot plants. The soil should be prepared in the same way as for the garden cultivation.

Here are some wonderful varieties to choose from:—

Aegle, a brilliant scarlet, dwarf and free-flowering, and does not



TWO STEMS from a perennial phlox fill a large vase with flowers—a fine example of the profuse flowering qualities of a well-grown plant.

fade in the sun; Archibald Forbes, a beautiful salmon-rose with a crimson eye; Beranger, soft rose shaded into salmon-pink; E. Danzanvillers, a lilac-blue with a white centre; Esclairmonde, a deep heliotrope or lavender with base of petals white; Excelsior has a very large truss and immense pips, and is bright rose in color.

Ferdinand Cortex is that beautiful coppery bronze; Flora Horning, pure white with bright carmine eye; Galipoli, a fine, large flower, light lavender in color, with centre of petals striped; Grupphekoniginn also has an enormous truss, and is tall-growing.

Satin, rose color, with dark eye; Iris, bluish-violet, with deeper eye; Levondale, bluish-white, with very

large and distinct eye of deep carmine; Lord Kitchener, alabaster-white, with eye of deep carmine; Lumineux, china-rose, tinted carmine, rosy blush centre.

Marie is one of the best of the salmons; Mia Ruys, pure, spotless white, very large flower, with dwarf habit; Mrs. E. Pritchard, a tall-growing, large flower and truss, clear rosy mauve color; Mrs. M. Hoboken is very attractive, erect truss, and soft, clear pink; Mrs. H. J. Jones has large pip and truss, is deep mauve, with brilliant carmine eye.

Mrs. Noorderwier, rosy-red with white eye; Parachute, a velvety crimson; Selma is a pink with a cherry-red eye; Tapis Blanc, pure white, very dwarf; Thor, brilliant salmon-red, with carmine eye.

## FOR YOUNG WIVES and MOTHERS Extra Food For Baby

By MARY TRUBY KING

IN previous articles we have given the signs of over-feeding and under-feeding in the breast-fed baby.

This week we offer simple directions for giving the underfed baby extra nourishment by bottle.

We shall presume that baby is two months old, and that you have tested him for 24 hours, and find that he is getting only 20 ounces of breast milk a day, instead of the 25 ounces which he should be getting.

This means that he will need a daily "complement" of 5 ounces by bottle—one ounce at each of the five feedings.

artificial food than is needed, in order that baby may go hungrily to the breasts, thus increasing the milk supply by vigorous sucking.

Put baby to both breasts every four hours, with absolute regularity (or every three hours, temporarily, if your doctor or mothercraft nurse advises this).

### How to Make Whey

DO not substitute the bottle for the breast, or your own milk will still further diminish.

Whey, to which a little Karilac sugar is added, makes the best temporary complement for a young baby.

Crush and dissolve one junket tablet in one teaspoon of cold water. Add this to one pint of tepid milk. The milk must not be hot.

Mix well together in a cold saucepan. Stand aside for five minutes, or until set. When well set, beat up with a fork, then put the saucepan on the stove and boil the contents till the whey is well separated from the curd.

Have ready a scalded strainer, lined with double, scalded butter muslin (of a close mesh) tied onto the strainer with scalded tape. Pour

the whey off, through the strainer, into a scalded, graded measure.

To every five ounces of whey add one teaspoon of Karilac, which, while not essential, is of benefit. Boil again for one minute. Strain, cool, and keep cool till needed.

Offer baby one ounce of this whey (warmed to blood heat) AFTER each breast feed, reducing the amount of

the complement as the breast milk increases to meet baby's needs.

Do not forget to procure from your nearest mothercraft nurse full directions for increasing your own milk supply.



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THE WELL-NOURISHED baby is a contented child, alert and healthy-looking like this adorable baby here.

The mother should give the breasts at each feeding, just as usual, and offer the complement AFTER each feed.

It should be remembered that the aim is to tide baby over the period in which one is increasing the milk supply by massage, and hot and cold sponging.

Therefore it is better to give a little less rather than a little more



TURN TO

**S**WEET green peas, and crisp lettuce, and bright tomato slices, and golden cubes of Kraft . . . imagine that for a taste-teasing, colorful salad combination any day in Spring! It's easy, you know, and it's not a bit expensive to make all your salads more appetising, more nutritious, when you include plenty of Kraft cheese. Remember, Kraft is a first class protein and energising food; it's rich in vitamin A; and calcium and phosphorus, the milk minerals which build bones and teeth. For buoyant health, have a Kraft salad on the menu every day.

## GARDEN SALAD

1 lettuce; 1½ cups cooked green peas; 1½ cups cooked beans; ½ cup sliced radish; ½ raw cauliflower, broken into flowerettes; 2 sliced tomatoes; 8oz. Kraft Cheddar; Kraft Mayonnaise.

Arrange a large flat salad bowl with the freshly chilled lettuce leaves in separate cup formation. In one cup place the peas, in another the beans, the radishes, the cauliflowerettes, tomatoes, and the Kraft Cheddar, cut into ½-inch cubes. Serve with Kraft Mayonnaise. Enough for six.

Try all these

Kraft Favourites —



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## WRITE NOW FOR NEW KRAFT RECIPE BOOK

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# IT'S TIME To Serve SALADS



ABOVE: Celery and cheese salad and (right) a cucumber salad. Both are delicious luncheon dishes. Recipes for making appear on this page.



ABOVE: Tomato cases filled with a mixture of tomato and cheese. Strips of celery form the handles.



By...  
**MARY FORBES**

Cookery Expert to  
The Australian  
Women's Weekly.

(5)

*New combinations of fresh vegetables, fruits, and cheese add zest and food value to warm-weather menus . . .*

**I**n the last few years the salad has become a regular institution in the menu.

Some people like salads all the year round, but there's hardly a soul who doesn't look forward to salads in the summer menu.

And every season brings more exciting and more colorful combinations of chilled lettuce and tomato, potato, watercress, onion or pineapple to tempt the appetite.

A salad makes an ideal summer luncheon dish. Nutrition experts recommend it, for it is light, never cloying, yet sustaining.

And it provides important minerals and vitamins, particularly vitamin C, which are too often missed out in the diet.

When you serve cheese with your salad, you add even more to its food value. Cheese is a first-class protein or tissue-building food; it's rich in vitamin A, and the milk minerals, calcium and phosphorus, which build bones and teeth.

Here are some new taste-tempting salad combinations you'll find easy to make and attractive to serve.

## GARDEN SALAD

One lettuce, 11 cups cooked green peas, 11 cups cooked beans, 1 cup sliced radish, 1 raw cauliflower (broken into flowerettes), 2 sliced tomatoes, 8oz. cheese.

Arrange a large flat salad bowl with freshly chilled lettuce leaves in separate cup formation. In one cup place peas, in another beans, radishes, cauliflowerettes, tomatoes, and cheese, cut into 1-inch cubes. Help each person to a brimming assortment of this appetising medley, and serve with mayonnaise. This recipe provides enough for six.

## Salads Have A History

THE world's first salads, eaten in Persia before the time of Omar, consisted simply of bunches of asafetida, and were taken as a cure for "spring fever."

The Greeks and Romans also appreciated the health benefits of a green salad. The Greeks preferred the fine, crisp lettuce of Smyrna, and they served their lettuce salad after meals. Among the Romans, the salad came to be served as first course of a banquet, to whet the appetites of the guests.

## TOMATO SANDWICH SALAD

Six tomatoes, 4oz. packet tasty cheese (shredded), lettuce, celery, olives, mayonnaise.

Wash and top tomatoes. Cut each one in halves and put together again with a filling of the shredded cheese and chopped celery. Place each tomato on an individual salad plate in a nest of crisp lettuce leaves. Garnish with stuffed olives and serve with mayonnaise. Enough for six.

## PINEAPPLE AND CARROT SALAD

Two cups grated raw carrots, 1 cup crushed pineapple, 1 cup shredded Gruyere cheese, mayonnaise.

Blend all ingredients, using mayonnaise to moisten, and season well. Chill, and serve on crisp lettuce or watercress. Enough for four.

## DATE-NUT SALAD

One cup chopped celery, 1 cup chopped apple, 1 cup shredded dates, 1 cup shredded cheese, mayonnaise, lettuce, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 cup chopped nuts.

Combine celery, apple, dates and lemon juice. Add mayonnaise to moisten well. Chill thoroughly. Serve on crisp lettuce, garnished with the shredded cheese and chopped nuts. Enough for six.

## CELERY AND CHEESE SALAD

One cup chopped celery, 1 cup cooked peas, 1 cup shredded cheese, salt, pepper, mayonnaise.

Blend all ingredients, using seasonings to taste and mayonnaise to moisten well. Serve on crisp lettuce. Enough for four.

## CHEESETTES

One sandwich loaf bread, 2 eggs, 2 tablespoons melted butter, 4oz. cheese (shredded).

Cut fresh bread into 12 cubes, 1 inch in size when crusts are removed. Dip in mixture made with beaten eggs and the melted butter. Roll in finely-shredded cheese. Place on a cookie sheet and bake in a moderate oven until cheese is melted. Served hot with salads. Enough for six.

## PINEAPPLE-CHEESE SALAD

Two-thirds cup shredded cheese, 1 cup crushed pineapple, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 1 cup cream, 1 packet gelatine, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 teaspoon salt.

Pour cold water into bowl and sprinkle gelatine on top. Add sugar, salt and hot water. Stir until dissolved. Add lemon juice and pineapple. Cool until mixture begins to stiffen, then beat in cheese and whipped cream. Turn into individual moulds rinsed in cold water. Chill. When firm, unmould on lettuce and serve with mayonnaise. Enough for six servings.

## CUCUMBER SALAD

One lettuce, 1 bunch radishes, watercress, 1 cucumber, 1 cup shredded cheese, mayonnaise.

Place sprays of watercress in large salad bowl. Add shredded lettuce and sliced radish rings. Add cucumber pared and cut into thin slices. Cover with shredded cheese. Add mayonnaise and mix thoroughly just before serving. Enough for four.

## TEMPTATION SALAD

Twelve small new potatoes, 1lb. ham, 1 cup shredded cheese, 1 bunch spring onions, lettuce, mayonnaise.

Boil and peel potatoes. Chill and cut into thin slices. Mince ham and chop onions, and mix together with potatoes and shredded cheese. Dress with mayonnaise, and serve on lettuce leaves. Enough for six.



"Another day started—oh, dear, I dread that breakfast struggle! I just can't face another tantrum, and yet Tommy must be made to eat."



"Excuse me, Mrs. Page," says the next door neighbour. "We're off to the country and I hate leaving food in the house. Will you take this new packet of Kellogg's Rice Bubbles? I'm sure Tommy likes them—my Peter won't eat anything else! He likes to hear that 'SNAP! CRACKLE!' and 'POP!' when the milk is poured on!"



"Can I have some more Rice Bubbles, Mum?"  
"Can you have more, my angel—you can have as much as you like!" replies Mother, thrilled that all her breakfast worries are over. "Those Kellogg's Rice Bubbles have made a new boy of you, darling!" No wonder, Mrs. Page—Kellogg's Rice Bubbles are full of nourishment, and they're so deliciously appealing to "cranky" appetites.



A Hollywood "Dick"—the REAL low-down from Hollywood, by cable, presented by Kellogg's over a National relay—Mondays at 8.15 p.m.—NCH, FGS, KGO, 27M, SWG, UBR-AR, 3DB-LK, 3AD-MU-PI-SE.

R.8.

"So crisp and spicy"

say housewives

**Rosella Pickles**



• Crisp vegetables the choicest sun and soil can produce perfectly matured in Rosella's Pale Barley Malt Vinegar.

## 15 varieties include:

Sweet Mustard, White Onions, Stuffed Onions, Clear Mixed, Chow Chow, Piccalilli, Walnuts, Indian Pickle, Gherkins, Olives, Brown Onions, Cauliflower.

## Unsweetened:

Mustard, Piccalilli, Chow Chow.

**FREE** ROSELLA RECIPES BOOK — a convenient compact guide to quick, tasty meals. Write to Rosella Co., Dept. MM, Richmond, Vic.



# DELICIOUS GINGERBREAD



TRY serving gingerbread with whipped cream. You'll like it. Gingerbread recipes appear on this page.

*Recipes carry off the first prize in our weekly best recipe competition. Try them—they are new and so appetising*

OTHER prize-winning recipes also appear on this page. Your recipe may be a prize-winner, too. Why not write it out and send to us with your name and address attached? Do it now!

## GINGERBREAD RECIPES

### PLAIN MIXTURE

Half cup sugar, 1 cup butter, 2 eggs, 1 cup treacle, 2½ cups flour, 1½ teaspoons soda, 2 teaspoons ginger, 1 teaspoon salt and 1 cup boiling water.

Cream butter till soft; add the sugar, then well-beaten eggs and treacle. Mix all thoroughly, then dredge in the dry ingredients. Turn into a greased tin 9½ x 1½ inches, and bake in a moderate oven for about three-quarters of an hour.

### RAISIN GINGERBREAD

Dredge 1 cup seeded raisins in part of flour from recipe given above, and add before the final beating.

### FRUITED GINGERBREAD

Chop ½ cup walnut meats and 1 cup of candied orange peel sliced

finely. Dredge with flour before adding to the plain mixture, finally beat well.

### CHOCOLATE GINGERBREAD

Use 2 tablespoons less of butter than the standard recipe, and 1 cup less of flour. Rest of recipe the same. Melt 2oz. of unsweetened chocolate and add to mixture.

### APPLE GINGERBREAD

When gingerbread is half done, place apple sections in rows over top of cake. Peel, core, and cut apples in eighths; push thin edge of apple into batter, and nearly cover. Sprinkle lightly with sugar, and finish baking. Served hot, with whipped cream, this makes a nice dessert. Sprinkle with cinnamon before serving.

### CRYSTALLISED GINGERBREAD

Cut two-thirds cup of crystallised ginger into small pieces, dredge with flour, and add to mixture.

### BANANA GINGERBREAD

When cake is cooked, cut into desired shapes. Lay sliced bananas on top and cover with second shape.

Add more sliced bananas and decorate and serve with whipped cream. This makes a nice dessert.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. H. Beak, Broad Meadows, Rockhampton, Qld.

### WALFEN PUDDING

Four eggs, 1lb. cornflour, 1 pint milk, 1lb. sugar, 1 cup white wine (Chablis), grated rind and juice of one lemon, 4 tablespoonfuls water.

Bring milk and sugar to boil, add cornflour mixed with 4 tablespoonfuls of water, boil for a minute or two, add 1 teaspoon of vanilla, allow to cool a little, then stir in whites of eggs, beaten stiff, with pinch of salt added. Put this in a glass dish and when cold pour over this sauce:

Yolks of eggs, wine, juice and rind of lemon, 5 tablespoonfuls of sugar. Stir all together over fire until it thickens, not to curdle. Strain and pour over the white portion. This amount is sufficient for eight people.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss L. Thomas, 53 Wentworth Road, Vaucluse, N.S.W.

### CHELSEA BUNS

Three-quarter pound flour, 1 egg, 2oz. castor sugar, 1 grated lemon rind, 1oz. compressed yeast, 1 cup tepid milk, 2oz. currants, 1oz. butter, 1oz. mixed peel, or 1½ teaspoons ground cinnamon, 1 teaspoon salt.

Cream the yeast with a little sugar and the tepid milk. Rub the butter into the flour, and add 1 dessert-spoon sugar, also grated lemon rind. Make a hole in the middle of the flour, add the yeast and milk with the egg, well-beaten, added to it. Stir in with a wooden spoon and beat 10 minutes, cover with a warm, dry towel and set in a warm place to rise for 45 minutes.

After it has risen, turn out onto a floured board, and roll into strip about 4 inches by 15 as if making a roly-poly pudding. Sprinkle with currants, the mixed peel or cinnamon and remainder of sugar; moisten the edges.

Roll up like a long rather thin roly-poly pudding, cut into slices one inch thick, lay these upside down on a warm, greased baking sheet. Set to rise 20 minutes, and bake for about 20 minutes. When nearly cooked, brush over with water, and sprinkle castor sugar over them.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. O. Howard, c/o 345 King William Street, Adelaide.

### PICKLED PEACHES

Seven pounds peaches (not ripe), 4lb. sugar, 1 pint vinegar. Stick 3 or 4 cloves into each peach. Put sugar and vinegar into stewing pan and bring to the boil. Have the peaches ready in a large stone jar or a basin (not tin), and pour the hot, sweet vinegar over them. Cover with a cloth and leave to go cold. Pour off the liquid, boil it again, and pour over the peaches while hot, as before. Leave till cold again, and then repeat process, so that it has been done three times. Then pour the done peaches and the syrup into the pan and boil all together for five minutes.

The peaches are then put either into small jars or one big jar with the syrup poured over, and then covered down. The longer they are kept the better the flavor.

Consolation prize of 2/6 to Mrs. D. Mann, 143 Gaffney Lane, Broken Hill, N.S.W.

## THIS WEEK

# RABBIT DISHES

### SAVORY RUGGED RABBIT ROLL

One rabbit, 2 rashers bacon, 1 onion, 1 teaspoon mixed herbs, 2 teaspoons cornflour, 2 teaspoons gravy powder.

For the crust: 2½ cups self-raising flour, 2oz. shredded suet.

Wash and joint rabbit. Boil till tender.

Remove meat from bones, cut bacon and onions into small pieces.

Sieve flour with a pinch of salt, add suet and mix to a soft dough with water. Roll out, spread with the rabbit and other prepared ingredients. Sprinkle with herbs. Roll up, put into cloth, boil 2½ hours. Mix gravy powder and cornflour to a paste with water, stir into water in which rabbit was cooked. Heat up and serve with the roll.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss G. McCure, Altona, Ararat, Vic.

### RABBIT AND VEGETABLES

Put 1 tablespoon of dripping into a saucepan and when hot add a small stalk of celery, an onion, carrot, parsnip, turnip, potatoes, and any other vegetables available, all of them peeled and cut up. If there is no tomato available, add a tablespoon of tomato sauce, and season to taste. Fry until brown, stirring occasionally, then add 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce and two tablespoonfuls plain flour. Stir in sufficient water or stock to make a thick gravy.

In a separate saucepan have two young jointed rabbits frying. When cooked, put them into a pie dish and pour over the vegetable mixture. Bake in slow oven for 1 hour. Serve with a sprinkling of chopped parsley.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. P. M. Peters, 100 Eleventh Street, Mildura, Vic.

### CURRIED RABBIT

Soak rabbit in salt and water for about 1 hour. Cut rabbit in small pieces and dry. Dip each piece in flour and fry until brown. Fry 2 onions, 1 apple and 1 sliced banana until brown. Then make just enough gravy to barely cover rabbit. Add 1 tablespoon seeded raisins and 1 spoonful dark plum jam, and the onion, apple and banana. Let simmer until rabbit is tender. Thicken with cornflour and a little milk.

Consolation prize of 2/6 to Mrs. M. Merrigan, 45 Leicester St., West Preston, Vic.

### SAVORY RABBIT PIE: RICE CRUST

One young rabbit, 1½lb. pork sausages, 1½lb. beef steak, 1 teaspoon chopped parsley, salt, pepper, nutmeg, stock, 1 cup cold cooked rice, 1 tablespoon melted butter, ½ cup milk, 1½ cups flour, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 2 eggs.

Joint the prepared, dried rabbit, skin the sausages, and make into balls with floured hands. Cut beef into small pieces, arrange the joints of rabbit, sausage balls, and beef in a pie dish. Sprinkle the seasonings over. Add stock and bake.

covered with another pie dish, for 1 hour in fairly slow oven.

Make the rice crust by mixing rice and milk till smooth, add beaten egg yolks, then sifted dry ingredients and melted butter. Fold in stiffly-beaten egg whites, and pour over top of meat mixture. Bake till crust is cooked and a delicate brown. Consolation prize of 2/6 to Miss A. Rose, 19 George St., Stepney, S.A.

### RABBIT DELICIOUS

Soak a rabbit in salt and water for an hour, then joint it and put on to stew with a sliced onion, 2 rashers of bacon, salt, and sufficient water to cover. Cook gently 1½ hours; remove from saucepan, and put it with the bacon in a pie dish. Cover the rabbit with a seasoning of breadcrumbs, onion, thyme, pepper and salt. Pour over it the liquor left in the saucepan. Place in oven, and cook till top is nicely browned. Serve with jacket potatoes and cauliflower.

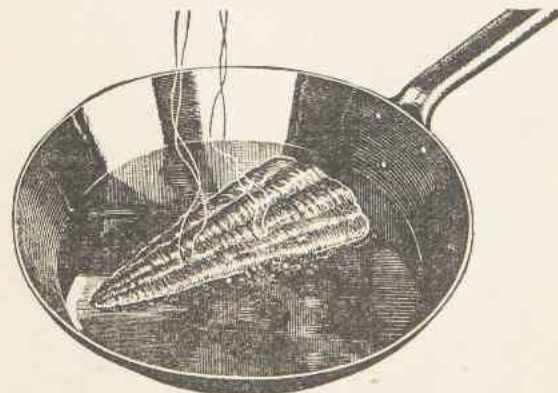
Consolation prize of 2/6 to Miss Beth Haywood, 264 Park Rd., Paddington, N.S.W.

## IGNORANT PEOPLE

No. 2 The man who thought that a BOOMERANG was a sort of ape



—but he KNEW that Peck's ANCHOVETTE IS THE BEST FISH PASTE

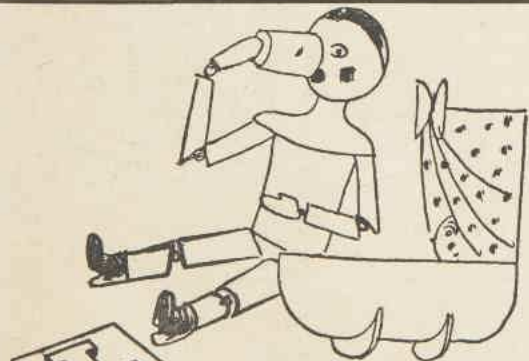


*Brown with Bisto instead of breadcrumbs when frying*

Fried fish makes a delightful change browned with Bisto, and it's so astonishingly easy to use. This is what your cook should do—Sprinkle the fillets of fish with Bisto before frying, and in cooking they will turn a rich, tempting, golden brown colour. The Bisto way is better than the old-fashioned breadcrumb method and makes the use of eggs unnecessary.

**BISTO**  
gives that attractive golden brown finish

Distributed by Cerebos Limited, 79 Pitt Street, Sydney



L stands for LIQUID  
To drink before bed.  
Make it with Groats★  
So that baby's breast fed.

★ Breast feeding is the simplest, safest and most economical way of rearing your baby—it is nature's way. You can ensure an adequate supply of breast milk by taking a regular course of Robinson's "Patent" Groats and milk throughout pregnancy. And in addition Groats and milk build up your strength and help you to sleep.

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"PATENT"  
**GROATS**

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EG4/38



# Our Fashion Service and Concession Pattern

Prepare For  
Summer  
Economically

By using these  
modestly priced  
patterns.

**SWING STYLE**  
WW2516. — Swing skirt and shirred bodice make this very smart daytime frock. Sizes, 32 to 38-inch bust. Material required: 4 yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

**STRIPED SMARTNESS**  
WW2517. — Inverted pleat skirt and square neckline are clever features of this model. Sizes, 32 to 38-inch bust. Material required: 3 1/2 yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**



**SPORTS SUIT**  
WW2515. — A very charming design for sporting occasions. Sizes, 32 to 38-inch bust. Material required: 4 1/2 yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

**DAINTY BLOUSE**  
WW2519. — Pleated flouncing and high neckline make this charming blouse for your costume. Sizes, 32 to 38-inch bust. Material required: 2 yards for blouse, and 4 yards pleating. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

**NOVEL FROCK**  
WW2520. — A very quaint and attractive design for the little girl 6-12 years of age. Material required: 2 1/2 to 3 1/2 yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

## OUR SPECIAL CONCESSION PATTERN

### ATTRACTIVE BEACH WEAR

THIS week's three-in-one concession pattern provides for the three delightful beach and sand styles shown at left.

Pattern is cut in three sizes, 32, 34, 36-inch bust.

To obtain, fill in coupon below, enclose 3d. in stamps, and forward to our offices.

Material required, 36 inches wide:

No. 1 suit, 3 1/2 yards.

No. 2 suit and coat, 5 1/2 yards.

No. 3, beach skirt and shirt, 6 1/2 yards.

### CONCESSION PATTERN COUPON

This Coupon is available for one month from the date of issue only. To obtain a concession pattern of the garments illustrated at left, fill in the coupon and post it, with 3d. STAMP, clearly marking on the envelope, "Pattern Department," to any of the following addresses. Be careful to specify which size you want. A 3d. STAMP MUST BE FORWARDED FOR EACH COUPON ENCLOSED. An extra charge of threepence will be made for patterns over one month old.

ADELAIDE—Box 288A, G.P.O.  
BRISBANE—Box 609, G.P.O.  
MELBOURNE—Box 163, G.P.O.  
NEWCASTLE—Box 41, G.P.O.  
PERTH—Box 401G, G.P.O.  
SYDNEY—Box 400, G.P.O.

If calling, 188 Castlereagh Street, or Dalton House, 115 Pitt Street.

TASMANIA—Write to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 195, G.P.O., Melbourne.

NEW ZEALAND—Write to Sydney office.

Should you desire to call for the pattern, please see address of our office, which will be found on Page 1.

PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

STATE .....

Size ..... Pattern Coupon, 8/10/38

**PLEASE NOTE**  
To ensure prompt dispatch of patterns ordered by post you should (1) Write your name and full address in block letters. (2) Be sure to include necessary stamps and postal notes. (3) State size required. (4) When ordering a child's pattern state age of child. (5) Use box numbers given on concession coupon. (6) When sending for concession pattern, enclose 3d. stamp.

### SPRING SUIT

WW2518.—A very charming design for your spring linen suit. Sizes, 32 to 38-inch bust. Material required: 4 1/2 yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

### CHIC COAT

WW2521.—Patch pockets and buttoned front for this useful spectator sports coat. Sizes, 32 to 38-inch bust. Material required: 3 1/2 yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

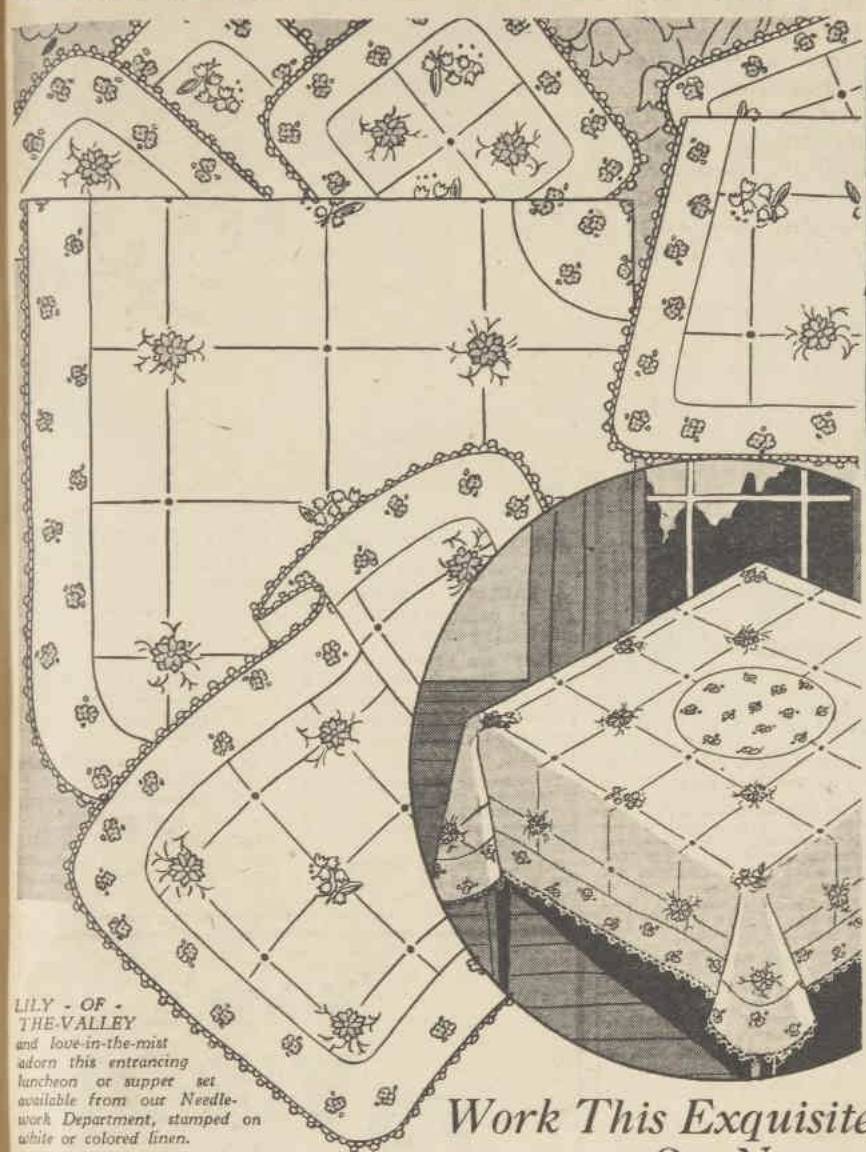
### FLORAL THEME

WW2522.—A graceful frock for hot summer days in summer florals. Sizes, 32 to 38-inch bust. Material required: 4 1/2 yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**





# LINEN SUPPER SET



LILY-OF-THE-VALLEY and love-in-the-mist adorn this entrancing luncheon or supper set available from our Needlework Department, stamped on white or colored linen.

*Work This Exquisite Set Now*



## SILVERGLO

THE  
GLOWING  
SILVER  
FINISH

Brighten up those dull surfaces with a shining coat of SILVERGLO. Made for metal or wood—heat-proof, rust-proof, washable! All paint and hardware stores sell SILVERGLO—the GLOWING Silver Finish.

Made by  
LEWIS BERGER & SONS (Australia) PTY., LTD.  
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ROGERS PAINT & VARNISH CO.

OBTAINABLE from our Needlework Department stamped on white, cream, blue, yellow, pink, or green linen.

Two of the daintiest flowers, lily-of-the-valley and love-in-the-mist, are used in the pretty floral design of this set.

You can obtain the various pieces—cloths, serviettes, d'oyles and traymobile cloths—in this design to make up a complete set.

Prices are as follows:

36in. x 36in. Cloth	each	7/8
45in. x 45in. Cloth	each	8/9
54in. x 54in. Cloth	each	11/6
11in. x 11in. Serviette	each	1/-
8in. x 8in. D'oyley	each	1/-
5in. x 11in. Sandwich D'oyley	each	1/-
15in. x 16in. Tea Cosy	each	3/6
14in. x 25in. Traymobile Cloth	each	4/8

All are postage free.

**To Embroider**

THE color scheme for the flowers should be white, with green leaves for the lily-of-the-valley and cornflower-blue and mauve flowers for the love-in-the-mist.

All edges are hemstitched, ready for crochet finish.

Cottons for working these linens may also be obtained from our Needlework Department for 15d. a skein.

For addresses of Needlework Department see our pattern page in this issue.

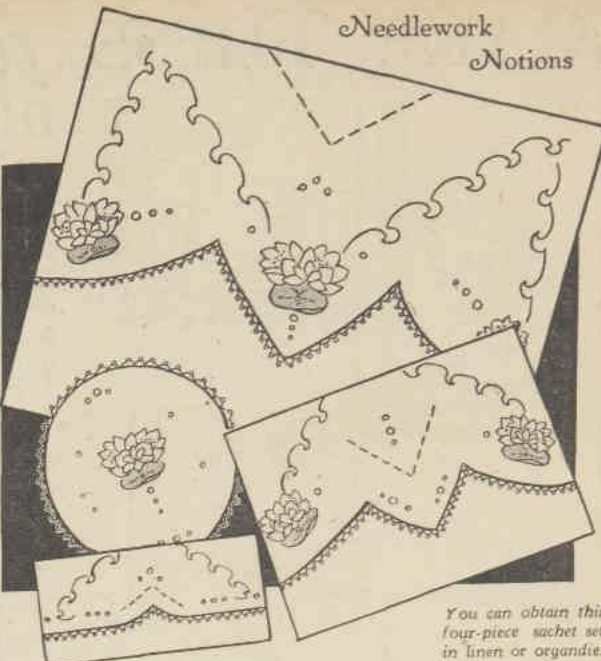
### PRICES OF SACHETS

WATERLILY pyjamas or night-dress sachets, size 17 x 13 inches, price 4/6.

Handkerchief sachet, 8 x 15 inches, 2/6.

Powder-puff case, 4 1/2 x 4 1/2 inches, 6d.; comb case, 4 1/2 x 2 inches, 6d. Complete set, 6/6, postage free.

Needlework  
Notions



You can obtain this four-piece sachet set in linen or organdie.

## Sachets and Cases in Waterlily Design

Pyjamas or nightdress sachets, handkerchief sachets, powder puff and comb cases, obtainable ready for working on white, cream, blue, yellow, pink or green linen, or on white, yellow or blue organdie. For prices see foot of page.



*Yes  
my grandmother  
used them too*

MY grand-daughter is getting married, and she asked my advice about Sheets, Pillow-cases and Towels. I advised her to buy Horrockses. I know that they'll last because I've had time to prove the quality of Horrockses' products—and because my grandmother used them too. I'm convinced that it pays to insist on Horrockses always just as every woman in our family has for seven generations.

QUALITY + COMFORT + ECONOMY  
are assured when you insist on

# Horrockses

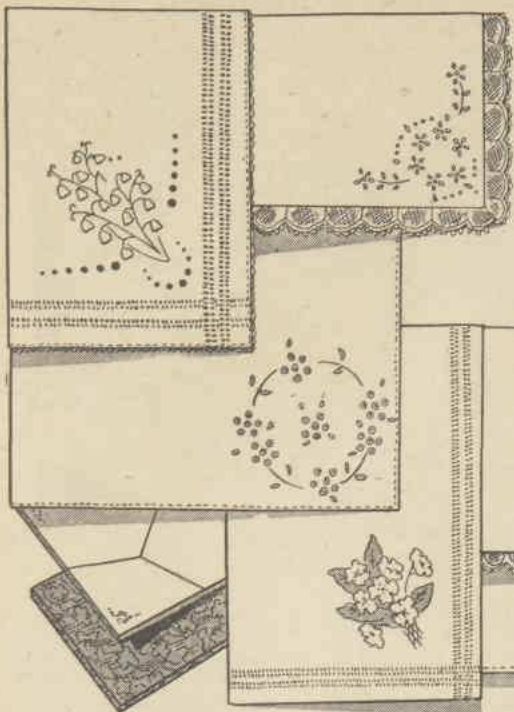
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## SHEETS AND PILLOWCASES

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

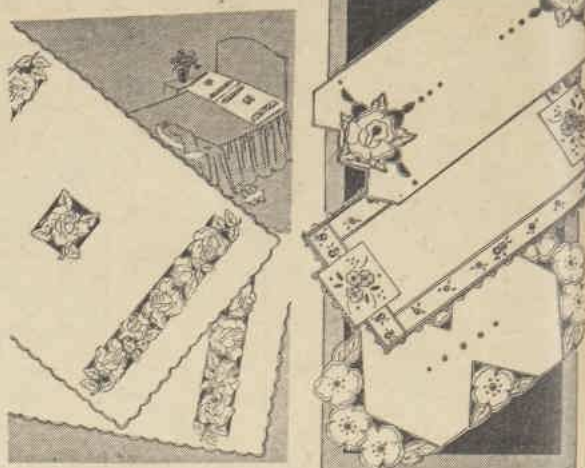


# MAKE THESE for CHRISTMAS



**DAINTY** and useful items, all obtainable from our Needlework Department.

There are charming handkerchiefs, beautiful pillow shams, set of three unusual sandwich-plate d'oyleys and an entrancing handbag.



WOULDN'T you love to embroider these dainty pillow shams shown on the left, or the set of three sandwich-plate d'oyleys on the right, for one of your best friends?

## Rose Design Pillow Shams

A PAIR of these would make a delightful Christmas gift for the bride-to-be.

They are obtainable from our Needlework Department traced on white, cream, blue, yellow, pink or green linen and are priced at 4/6 each or 8/3 the pair.

To embroider you work the rose in buttonhole with the stamens in stem-stitch. The edges are buttonholed. Be careful to press the work before cutting materials.

Broder cottons for working may also be obtained from our Needlework Department, price 3/6 a skein.

## PRETTY SANDWICH-PLATE D'OYLEYS

THESE d'oyleys are in three very unusual designs: "Rose," "Daisy," and "Camellia."

The d'oyleys measure 5 by 11 inches and are obtainable stamped for working on white, cream, blue, yellow, pink, or green linen.

The set of three would make a very dainty gift.

Price of sandwich d'oyley is 1/- each, postage free.

Cottons for working may also be obtained from our Needlework Department at 2d a skein.

YOU can't go wrong if you work some of these pretty handkerchiefs as gifts for friends or relatives. They are obtainable separately or in boxes of three or six.

Cottons for working traced linens are also obtainable from our Needlework Department.

## Charming Little Gifts

Handkerchiefs are always firm favorites as gifts because, like stockings, you can never have too many of them.

THE handkerchiefs shown above are obtainable ready for working from our Needlework Department at the following prices:—

**Lace Edged Handkerchiefs.** Made of fine linen with pretty lace edge and traced with design ready for embroidery. Size, 11in. x 11in., 1/- each, or in a box of six (6) designs, 5/6 complete. White only.

**Pure Linen Handkerchiefs.** Size 11in. x 11in. in colors of green, yellow, blue, pink, and white.

Traced with embroidered design ready for working, 1/- each, or in a box of six (6) designs, 5/6 complete, postage free.

**Drawn Thread Lawn Handkerchiefs.** Size 11in. x 11in. Obtainable in colors in green, pink, blue, or salmon.

Traced with any design ready for working.

Box of three (3), 2/6 each.

Box of six (6), 4/9 each, postage free.

**Cotton Handkerchiefs.** Very nice quality. In colors pink, blue, salmon, beige, or apricot.

Box of three (3), 2/- each.

Box of six (6), 3/9 each.

Traced with any design ready for working.

## YOU CAN MAKE THIS HANDBAG

THE bag is in a new design and is obtainable ready for making-up and working in white, cream, blue, yellow, pink, or green linen, or in natural-color burlap.

The bag measures 8 by 8 inches and is priced at 3/6. Frame and chain handle could be obtained from a departmental store.

The design is simple to work, satin-stitch being mostly used, with a little stem-stitch. Bright colors are suggested. Cottons for working are also obtainable from our Needlework Department, price 2d a skein.

Can you imagine anything prettier than the embroidered handbag shown below, especially if you made it to match your new summer frock?



THIS chic handbag can be obtained ready for making-up and working from our Needlework Department for 3/6.

## Nasty Acid MEANS Digestive Trouble

### Take this Advice and Eat what you like

That excess outpouring of acid in the stomach is the cause of almost all forms of indigestion.

But although this acid can quickly be neutralised, it does more harm than good if other facts connected with your indigestion trouble are not treated as well.

De Witt's Antacid Powder not only immediately neutralises the excess acid, but helps the weakened or inflamed stomach to regain its tone, so that it no longer produces acid in excess. That is the great merit of De Witt's Antacid Powder. The colloidal kaolin protects the

stomach walls from the acid which irritates and inflames them. At the same time another ingredient actually digests a portion of your food. Thus the weak stomach soon regains its normal strength.

Finally, the bismuths and other ingredients renew the vitality and tone up the whole digestive system, so that once again you know the pleasure of healthy digestion.

Then you not only eat what you like, but your body gets the full nourishment from your food and makes you more vigorous and healthy. Look for the name—

## DE WITT'S ANTACID POWDER

Take it regularly according to instructions and you will be delighted with your relief from pain and return to health.

Of chemists and storekeepers everywhere, in handsome sky-blue canister

Price 2/6

## What a lot VIROL could do for your child!



You don't know how fit and active your child can be till you've given him Virol. It is the food that provides every element growing children need, in a balanced and

digestible form. At this time of year especially, when children are running about all day and taking lighter nourishment, they need the extra energy and vitality that Virol gives. In health and sickness alike children benefit from a regular spoonful of Virol after meals. Give your child a Virol constitution.





# HAVE FLOWERS In Your HOME

By Our Home  
Decorator



TAWNY chrysanthemums and candlesticks in a green pottery candlestick-flower bowl make a lovely centre-piece.

... Lovely blooms are filling our gardens just now with a riot of color and perfume and adorning interiors of homes with their beauty.

NOTHING else can equal the charm that flowers add to the home. They give life and warmth to a room that would otherwise appear cold and lifeless.

When you arrange flowers don't just stick them carelessly into any old vase. Make the most of their beauty and arrange them carefully in suitable and artistic receptacles and against the right backgrounds. Flower-arranging is an art. In Japan it has reached such a high standard that a Japanese girl will spend an hour or more arranging one flower to get the right line and balance.

There are women here, too, who seem to have a natural gift for arranging flowers. They will make a bowl of mixed flowers look a veritable picture or take a few grasses and some humble geraniums and produce an amazingly attractive effect.

On the other hand it takes but a little practice and the observance of a few basic rules for almost any woman to make flower-arranging a success.

In the first place choose simple receptacles rather than decorated ones. It is not good taste to have a vase ornamented with a floral design unless the design is the same as those in the vase.

The vase or bowl should also be sufficiently large to hold the flowers without crowding the stems, but should not be so large as to appear out of balance with the flowers.

The receptacles should also be deep enough for the water to come well up on the stems if the flowers are to retain their freshness. For this reason roses arranged in shallow bowls usually wither quickly, although this method lends itself to very charming arrangements.

Using clean vases, changing the water daily and removing the flowers from warm rooms overnight also help to retain freshness.

If you have a garden gather the flowers in the cool hours of the day, and cut them with a sharp knife instead of scissors, which crush the tissue of the stalks.

After cutting, plunge them into



A SYMPHONY in pinks and mauves—pink sweet peas, rosebuds, tuckers and zinnias make a lovely bowl.

a deep receptacle and leave for several hours in a cool spot. The water should come well up to the flowers, but the petals should not come into contact with the water.

This treatment will make flowers last much longer than if they are freshly gathered and immediately arranged, because the plant tissue becomes filled with water, making the flowers better able to withstand the dry atmosphere of a room.

Flowers you have bought which do not seem very fresh may be revived by placing in tepid water.

Woody-stemmed flowers, such as roses, will last longer if the stems are peeled at the end so that they are free to absorb the water. Soft-stemmed flowers will last longer if the stems are split a little.

## Vary Rules

GENERALLY, the flowers should appear to be one to one and a half times the height of the vase, except in the case of a low, broad bowl, when the flowers may be taller or shorter. These rules may be varied, of course, according to the type of flowers and effects desired.

Short-stemmed small flowers, like sweet peas, violets, and nasturtiums, should be arranged in masses in plain, low bowls, while the use of glass blocks may help in the arranging.

Tall flowers, like gladioli, look best in a vase unbroken in line, and which follows and preserves the beauty of the line of the flowers.

A low tone of grey or putty is one of the best colors for vases. Soft tones of green or red are good, and also lighter tints of yellow and some shades of blue are effective with certain flowers.

A vase may form a background or harmonise. Orange and yellow calendulas, for instance, are most attractive in a blue bowl. Red roses are lovely in a soft grey bowl, while red sweet peas are effective in a rich red bowl.

The huge bowl of mixed flowers is a popular arrangement, but un-



THIS white urn holds irises, lupins, and other blue flowers.

LEFT: Flower-arranging is a favorite hobby with Florence Rice, of M.G.M.



FLOWERS arranged in a basket in Japanese style.

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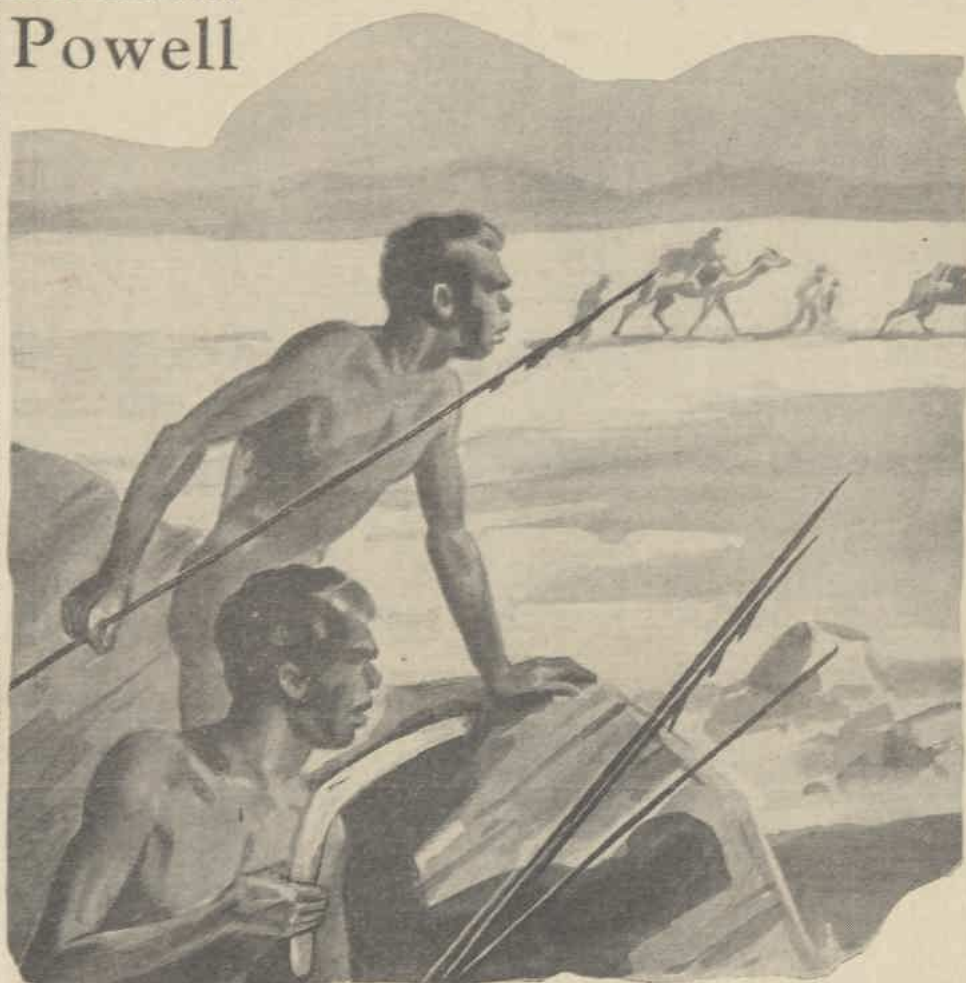




FREE SUPPLEMENT TO THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY. MUST NOT BE SOLD SEPARATELY.

# *In the Path of the Thunder*

By Elizabeth  
Powell



A COMPLETE BOOK-LENGTH NOVEL



# In The Path of the Thunder

## By Elizabeth Powell



THE enterprise called Ye Coffee Den had failed. Nothing remained of the tiny shop-restaurant but the coarse flint-face curtains at the long windows, some chipped china on a ledge, and the late proprietors. These were two, Sally Kerr and June Townsend, at this juncture of their fortunes seated on upturned packing cases surveying their futures and each other's faces. Hours of tedious discussion had ended in the difficult semi-silence of deadlock.

Sally sat hunched forward, hands on knees, a comic dismay purging her lips. Her unplucked eyebrows were raised. She looked resignedly annoyed by her companion's characteristic inability to make up her mind, and, as often in the past, knew that it must be made up for her—and that would take time and effort also. June drooped in wearied helplessness, her pretty face sullen with resentment against the failure of the Den. The last van had been driven away, after a long day of strain with chairs and tables, utensils and floor-covering, even the green gas-range, taken piece by piece to leave an increasingly hideous emptiness behind.

"I shan't even sweep up," Sally muttered, her square face set to disgust. "Insult to injury. And for three years we slaved for this to happen. Oh, well!"

"It isn't 'Oh, well!'" quavered June, who was made of different stuff from Sally, and now felt frightened. "For several reasons she was frightened."

Sally shrugged and slapped her knees in her kind of distress: "Thunder Gap is 'Oh, well,' at any rate, and thank heaven for Biddy. What a contrast! A defunct suburban Coffee Den, and a cattle station in the Territory. However, as change is the spice of life or something . . . What? Oh, stop cursing everything, you make me sick. It'll be life, anyhow, after this, even if there is a ghost at the Gap."

"Ghost!" cried June, her blue eyes full of fear.

Sally regretted releasing a scrap of the semi-serious gossip given her in letters by Biddy Treloar of Thunder Gap. The three had been school friends in the better days, when an expensive boarding-school had sheltered the trio. Now Biddy was trying to manage her station, a fatherless but capable bush girl; June and Sally had invested a few hundreds in a coffee den and lost their money, and after years the trio were to be linked close again by circumstance. The Scotch girl patted the other's thin knees, as though to reassure her; June was the last person to whom one could speak of ghosts, even though half jokingly. June believed in omens; dreams and worried herself sick for weeks if she spilled the salt or walked inadvertently beneath a ladder.

"Only a yarn," said Sally, matter-of-factly to the backbone. "An aborigine fancy or some such stuff. Biddy hasn't news to write about, so talks like that about

her 'camp.' They're stuffed full of superstition and credit nothing to natural causes. For the Lord's sake," the speaker added in justifiable exasperation, "let's consider our ghost—for it's a real one. This!" she accented, flinging out an explanatory hand. "This damned den . . . or what's left of it, and us. Well, what about it?"

It had to be faced, June sulked for a few moments. She was not used to facing facts. Several facts now stood stark before her, and this Sally realised, letting softness replace her exasperation, for June was poorly armoured for her fight with the times—and with life. June knew quite well that and unalterable set of circumstances had worked her towards this decision, and that there was no alternative, but, with hesitation a part of her disposition, and fear of physical discomfort another part, and dread of being away from cities another, she faltered before an announcement she knew must be made. Wretched, thin, nervous, and sick in heart for a shattered romance, June sat disconsolate, a tell-tale flush on her almost transparent complexion noted again by Sally, whose sturdy heart ached suddenly for her partner. Well, thought Sally, some people were born decorative, and some born to toil, so it was no use blaming June for being what nature had made her—a clinging vine, a helpless grown-up child with all of an adult woman's impulses and needs, but only an adolescent's mentality and independence.

"Look here," came kindly from Sally, who usually spoke in blunt terms. "It's no use beating round the bush. I've got to go out and wire Biddy, but you must say first . . . as I can't drag you to Thunder Gap by pure force. We'll divide what's left of the spoils, fifty-fifty, from the sale of the furniture, knick-knacks, and the fancy clothes we won't need inland. We'll get out as we went in, sharing equally. I'm going to the Gap, and thankful on my bended knees, whatever that means, for the chance. Biddy's been asking us for ages, but we couldn't get away. Now, we can—and then some. And if you're not an utter fool, you'll snatch at this chance, too. So say the word and I'll dash out and send that wire."

Sally hauled out a battered packet of cigarettes. Dully, they lighted up and the plainer girl walked, sighing. June twined one hand in her green scarf, and blew smoke out through pink lips. The twilight fell as they sat there, and from an arc light in the street came their only illumination, for the electric light company had been ruthless as others in ending all signs of the den. The telephone was cut off, and the gas. The light shone through the curtains to draw pale meshes of shadow over the two figures in the gloomy shop.

At last Sally's impatience returned with force. She crushed out her cigarette and stamped on it. "Look here, I'm fed-up with your wobbly mind. We're bust. You're sick. And now for a spot of truth while we're about it; we're bust because you looked pretty while I did the slogging; because you

were the ornament and I the worker. You're helped yourself to cash for swanky clothes while I've made my old ones over. To save the show, not for selfishness. You've gone flying round with the men that came here while I've added up accounts and tried to pay them. I've a right to lay down a spot of law, but I can't dashed well see you kill yourself . . ." Her manner changed. "Silly as, I'm not jawing you, merely stating facts. You wouldn't believe the smash was coming, because somehow or other I've always managed to fend it off . . . just as you wouldn't believe your lung was affected, even though . . ."

"Don't say that?" cried June, now startled again.

"It's the truth."

"It's not."

"All right, then! coughing continually, cold sweats, an unnaturally perfect complexion mean nothing—only a cold. Why, at the station . . ."

June was shrill with terror; "I hate camels and dust and heat and beastly crudity . . ."

"June!" Sally's voice demanded attention. "It's pretty futile to hate the things that might help you back to your old vim and health. Don't think that denying it can alter it. Face up to it. The air inland is a huge sanatorium. Biddy's place is there, waiting. We're broke. And look in another direction, too—Sorry, but what of that man you dashed round with? Married all the time. Lord! when I saw that tragic bit of a wife of his I could have murdered him—Asking you, begging you, to give him up. Loving him, after all his rottenness. You wouldn't believe that, either, until she came, and then a divorce case threatened . . ."

"I didn't know he was married," cried the fair girl on a note of pain.

"No. I know you didn't—at first."

"I did nothing . . . wrong," stammered June.

Sally's wise smile held only puzzled pity, not judgment; "One person's wrong is another person's right," she answered evasively. "Oh, well, what does it matter? To me, anyhow. Getting out, apart from other reasons, seems wise. This heaven-sent chance, June! Sally persisted in a tone of entreating helplessness. The train leaves Adelaide fortnightly—the Afghan express. And if we spend another week here, we'll not have enough for our fares to even Oodnadatta. We've got to get to Adelaide, too, second class, and no such luxury as sleepers. Now I'm going out to wire Biddy." Sally stood up. "Shall I just say I'm going, or the both of us?"

June's eyes looked hunted; "I . . . could work with Mrs. Walker. She wants someone for the child . . ."

Sally understood why the other broke off and turned her white face away. The Scotch girl pressed the other's shoulder; "Of course you wouldn't do that, June, however rich that woman is. Looking after those lovely babies with your complaint. Of course you wouldn't do that?"



It was a query. June gulped; "No, of course I couldn't."

"Good for you."

June's tears fell, splashing dark-green stains on her pale green sliken scarf, her daffodil-fair hair tumbled forward to hide her face as she wept silently and helplessly. Sally's gruff words of approval (meagre as it was) had taken slight effect; "Sally—show me—Biddy's wire again."

Holding it to the light, scrubbing at her wet eyes, June once more read the message wired by Biddy Treloar some days ago from Thunder Gap:

"More than welcome both of you lonely here be delighted at last have you stay ages wire when leaving will meet you Oodna mobs room let know if ultra broke bring all left over coffee awful stuff here salaams. Biddy."

Sally smiled dotingly on the telegram, and June managed a flickering movement of her lips. As in school days, Biddy had a bracing, tonic effect on the other two of the trio, though this time a message only had warmed them. Sally felt her blood stir with excitement; she had never liked city life, but what else was there to do when leaving school without a bean—just when June, the spoiled child of a widowed mother, had learned of her death abroad. Biddy had then returned to Thunder Gap to be with her lonely father, who, six months ago, had died. No other white woman in leagues of unfenced country! Only one white man on the station, and he an "old-timer" by name of Andy.

Sally, a dumpy figure in worn clothing, her straight, bobbed hair flat beneath a "Frai Basque" beret, went forth with her heart racing, an economical, but carefully explicit telegram wording itself in her head.

**B**Y the time Sally had returned, sprinkled by raindrops which she did not notice, June had made up her face and recovered her poise somewhat. It had just occurred to her that anyone so pretty as she might easily marry a station-owner. In her mind was a motley collection of fiction and vague fact; rich station-folk lived only part of their time inland, and the rest was devoted to spending and pleasure in cities—and abroad.

The decision was made for June; weakly she gave in to it and started weaving romances. She would sell her fur coat to Bea and buy an outfit for riding in—like that one Dietrich wore in the desert picture! Sally wouldn't want to take half the money for the coat.

June flitted suddenly out of the shop to another, two doors down, her ephemeral mind all at once grateful towards Sally. When Sally walked in to the dim and denuded Den, June sat samefacedly before a packing-case with a large tray upon it. For the last time they sat to devour cakes from the other shop, run also by two girls, who had made their enterprise pay.

"Let's telephone Don," suggested June in the middle of the quiet repast. "How could they?" asked Sally. The phone was dead; wait until they got back to the flat. She supposed they would have to telephone Don, hang him!

"You don't like Don," stated June, her blue eyes sceptically amused and her mouth sullen.

"Only because he's not half good enough for Biddy," Sally drank her cup empty and set it down with a little whack. "He's a great, selfish, overgrown lump of male conceit. He's like a sun-scorched baby grown-

up overnight, and far too fond of gambling and flirting to do Biddy any good."

"In your opinion nobody's good enough for Biddy."

"Don't be a goat. No, she wants a man, not a mental-juvenile in adult clothing."

June was bewildered. "You say such things—Don is a man, and he's huge. And most frightfully good-looking in his way. I like those prosperous-looking men with . . ."

"With money," chuckled Sally, taking a cake. "You and your men. And heaven knows what men would do without your kind to worship them because they strut and ogle and make you feel small and feminine, as you make them feel big and masculine. Hang Don, anyway. I wish he weren't going with us."

"He knows the country, and that will make him handy on the trip, as I suppose we are doomed to go," June looked up. "Besides, his people are very nice. They were station folk too—but had the sense to sell out before the depression. They've got pots of money," followed enviously.

"Bunnies!" scoffed Sally. "Pots of swank, you mean. They've let the city go to their heads. So has Don. He used to be all right, but his first city cocktail did for his niceness. Well, he's in town, and Biddy's in the Never Never. An engagement, they call it! Three years separated, fighting it out by letter all the time. She won't budge. He won't budge. A funny flange, to let her struggle along with Thunder Gap alone, while he runs round with a lot of females and haunts the racecourses of three capitals. As for his going up there now, I can't make it out. Why his sudden desire to be attentive and go so far to prove it?"

June shrugged. "You know perfectly well his sister promised to go with him, and after Biddy's father died how could Don go and stay there, unchaperoned . . . ? And now we're going, he made up his mind also. Besides," added June vaguely. "I think he feels a bit guilty or something." June opened her eyes wider. "Sally, why did they get engaged?"

"Why does anyone?" sniffed Sally. "She stayed with them after leaving school, and that one fling settled it. Don't be a nit-wit, June. Doesn't Biddy own a station covering about five thousand miles? Isn't she a perfect selection for that old vulture of a mother? I'd take a live tiger with us to rid Biddy of Don Pennington." Sally looked slyly at her friend. "Then, June, you could pick up the pieces . . ."

June looked startled. Don and herself! Because of Biddy she had never thought of that. Now her sensitive skin took on whiffs of pink. "Don't be an idiot," she snapped, but the idea had sunk into the shallowness of her mind, soon to settle there.

"You could love Don," murmured Sally, piling up used crockery. "You adore prosperous-looking men with—money."

"You know nothing at all about love," returned June, angry in a feeling of guilt for her own drifting thoughts.

"No?"

Cruelly, without meaning to be cruel, June answered back: "How can you? You've never even had an affair. You've never even let yourself want anyone."

"No?" said Sally lightly, turning so that her plain young face was shadowed more. Knew nothing about love, did she? She had only met a young medical student in the Coffee Den, and learned to love him with all the generosity of her faithful heart and soul. Knew nothing about love—did she? When the young man, after asking her to marry him and lifting her to the heights of happiness, came one night to confess himself unable to go on with it.

His mother refused to help him through to his degree unless he gave Sally up . . . And, just like that, he had given Sally up. Oh, no, she knew nothing about love, of course!

But she knew a little more about it than the man who had so weakly set her aside! Two years of difficult crushing back of her longing, two years of erasing from her life the promise of love, marriage, home and children, and two years of hard toil that acted like a drug on her senses, only while she slaved and worked. For failure—for the end of everything, in failure of hopes, plans, and dreams for the future.

**S**TANDING in the blinding sunlight, within sight of the homestead of Thunder Gap, were two men. One held loosely the bridle reins of a valuable black horse, almost seventeen hands high, the other man being old Andy. Randall was heavily built, above average height, with a curiously pale complexion which refused to sunburn; this, with his blue-black hair and shaven cheeks, dark clipped moustache and heavy brows, gave him a spurious handsomeness.

Andy, insofar as others knew, possessed no name other than the one by which he was known through most of the Territory. He was a shrivelled, bewhiskered, wiry human relic of "them peaky days" when the blacks knew little of white men and regarded them as invaders. His scaly lips, blackened teeth, and weather-beaten countenance told of hardship, labor, and battle in the open with all kinds of man. He stood stabbing his lower teeth with a twig, frowning jealously out into the south through little screwed-up eyes in which lurked suspicion and anxiety; suspicion for Randall; anxiety, for Biddy. The southern horizon was ominous with a dark red pall; Biddy was down there somewhere with the Newchums, and Andy was worried. He was never anything else when she roamed the country at her feminine whim, and he hated the idea of more "wimmin" being on Thunder Gap. Andy was terrified of women, young or old.

"It ain't her I'm worrying about," lied Andy, as Randall asked, in his suave way, if Biddy were not old enough to bring herself and her friends home safe. "It's them dratted visitors," Andy added, and spat. "A-squawkin' and a-squawlin' and keepin' her back with that their duster blowin' up."

"You could scarcely call Pennington a Newchum," Randall reminded the old-timer. Beneath the smooth words of the Red Bend neighbor lurked fury, that the whipper-snapper Pennington cub should make progress with Biddy while he himself remained but a visitor at the Gap, and not a very welcome one at that. Andy did not see the blue slit of Randall's eyes gleam with a curious intensity as he spoke. He turned suddenly to gaze irresolutely at Thunder Gap and the dark tower of stone rising from the river-pool like a small cliff, its feet in the frothy green of sootage-nourished gums, its tall cap stark against the almost colorless sky.

Through the gap the river ran, dry for the greater part of the year, a raging torrent in the monsoonal rains. Now the pool was ringed with scum, but it was never quite dry. From where the tower rose skywards a long escarpment—a ridge of stone and rough earth—wound out towards the lonely western plains. The homestead lay, red-roofed and snug-looking, by another bend of the now dry river bed not far from the gap, and the rock wall which helped form it.

Andy was now watching Randall covertly. This fellow spoke too glibly for



# IN THE PATH OF THE THUNDER

SUPPLEMENT TO  
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

his liking, and more work and less swilling over at Red Bend, and there'd not be so many bulges round John Randall's middle. Foreign blood in the fellow, Andy gurmised, or he'd not stay like plaster in weather that tanned other fellows' skin to red or brown. Andy spat again, this vulgarly being vastly soothing to his feelings. The two men hated each with such undisguised venom that a state resembling mutual respect had evolved.

"Dust storms," remarked old Andy with heavy emphasis, "bein' sich in'tresting things, you rid over this fur to get a better look at the one comin', did yer?"

Randall smiled. "The duster will not miss my place when it comes, Andy."

The old man narrowed his eyes and surveyed the distant red pall again: "Well, Biddy ain't scared by no dusters."

"Miss Treloar," accented Randall with a grimace hidden from Andy. "Is singularly able to remain . . . unscared, by more than duststorms."

Randall waited for a moment. Andy was not to be trapped into discussing the misadventures and disasters which had seemed to come thick after her father's death six months ago. The visitor from Red Bend saw the old man's tightened expression and was wise enough not to try and pump him.

"Miss Biddy took old Bill, I presume?"

"You presume all right," jerked Andy. "She took old Bill all right, the lazy wretch, and three extra ridin' camels, and enough tucker for a month. An' you goli' to presume a bit more?" snarled the old man suddenly.

"Well—since you suggest it, yer. By the way, have you heard the mysterious steed again?" smiled Randall, with a nod towards the rock tower, down whose spiral track a ghost horse was supposed by the aborigines to gallop, invisible. And the man from Red Bend station waited, the same tantalising smile on his pale lips beneath the neat moustache.

Andy stiffened visibly, hands in pockets, brows clamped down and bristling; "Nobody's never heard any sich mysterious horse, 'cause there ain't no sich thing—only in the peaky minds of them drafted abos. They hear all they want to hear, and nothin' they don't want to, and it strikes me most of the white folks bent on hearing things they oughtn't, get that way by drinkin' your liquor."

Randall's jawline tightened; he made a tidy sum out of his activities at Red Bend, but not solely through horses and cattle. He had long ago augmented the dwindling profits of a station failing, through his congenital slackness, by obtaining a licence to trade in liquor, and there were more chequesmen within riding distance of his place than the barren country suggested. Instead of retorting, Randall smiled again, thereby giving Andy what he called "the creeps."

"So the Gap's in a bad way, eh, Andy?" The old man made no response. "Well, perhaps that is not surprising," went on the visitor, and, in one of his disconcertingly sudden movements, moved towards his horse, mounted expertly, and touched the black's sides with his heels.

The party travelling from Oodnadatta were feeling the combined strain of intense heat and slow journeying. Biddy, being used to roaming the inland through all weathers, and sleeping where she halted, was more tired by having to slacken pace, than by the travelling itself. It irked her to rest because of June, when every instinct willed her to hasten homewards. In consideration for the fair girl, they could not hurry for unbroken hours

over vast stretches of the earth's harsh face. Since leaving the barren hills outside the Oodna, June had showed her weariness, but Sally had stood up manfully to the ordeal.

Don had been softened by city life. It had not taken Biddy more than an hour or two to discover how he had lost fitness. They had been five days pressing forward into the north-east from the Oodna, the thermometer touching a hundred and ten or more at midday, with no cooling foods and much dust. Try as he did, expertly and persistently, Biddy had so far contrived not to enter into any sort of intimacy with him; he was furious that she could so cleverly make the conversation general, and wondered what had changed her.

Biddy dragged off her soft felt hat, tossing back her short, gipsyish black hair that curled slightly and suited her smooth tanned face. She was burned by the open air to the soft tinge of a "brown" egg, which, with her dark lashes, greenish-grey eyes and cared-for white teeth, made her more than attractive. Her voice was soft, husky a little when in emotion, but she seldom "gave herself away." The strong quiet of the inland, said Sally to herself after re-meeting Biddy, had crept into her character; Biddy had learned to wear a mask.

On again! Rest in camp for a while, tea, a fire, a smoke, and lazy sprawling flat on quickly-unfolded rugs, then on again! Whoosh-whoosh, went the camel-pads in the sand or on the hard, rough ground. Swish-swish went the water in the drums on one beast. Creaking of straps, shuffling of pads, swishing of water, and above, like scraps of black silk flapping across the pale sath sky, a sudden crow with its grating squawk.

Another range was crossed that day, dead-looking, brittle, scorched in the breathless air, and they stopped at a soakage in a river-bed, to dig and wait, then refill the drums. Every one of the party was willing to rest that night, even Biddy languidly glad for the camp. She smoked and forgot to talk; the inland silence had made her forget, just a little, the more expressive ways of the cities. Still Biddy avoided wandering off with Don, though he asked her to go for a stroll and talk to him. No, she nodded, if he didn't mind; there was time later for talking and the sky looked nasty. Rest, then hasten on in the dawn, was best.

Next day the sky still red with threat, they mounted a plateau slope and halted the camels at Biddy's quick signal. "There," she called, "There's the Gap; we're almost home."

Listlessly June shifted position on her saddle, which was a packed bundle of rugs directly on the camel's hump, with the framework of the saddle somehow braced round it. She could feel every crease beneath her, and the blisters inside her knees were smarting again. Heavens, this awful, awful country; would it never end? The Never Never! Oh, heaven.

Governed by different emotions, they all surveyed the distant Gap. The plain was blood-colored, shimmering under a curtain of transparent heat. Beyond the plain, in deceptive nearness, the homestead stood, a reddish blur before a dark smudge that looked like a black thimble standing in a little heap of pale green thread; the rock at the Gap, said Biddy, and the "moonlight" gums in the river bed. She spoke with satisfaction in her tones. Next day, she added, they would arrive at the homestead—and did not add, that but for June's complaints and genuinely weary face, they might have reached the house that night.

They rested in the poor shade of a desert-oak while drinking tea, made by a quick fire in quart pots, by Bill. And ate damper from the last evening's camping; cake,

thinned meal, and slashed open a can of peaches for dessert. Old Bill sat over his fire, away from the other fire, a silent, inscrutable old aborigine creased and shrunken by seventy summers and winters. Sally commented on the neat way the old black had lifted off the hot quart pots, with two crossed sticks thrust through their handles, one by one. She would become a "real bushman" or die in the attempt, said Sally.

To which June made swift response: "That's quite possible." She added: "I'm already three parts dead, and the rest of me's giving up the ghost rapidly."

Don lifted his scorched face. "Ghost! That reminds me. What's the latest about your pet spook, Biddy?"

Biddy's eyes held challenge, but Don was not very shrewd, and failed to perceive that she did not wish to discuss the legend with June in hearing distance. Sally caught the unease in Biddy's mind; felt her compelling Don to silence, in vain.

"It's a myth," she said firmly, with a quick glance at June's alarmed face. "I've never heard the sounds, nor has any other white person, apparently. The blacks are all afflicted by imaginings, and the camp hums with that sort of gossip . . . That's true, June; they're superstitious from crown to heel."

"Sounds!" June echoed. "But—? Not chains and creaking doors at night, and all that sort of thing?"

"She goes to the talkies," vouchsafed Sally, entering into a tacit conspiracy with Biddy—though scarcely knowing why, for who could believe in ghosts unless "cracked"? "No, you duffer. Sounds on a rock. Sounds of . . ."

"What sounds, Biddy?"

Biddy fenced. "It's nonsense, June. But the blacks insist that every disaster at the Gap has been preceded by a thunderous galloping down the rock—with no horse visible. But, when you realise that they also believe a bone pointed at one—with the right kind of curse—can cause death, well . . ."

"Suggestion, and auto-suggestion," granted Don. "Unless they know the bone has been pointed they don't die. White folk auto-suggest themselves into sickness in the same way, by brooding and working themselves into fear and, consequently, ill. What I'm surprised by, is, that the legend still persists." He stretched himself and yawned, looked hungrily at Biddy, then yawned again. "Well, cool linen in a real bed, and a shower, is the interest in my mind at the moment. Have you had the bathroom done yet, Biddy?"

Sally chuckled in silence as the engaged couple went on talking.

In the sunset the hour of idle gossip was welcome, with throats refreshed and bodies comfortable. Biddy tried not to watch the boiling red lividness in the air, as the lowering rays struck hard on the dust pall, and made it glow to unnatural beauty—of a sinister kind. Don caught the glance she could not help throwing over one shoulder, and suddenly whistled. He, too, knew the inland and its dramatic moods. Biddy flashed a warning glance towards June, and he nodded, and Sally, watching the couple, turned her gaze towards the red pall, and gasped. The world was coming to an end!

She slithered nearer to Biddy, on the pretext of taking a cigarette from the "50" tin on the rug. "What's coming?" she whispered. "Dust," was Biddy's brief reply. "Oh, dust, just dust," Sally answered in relief, and Biddy half-smiled.

"Not 'just dust,' Sally—but Dust, a duster. We'll get it to-morrow, most likely. Then what will you think of the inland?"

"I'll do me. What with camels, old cir-



cular windlasses, donkeys and wayfaring, I feel like a page torn out of the Bible already. This'll do me, dust or no dust. I like it all."

Biddy cast another look at the sky; she was frowning.

IN the morning there happened a small accident: one of the pack saddles, which have no straps passing beneath the camel, but depend for safety upon their perfect balance, shifted on a rise and the loading crashed to the ground. The camel, frightened, bellowed and became unruly; re-loading took some time, as the heavy suitcases and bags of the visitors were of different shapes and sizes. Each night all the camels had to be unloaded and set free, with forelegs hobbled, to feed. Two hours were wasted through the accident, and the cavalcade had started off late that day because one of the beasts had broken its hobbles and wandered far off. Now, at noon, they were where they should have been before 9 a.m.

"Biddy," said Sally, as the former's impatience became apparent. "There's no hurry, really, is there? You seem so anxious to get home."

Biddy's lovely gipsy coloring seemed to fade a trifle, a tired look drenching her eyes. "It's always good to get home, Sally, and . . ." She quite obviously assumed a lightness she did not feel. "And . . . the dust is disagreeable."

Sally said no more, but her shrewd young mind had detected unease in the other girl. Dust! As if Biddy minded dust—unless for the others' sake. It was not eagerness in Biddy's face, but anxiety—and for what?

"Well," said Biddy presently, nodding towards the horizon, which seemed to be crushing closer. "It's a race all right, between us and the storm."

A gust of wind scurried round the procession of laden beasts, then the air was silent, still, and hushed again. As if a volcano had belched red flour into the air, it now commenced to sift downwards, turning the sunlight to a dirty prune color, as if it shone through mica. The sun itself had suddenly become as a dim lamp held behind thick scarlet silk. The visual effect was of crimson fog, though the air was breathless and burning. The desert oaks—a group they passed in gathering haste—sighed and whispered without a breath of wind, which was their uncanny habit. Over the land hung an atmosphere of brooding, of waiting, as if everything cowered in fear before the oncoming of cataclysm.

Don and Biddy, knowing the country, exchanged a swift glance unperceived by the others. Bill, used to anything seasonal, knew his job, should the riding camels forge on; his string travelled, because of their balanced loading, at a steady three-miles-an-hour pace. Biddy looked ahead into the thickening air and nodded at Don, who nodded back.

In the near distance stood a long row of tooth-shaped rocks, an old range buried to its neck in the earth of centuries. Horribly like the broken teeth and scalloped gums of a crone, those rocks would provide shelter from the worst of the gale, already starting to snore in the distance. The rocks were now becoming partly indistinct, and Biddy, her mouth tightening, suddenly called to the others, "Follow me."

The heat was incredible. Now the snoring sound had become a high-pitched screech, and with an explosion of noise and confusion the gale hit the party like a blow from a gigantic, invisible hand. The sun was now a mere polished spot on a dome of dull bronze. June tore at her reins

and screamed as the wind stuck, only to close her lips against a wild peppering of grit and pebbles. Instinct governed her now as she thudded the camel's sides with her heels and tried to remain near Biddy, whose beast was lurching forward in long ungainly strides.

Only shadowy red shapes told where each rider was as the noise intensified and the grit hailed faster. The swirling clouds had wiped out all hint of the rocks. June's camel blundered against Biddy's, and she seized June's near rein to haul both beasts forward while June, weeping, cried out and was not heard. A swift glance to the left told Biddy that Sally and Don were close by, and within five bewildered minutes of haste, struggle, and urgency the camels were folding to the ground. "Coo-ee," called Biddy, but her voice was ripped from her lips. She dragged June from her saddle and half hauled, half carried her to a shape looming up like an awkward triangle. The fair girl fell face down beside the scorching rock and covered her face on her folded arms. Biddy moved towards Sally and found herself running, blown by the wind. She cannoned into Don, who grabbed her tightly, and the three, heads down, legs making strong wading movements, and bodies bent forward, literally hooked themselves towards the rocks; the wind seemed to have material resistance. They were all gasping when falling face down in the eddying fury behind the nearest rock, where the grit and sand swirled, but the gale was broken.

June lay as if dead, her hair like hennaed string, her grubby shirt rippling across her thin back. Peeping, Sally caught Biddy's half-closed eyes fixing a long glance on her, and the two grubby-faced girls suddenly smiled and linked hands. Biddy, with one gesture, had accepted Sally as part of the Inland, as she had accepted the Inland as part of her life. The loneliness of two long years of heartache, loss, disillusion, and the normal hunger for the man she cared for, but who was unworthy of any honest love, now changed to a dull ache of renunciation. The loneliness, desperate and sharp, had gone—melted away in the grip of Biddy's firm young hand. Pride stirred in Sally, that this ordeal by climate had not shamed her in Biddy's eyes. Love stirred in her, for the big-hearted Inland girl whose lonely fight on the station Sally felt she was just beginning to understand.

And the red, stormy chaos whirled on.

AT about five in the afternoon of that lurid day there fell a sudden peace, more startling in its unexpected stillness than the wildness of the storm. As though a giant shutter had come down to close off the wind, the air was still and soundless, but for a faint whining and sighing in the northern distances. The earth was marked with scallops and whirls like a rippled shore with the tide gone out. The four young people slowly and stiffly moved themselves to struggle upwards and sit flat against the rock. Pounds of red dirt slid from them as they shifted. Form and shape were returning to the scene, the rocks standing out sharply, the crouching camels lifting their supercilious heads to chew with eyes half-closed and pale lashes flicking.

Old Bill lifted himself and moved off to the base of the rocks, where he dragged out piled-up twigs, thorns, leaves, and rotted pieces of bleached wood for the inevitable camp fire. Tea! Thirsty throats and parched lips formed the shape of the word. Tea!

Biddy suddenly staggered to her feet and commenced beating her person

fiercely with her hat. Red dust flew out in clouds. She laughed weakly at the dismal faces of the other three, then drew out a small pocket mirror and surveyed her almost unrecognisable features. To June's eternal credit she contrived a smile, wondering could she look so streaked and raw and filthy as the others. A shrill cry as she looked in her mirror testified to her dismay. Biddy went to the camels, unfastened a valise, and drew out a large pot of cold cream which even Don dabbed carefully on his blazing skin. They all looked as if they had been weeping, through the sharp grit cutting their eyes almost raw. The gentle soothing of the cream worked wonders. Powder and lipstick for June, and then the other two girls followed suit. Habit, said Biddy, screwing her lipstick shut again; the others had brought the city ways to her, like the mountain and Mohammed.

Tea! Round Bill's quick fire the party sat, knees hunched up, watching the tea thrown into the bubbling quart-pots. Canned fruit, tinned meat, damper, melted canned butter, jam, and condensed milk. No repast had ever tasted so much like nectar and ambrosia. The sky was clearing of redness as they ate, but the air was close and stifling hot.

"I say," cried Biddy, rising to her feet. "Have we any cigarettes left . . . ? Heavens!" She rummaged in the tall wooden tucker-box balancing another on one resting camel. "Oh, here we are. I thought . . ."

The others looked up suddenly. Biddy was tense, the tin of cigarettes hanging limp in her left hand while the right slowly lifted to point . . .

In a moment, electrified by the dazed incredulity on her face the other young people had stood up to watch beside her. They looked for a while without seeing anything on the treeless, barren, harsh red plain sprawling towards the west. Then their tired eyes picked out the details of the apparition giving Biddy such surprised concern. In the centre of the plain, a half-mile or more from the camp, stood a disconsolate group of sheep. Sheep, Biddy murmured, incredulous. A dray with shafts down stood near, and something dark lay near the shafts. There were two figures . . . two more figures . . . two smaller ones also and they were dogs. A battleship would not have been more amazing to the daughter of a cattle man, than a flock of sheep were to Biddy.

Blank glances were exchanged. Only Don and Biddy realised the full significance of sheep so far in the cattle country. Before the others could move or think clearly, Biddy had dragged on her hat and was issuing sharp orders to old Bill, who understood why. His bush-trained sight had taken in more than the eyes of the white folk.

Before Don could so much as drag on his riding-boots, which he had removed to empty them free of sand, Biddy was on her camel; it was unfolding itself upwards, and she was off—streaking off as only a fast-riding camel can streak across a plain, like a figure out of an ancient Egyptian illustration.

"Well!" gasped June, gazing after the camel.

Don's ruddy countenance was distinctly sulky; he resented Biddy's high-handed methods, and not even asking him to go with her. It was just like her not only to use the only really swift camel in the string, but tear off on it like that, and not a word to himself. He felt small, despite his broad bulk and height. So, when June asked him innocently stupid questions about the sheep and Biddy's excitement, he found



some ease in being informative—and disdainful towards Sally, who was inwardly crowing to see his discomfort. Good for Biddy!

"... sheep more rare in the cattle country than ice-cream parlors," Don was saying to June. "And Biddy," he said beneath his breath, "is too dashed independent to suit me." Sally overheard this mutter and sweetly asked what Biddy ought to have done—clapped hands and squealed and sought his advice. Sally was terse: "She acted and thought first, so why worry? Perhaps she's got out of the way of consulting you as you've carefully remained a thousand miles away for the last three years. Biddy's an insider," added Sally in maddening, matronly patronage. "Biddy knows best, Don, Biddy knows best. We're only city folks—New chums. Besides, you're guarding us from the beasts of the wilds..."

Don's visage was more scarlet than ever, his brown eyes full of detestation. "When we're married perhaps she will ask my opinion occasionally."

"Don?" June was touching his arm confidently. "Why are those sheep so thrilling to Biddy?"

He explained again, and turned to old Bill, who was staring hard into the rendering West. "Which way?" asked Don. "Which way?" meaning anything in the nature of a query.

Bill spoke without haste, still staring. "One white boss. One white misss. She'll arecutcha. Plenty hurry sheep, propply no good. No quatcha. Horse he finish propply. Arecutcha dead."

June cried out in terror, but Don silenced her with a quick speech. "Dead doesn't mean dead in his language. 'Finish' means dead, so we can take it the horse is dead, and the girl or woman out to it—fainted, collapsed or something. Dead means any of those. Quatcha is water. No water. Jovel the fellow, whoever he is, must be a fool or a lunatic to tackle this country in drought with sheep. They travel two miles an hour if lucky, and have to be watered each night. All the holes dry and most of the wells. He must be a stranger and wouldn't know all the soakages. Blacks with them..." He asked Bill another question and spoke again to June: "Two blacks, he says, a fellow and his gin. Good Heavens!" Don exploded in sudden realization of the incredible journey with the sheep, for here they were, and not an hallucination. "And they've got this far! It's a giddy miracle."

Sally suddenly felt her eyes fill with emotional tears. Sensitive inside as she was blunt and matter-of-fact outside, the incident had touched her on the raw, and she was weary and in no state to endure emotion. She flopped down and turned her back on the other two, staring out into the red haze of the plain while Don embroidered on his theory of sheep, idiosyncrasies, and luck.

The feeble bleating of the parched sheep sounded to Biddy like the articulate voice of desolation, as she slackened her tall, pale camel near the group by the dray on the plain. As she rode nearer the man's figure unfolded from a collapsed attitude of utter despair as he sat on one shaft, head in hands. The soft whoosh-whoosh of camel pads had jerked him out of hopelessness into dazed disbelief of the miracle. He stood unsteadily erect as the white girl came nearer on her mount. At a quiet word from him, without moving, the dogs stopped barking to lie still, tongues out, droops falling from them to the dust. A heavily-built gin in store calico, and her man, stood sullenly on the outer edge of the

small flock of famished animals. Harness still lay on the sprawling form of the dead horse, whose collapse had brought the journey to a halt. In the dray, stirring wearily from a pile of burned, torn grey blankets and oddments, a little figure lifted itself.

Biddy's heart ached as she dismounted from her camel and left it folded up, to walk slowly towards the strangers. She took in the whole of the tragic picture at once, but her gaze rested longer, at first, on the little person in the dray, than on anything else. Beneath the brim of a large, faded, green felt hat, a pair of big dark eyes gazed out full of startled wonder. The eyes seemed too large for the thin pale face of the girl who was obviously almost starved and just on the verge of hysteria. Her lips were working, one hand moving blindly, knuckles upwards, against her neck as the newcomer came forward. Biddy said nothing for a while. Her grey eyes were dark with feeling, and the expression on her face spoke far more eloquently than words. The white man suddenly flinched from the beauty and the pity of that understanding look. Dumbly he moved towards her and an emaciated hand clutched her own extended fingers as if they clung to life itself. He was beyond smiling. His cracked lips moved; his gaunt face twisted to an expression that struck her sensitiveness like a blow. All at once she was self-conscious, as is anyone when unwittingly looking into the heart of naked humiliation, suffering, and despair.

The gaunt stranger cleared his throat. Biddy managed a stiff smile, and said: "You are in a pretty bad way, aren't you?—and felt her face burning with more than soreness, as the words came so blatantly. He seemed to pull himself together with an effort. "Yes—a very bad way," he agreed, and in a few words he had placed himself. It was impossible, by his appearance, to tell what manner of man he was, but his voice had given him away; it was the quietly-toned, carefully-enunciated speech of schooling that she heard. They remained awkwardly silent, looking at each other, while time seemed to stand still, take in every detail, but they returned to her later as the mentally photographed image developed in careful thought.

She laughed nervously, softly, as she realised her hand was still clenched in his, and, as she withdrew it, he half-smiled and she saw his mouth tighten. Disaster and relief face to face on one of the earth's desert places! The girl in the dray still stared, mesmerised, over the side.

"You are real, then—" The man again cleared his throat. His tongue seemed thick. Famished, thought Biddy, and her eyes widened in sudden dismay. "For the moment," he stammered, "I thought—of mirages—a human mirage, when you—" He dragged his senses into order and turned to indicate the girl. "Kathleen Roche," he said clearly. "And my name is David, of the same surname."

"Sister and brother?" said Biddy quickly. He answered briefly, "No."

"Oh!" Biddy was conscious of a queer regret, but the feeling passed off at once. "This is awful," she cried, all at once galvanised by the need of haste, and her mind that spun with plans. "How did you get here with... sheep? Sheep!"

He could not answer, for Kathleen's hysteria broke, now the very real fear of death seemed ended. "I've been afraid," she cried shrilly. "Afraid!" And like a scurrying little animal she came down from the dray, over the front to the step, and to the ground, where she fell sprawling face down and wept as if her heart were breaking. The other two were petrified for a moment. Then

Biddy moved and knelt, lifting the poor little broken creature half into her arms. "Don't; oh, don't; everything will be all right now... Oh, don't."

The sobs quietened, while the man, hands in ragged pockets, lifted a blindly supplicating glance to the evening sky. The flare had gone from the west, leaving purple and crimson and gold flakes over the far horizon, and dimness on the scene by the dray. "My foot..." the girl choked out. "My foot..." Biddy smothered an exclamation as the huddled little creature twisted round and thrust out a dirty bare foot, raw and scarred, with a stained rag bound round the instep. Tears trickled down her face as she nursed the foot. "I forgot it—seeing you, but it hurts."

Biddy looked helplessly up at the man, then lowered Kathleen to let her half-sit against the dray wheel. As she stood up she saw into the vehicle. It held a muddle of iron posts, very thinly made, wire-netting in clumsy rolls, a shovel, a pick, a few battered tin vessels, a bundle of rugs and clothing mostly rags, and—a hand-sewing machine. She almost wept. The pitiful instinct of women breaking into the wilderness—with a hand-sewing machine, and nothing to sew on it. Whatever had originated this stupidly desperate journey, it had not been waited on by cowardice.

"Kathie," said David, trying to enunciate clearly, "has been sick. I've nursed her to the best of my hampered ability. We dared not waste time. All we could do was forge on... and she's been through hell."

Biddy looked from one ravaged face to the other. "You both have, I think." In another tone she added: "I'm Biddy—Bridget Treloar, of Thunder Gap, over there beyond the river bed. You are on my land and have been for days, so... you are my guests." She smiled unsteadily. "The homestead is less than half a day away—by camel. I seem to have come in the nick of time," she ended lamely.

The polite skirmishing of society would be grotesque. She came to the point abruptly. "No fences in this country," she jerked. "No conventions—much. You need water, food, and help." Hands on hips she became the mistress of Thunder Gap again. "I shan't talk about imbeciles who drive sheep through leagues of cattle country during a drought, but the bleating alone must have almost driven you mad—I'm curious to know why, but not inquisitive, so it can wait."

"We must do something now. You could die like this," she told him in sudden intensity. "Men have. Their graves—Oh, I can say it, for you won't die. Water first. The river is about four miles over there. Soakages. My old black will take our drums across and fill them, and bring them back here. Water the sheep and yourselves," she added with a broken laugh. "See, our camp is showing now."

The others looked and saw a red rose burn to life on the dim blue of the plain. "We'll break camp," said Biddy. "And come over here—and eat." She did not say they had already eaten. "And tomorrow I'll send Andy—my right-hand man at the Gap—back with a buggy for Kathleen. Mrs. Roche... and you can drive the sheep on after. Oh, and a horse for the dray, of course."

Roche swallowed a lump in his throat. Casually, just like that, relief, succor—and a horse for the dray! He could not speak.

"How," asked Biddy, lifting her brows, "do you water sheep without a pail or trough?"

"Our pail... went, like most of the other things," answered David. He held out his faded felt hat. "In this," he explained



and Biddy's heart contracted. Night after night, one at a time, baling and dipping, in patience and desperate resource, they had watered the sheep—in that!

"You must win through," she said almost in answer. "You must."

"It seems there is a chance—now," murmured David.

"You poor-darlings," she muttered beneath her breath. Then, aloud: "We'll come over here and have a meal—and there's canned peaches and meat and . . ." She broke off, biting her lips, for Kathleen was giggling weakly and standing beside her, clutching at her shirt sleeve.

"Look at me," the distraught girl croaked out. In the dimness Biddy remembered more than she saw, but Kathleen was displaying her person almost in pride—the sick pride of tragedy turned to comedy. "Look at me . . . two round heeled store frocks, five shillings each, one turned back to front over the other to hide the holes . . . I was showing through in places . . ." Her voice mounted to a cry again: "My hair is full of dirt—sticky with dirt—I washed last in a green pool and was sick, then we saw a dead kangaroo higher up

screamed. David, David, he  
there was a spinifex fire one night. It  
burned us out of bed, our clothes all  
alight. I dreamed of lovely things  
to eat, chicken and lobster and cool hock-  
ies, electric fans and soft silk  
nighties... and woke to bitter tea with-  
out sugar or milk. Smelly meat... then  
the meat went and the last of the jam  
only flour... and tea... and salt  
water, brackish, but the sugar didn't alter  
the salt... and then the sugar went...  
The blacks killed lizards and snakes...  
One night a big spider rustled out at me  
from a tree. "Don't stop me,"  
screamed thickly as David caught her  
arm. She shook off his hand.

"Don't stop me . . . I'm telling her. I'm only telling her. It's a nightmare. I've got to tell . . . Nobody knows," she quavered, shutting her hands up over her face and shaking. "Nobody . . . knows . . . On and on . . . and on and on . . ."

David suddenly dragged a filthy cushion and some rugs from the draught, arranged them on the ground, and without another word the little person dropped down and lay as if dead, silent and exhausted. He shrugged, making a helpless movement with his hands, and his long glance was felt, rather than seen, by Riddle.

"I know," she said softly. "I know. Everything will be all right now."  
"It's broken me, to see her . . . breaking," came huskily.  
"Yes, men are like that."  
"We're making for a Block, beyond Alice

grip on his arm was sanity and reality. A shaking hand pressed over his face as if he tried to scrape off the twitching mask of nervousness. "Too much for me . . ." he muttered. "The shock . . . of you coming."

He lifted his head, one fact clear, and he clung to it. "Not a sheep has died. We've not lost one. Kathie nursed the sick ones in the dray. We've not lost one. Two hundred when we started, two hundred now. We've not lost one," he repeated, and her heart ran over.

Mad and silly as it was, she leaned forward and gripped both of his arms, holding him as though to keep him erect. "And remember that," she said in soft earnestness. "Remember it." She gave him a little shake. "You must win through. You will."

He seemed as though wandering. "Then out of that haze . . . you came . . ."

She laughed and released his sticklike arms. "And into that naze I'm going again . . . we'll soon be back."

He stood there, nodding, his face now not twitching.

Yes, she would soon be back.

**D**RAMA of the dust! said Bloddy to herself on the ride back to the others of her party. Fool . . . fool . . . nearly to break down on a strange man's breast. He would have fallen over, had she done it. A silly, ragged, pitiful blunderer of a newbun, daring to risk his wife and health on that foolhardy journey, that no bushman could tackle with sheep in a drought, and ignorance of the land to make matters worse. Yarding those sheep each night, with iron sticks and wire, against the dinnares.

While David, staring into the deep blue silence where she had been swallowed up, felt his senses returning, and knew the guilt and fear he had felt for Kathie, was now turned to incredible relief. The soul's calendar had no measure for time, save through the abysses of feeling; he had passed through centuries of experience since the sun touched the red rim of the world.

The two lucky blacks, having recognised authority in the little mislaid of Thunder Gap, and possibly argued in service of their own assistance, now came forward grudgingly to make a fire by the white people. The blacks wanted food and tea. David moved automatically to take out a precious scrap of tea, a wedge of damper, and the last stored life-drops in a can which had held water, but now contained but enough for several cups of tea. Twin roses now burned brightly, but dashed out half a mile or more apart. He felt less lonely with that other red eye in the gloom; so his fire must look to Biddy Treloar.

"We'll eat real food to-night," he said to Kathleen, now lifting herself to her elbow to stare into the fire. "And we can drink this"—he shook the can—"without swallowing our last hope of life. She was right, men die out here. Those crude, grave-

... railings we saw . . . " His jaws set. "We

shan't die, Kathie. To-morrow you'll be making your pretty hair and clothes so

washing your pretty hair, and sleeping to-morrow night in a cool clean bed. Lord!

morrow night in a cool, clean bed. Lord! Baths! He'll keep her word. She's real

and solid as the earth itself. And half

old ivory. Isn't she gentle and strong? I don't think anyone could feel lost or beaten with her about, do you?"

"No, Kathie, nobody could feel . . . lost or beaten with her about," came in slow, half-memorized tones. They were both lightened with starvation and strain. "Dave," was the little creature's odd remark, timidly spoken. A hand flickered towards his nearest arm. "You could love a girl like that."

How could he possibly admit that already he loved a girl like that—hopelessly, yet with comfort increasing within him.

"David, you've been so wonderful to me—right along. It's all my fault, really, all this. But for me, this would be a great thing."

"Billy, then but for you we'd not have met her."

"No—I suppose not. Oh, dear, isn't everything strange, life and people and the things that happen one?"

"David, I'm not worth all you lost. Some-  
times my heart breaks to know."

"Steady there; hold on to the old nerves, Kath. We're both a bit subnormal at the moment."

"Very well," she nodded. "But don't you ever wish—"

"Wishing is phantasy, Kathie. Facts are solid things, and sanity comes through trying to cope with them. Mirages, wishes, dreams—are all phantasies. Stick to facts."  
"I do try."

He rose and moved towards the shaft of the drey. In a moment the metallic clashing sounded, which heralded the night's tolling of enclosing the flock in its portable fence, and the two aborigines suddenly vanished. The quart pot boiled on the fire, and Kathie limped to the box that held the last of the food. She held a piece of damper out and grimaced at it sickly. "If I toast it, Dave, it would do until she comes."

He glanced towards the other fire on the plain, and smiled. The melancholy bleating of the sheep went on, but for once he did not hear them. Kathie yawned and went on toasting the damper. She could wash her hair tomorrow and lie between cool clean sheets.

A PERFECTION morning awakened Biddy's party to the last stage of the ride to Thunder Gap, only a few miles beyond the river bend, where they had camped by the roadside after pausing to meet, and take a meal with, the Roches. It was one of the most poignant "dinner parties" the city girls had ever experienced. Introductions had been simple, strangely dramatic in blue dimness and firelight, with the bleating of the sheep about them. June had forgotten her own weariness when widening her eyes as the tale of Kathleen's pilgrimage was told, and Sally was gruffly sympathetic. They rode on, at a brisk pace, the evening feelings curiously subdued, and when they stopped at the Coffee Den now seemed more unreal than any dream—and somehow very trivial.

After the storm the inland gods had repented. The peaceful night in the riverbed was serene and sweet, with the eucalyptus trees casting the soft, a moped lighting its chopping note through the stillness, and a curlew mewing somnolently on the plain. Biddy and Don returned at dawn after making several trips with water to the sheep. They slept for an hour, after eating bacon and damper, then the party moved on. In lighter spirits, for the homestead. Both city girls were now queerly excited at the thought of arrival. Months seemed to have elapsed since leaving town.

The morning cool soon changed to heat



as the sun burned from the east. Don had acquitted himself very well last night, thought Biddy, so allowed herself to be drawn away from the others, as the riding camels moved at fast walking pace ahead of the pack-animals in charge of old Bill.

Biddy had altered, curse it, Don told himself uneasily, quite forgetting that three years alters most people. She made him feel inadequate, tongue-tied, and clumsy, nor did he realise that the light, frothy conversation of dance-halls, dinner-parties, and cocktail afternoons had no room in the Never Never. Some of his discomfort came, also, by way of David Roche, whose quiet acceptance of Biddy as a mental equal left himself stranded in unusual inarticulacy. Biddy was obviously full of admiration for the fellow, which somehow reflected poorly on Don, though she had been warm enough in her thanks for his help that night. Unfortunately, tired as they both were, Don introduced again to Biddy the subject of their many arguments by letters over the last three years.

She stiffened as she rode beside him apart from the others: "We've had all that out before, Don."

"Well, this is different. Letters say more or less than they mean, anyhow. This place is no good to any woman. Only that wizened little Chink and old Andy near you. Not a white woman—not even a companion. Cackling half-castes to work for you, and a blacks' camp at the cliff-foot. When you ought to be in town as my wife, hostessing in a decent house with conveniences and comforts round you. You're white, well bred, well educated, with taste and fastidiousness. How you stick it here I don't know! Out it out before you're wrinkled and skinny like a sun-dried haddock. There's nothing in it for you. You're out of touch with everything, and money's not the trouble, for I can keep you well."

"I've never had any ambition to become a kept woman," said Biddy, watching the homestead in the shimmering distance.

"Confound it, you know what I mean. Look here, Biddy, it's pretty low to talk about one's means, but I have enough, and more, to look after you. I want to show you off in nice clothes to my friends, and take you about. The races, parties, dinners, shows, and all that sort of thing. You enjoyed it all once, and, by Jove, you look well when dressed up."

"But Don"—she had no wish to hurt him, for she was fond of him still, and perhaps the old feeling of "being in love" would return. But as she said that silently, she felt it would not. Being "in love" was the tinsel of youth, while loving was so different—deep, strong, and rich. She did not ask herself how she discovered this, but knew it true. Infatuation was a thing of the senses; loving, something deeper and more hurtful. Being "in love" made one fond of a man because of things about him, but loving happened despite everything!

She tried again: "But, Don! I don't think real girls want to be dressed up and exhibited as the prize possessions of their husbands. And I like the fight at the station. Men like business in the same way, and artists like painting, and writers, writing. The station—" She sighed and broke off. He would not understand. They spoke different languages.

"You think town-women are empty-headed fools," he protested, twisting his mouth bitterly.

Biddy cried out at once: "I do not. How can you be so blind, Don? generalise. I dislike bridge, dancing, and wasting time, or killing time, as any other intelligent woman does, in town, or out of town."

"You once said any real woman would go anywhere with her husband."

"Did I? but you are not my husband."

"Clever!" he retorted, angry again and baffled. "You mean you want your own way, like most women. Well, if you want me to sacrifice my life in town to perch up here with you, you make a mistake."

"I didn't say I wanted that," she told him. Then: "You don't need me, Don. You only want me. There's a difference. If I were married—and loved my husband—I'd go anywhere with him, but I'm not. And Thunder Gap does need me—you don't know how much," she added sickly.

"You wouldn't even compromise," he cried. "Fifty-fifty. Half the year up here and half down there."

"While the Gap is—" She was about to voice her apprehensions and tell of the troubles which had at last commenced to frighten her into wondering what next, but she clipped off her words. There was nothing sensible to be put into words, and that was that. And how she dreaded meeting old Andy, with perhaps another mysterious disaster to report. . . . Her eyes darkened in worry.

She tried to shake off those thoughts, and turned her face towards her fiancé. "Don, why don't you ever want to work?"

"Because I've no need to," he jerked.

"Can you be idle and enjoy it?"

"Yes, I can."

"A purposeless, uncreative life . . ." she murmured.

"Look here, do you want to end the engagement?"

"If you do."

He was silent for a moment, caught between two conflicting emotions; then he spoke in another voice. "Let's not go into it now. I was mad to start talking about it. Wait until we settle down and get back to normal. But if you do turn me down, Biddy, where the devil will you be?"

She smiled at the rock ahead. "At Thunder Gap," she said. "Perhaps I might marry an Inlander."

"What rot!" he protested, eyeing her suspiciously.

"Is it? John Randall asked me to marry him."

Don was aghast. "What a confounded hide the fellow's got. A blowsy widower of over forty, with half his life gone, and that wild youngster of his. . . . And Red Bend filled with drunks." Breathing heavily, Don turned in the saddle. "What did you say?" he asked.

"Oh, the usual pretty lies when refusing a man. But I did add that if he coveted the Gap so badly as all that he'd better wait until it's for sale."

Don's glowing face was a little more cheerful. "You did, did you. Just like you. Well, if you ask my opinion, the place would be better sold—even to that beast."

Biddy's eyes flashed with anger. "I'd rather give it to the Inland Mission for a bush hospital—if they could use it—than let that . . . that hog have it."

Biddy's lips were set in a line Don respected. "Oh, so that's the way you feel. I don't exactly blame you—with regard to Randall. After all, your father—"

"Yes, just that," returned the girl in sudden tiredness of spirit. "It's more than a station to me, Don. Randall shan't have it. My father refused to sell it him long ago, and now I refuse to . . ." She looked with curious intensity at her companion. "I refuse to . . ." But Biddy shook her head and muttered something that Don did not catch.

"What was that?" he called as his camel moved round a rock.

"We're nearly there," said Biddy, and looked ahead at the pale cliffs rising behind

the red slash of the riverbed—banks, near the white sand that led round to the stockyards and so up the slope to the house itself. "Sallee!" she called to the town girls, lingering behind a little. "June! Round the bend and we're home. . . ."

Then, a little later, Thunder Gap poured out its motley collection of dark humans as the four riding camels folded to the ground in the clearing outside the dwelling. Sally felt that she had all at once become one of the central figures in a strange, dark-shaded opera on a large and noisy scale.

The residential portion of the homestead was composed of two buildings, the old and the new, separated by a stretch of ground brushed clean several times weekly by camp children with brooms made of gum branches. Biddy, used to the buildings, wondered how they appeared to new eyesight, and confessed ruefully that the new building was rather like a monstrous meat-safe. This was because of its walls, inner and outer, which were made of fly-wire. Each room was supplied with a canvas blind for each wall, with cords and roller-weights, to be pulled up or down for air or privacy. Outside the actual nest of smallish bedrooms the verandah, wide like the deck of a ship, ran right round. It was scrubbed, furnished with light tables, chairs, stretchers piled with faded cushions, several cane lounges, and ancient couches. In this double-roofed building the household slept and spent their leisure hours. Until the arrival of the other girls, Biddy had the place to herself, but for the lazy intrusion of the half-caste girls with trays, or to their bedroom and verandah work.

"I've been lonely," Biddy discovered all at once. "And just discovered how lonely. Already I can't imagine the place with only me in it. Goodness!"

The other building was very old as age is counted in the interior; shaped not unlike a Noah's ark, built of rough limestone from the escarpment, rafted, floored with stone, and opening from each end were smaller places—the double kitchen, storeroom for the kitchen, office, and a rough abutment used by the "hands" for their meals. This was furnished with benches and a rough-hewn table on an earthen floor swept and trodden hard and smooth. A large door, not unlike a church door, opened out to face the sleeping building. The newcomers were impressed almost to silence by the simple spaciousness of the place where Biddy had—incredibly—lived alone. Visitors were rare enough to be excitements.

Near the kitchen stood a double wire meat-house, through which the wind could blow, but which kept the blowflies baffled. Other buildings, storerooms, the half-castes' shacks, toolhouse, blacksmith shop, and such necessary adjuncts to the outback homestead, spread unevenly, but not untidily about, and the "yard" led down the slope to the complicated stockyards on the river bank. Andy's shack was near the stockyards.

The half-caste girls, Maggie and Lilla, with black, curly hair tied over with red handkerchiefs and comfortably-made print dresses and bare feet, were shy and grinningly eager to be noticed as the white folk made their tour of inspection. The children of Maggie and Lilla, big-eyed, abashed youngsters with shy, wide smiles and sudden head-duckings, lived in the shacks with their parents, the men being "properly" stockmen on the station. Beyond the tall, pale cliffs a quarter-mile from the buildings, above which frowned down a plateau edge, the western country spread its partly unknown miles towards Queensland. Before the cliffs the



blacks' camp lay, a huddled, muddled confusion of wurlies, dogs, dark humans, and litter. Nearly all the blacks were standing round the yards as the white folk arrived. The gabble was intense.

While the skirts of the "girls" swung like big bells in the fuss of getting luncheon, Biddy showed June and Sally their bedrooms. Don knew the place; he had automatically gone to "his" room, opening from the northern verandah. Two more rooms, therefore, stood empty in the block of six. Naptha lamps stood on the verandah tables; candles in the bedrooms. The wire kept out insect pests and admitted every breath of air. The novelty enchanted Sally, but June was aghast; her visualisations of station luxury had received a shock as she beheld the stark simplicity which panders to the needs and rigors of the climate.

"A transparent house," marvelled Sally, poking and prying. "I can't get over it. What do you do in wet weather when you want to go to the other place for meals?"

"Run," smiled Biddy, who felt like a showman. She dragged at some cords and rolled up the blinds in Sally's room, and the harsh light, queerly yellow, poured in to exhibit the furniture, mostly made by amateurs. June was swallowing a lump in her throat, but Biddy tried not to notice. "Packing-case dressing-tables," said Biddy to Sally, so that June would hear, "were made at home, but covered by cretonne, were quite serviceable." Every item of furniture had to come first to Oodnadatta by train, then go on camels out into the country for almost a week of lurching and swaying. "... and what good stuff we have come in pieces, and some was smashed on the way, so we depend for luxuries on town—when we go south."

June had lighted a cigarette. "It's awfully ... novel," she faltered. Where was the dance room, the radio, the big baronial dining-room of fictional station life? Biddy interpreted her thoughts. "Rich stations nearer civilisation are luxurious, June—but we are in the Never Never," she said. She smiled. "The bed is very comfy, we get books and magazines each mail, and the food is really quite good—considering droughts and being a thousand miles from the city."

"Yes, of course," said June, trying to smile. "It's all marvellous, but—but can't anyone in the other rooms hear every sound?"

"Every whisper," answered Biddy. "So don't talk in your sleep."

Sally was chuckling. "Tough luck, June, that you packed four evening frocks."

Biddy was now puckering her brows. "Kathleen Roche can have the room at the end, and David Roche the one behind it, but I wonder ... It's not a double room," said Biddy, staring at Sally.

"It's a room, isn't it?" said practical Sally. "And they'll soon be pushing on." She looked blank for a moment. "Biddy, I don't want to interfere, but you said you'd send the buggy and a spare horse out for them ... ?"

"Goodness," laughed Biddy. "Ten words with Andy fixed that up. Don's gone with him."

Sure enough, Don had gone, and the buggy was already over the river bed and on its way, two horses harnessed to it, one tied behind, towards the red-earth plain.

"Oh!" Sally gasped. "You think of everything!"

"I'm the boss!" returned Biddy. "I've got to." Then: "What about a bath each? Clean frocks, and we'll meet on the verandah here in half an hour. ... What's that, June?"

June was staring through double-wire walls towards the tower of rock rising from the pool. "I said—we're awfully near to it," she faltered. She was mildly apprehensive. "Isn't that the rock where the invisible horse gallops down?"

Biddy was all at once terse. "Blacks' superstition," she said. But Sally noticed that Biddy herself threw an uneasy, puzzled glance at the sombre-looking rock. It was the troubled look of one forced, in spite of logic and reason, to fear a little. "I've never heard the ghost yet," she said curtly. "Come on. I'll show you the bathroom and get clean towels."

**J**UST before the sun touched the horizon that evening, a listless little cavalcade wound its weary way round the lower house-bend of the Larapinta, within sight of the homestead. The bank of the river bed was steep there, and not unlike striped peppermint rock in appearance; it, and the tall, pale-trunked gums, the white sand, and the sunset glare, gave a curious theatricality to the scene. Sally spied the Roches' approach, buggy, sheep, dray, and blacks, and tore in to tell Biddy, who was sitting, worried and pale, before a pile of accounts in the office adjoining the big dining-room building. "Do stop being official and come out," begged Sally, wrenching off her felt hat and fanning herself. "And there's a perfect Babel in the kitchen. Willie is brandishing his knife and the girls are screaming at the cat. He looks as if he'll do murder."

Biddy slapped a ledger shut and smiled with difficulty. "That's our brand of kitchen excitement. To-day, with you and the Roches, is almost as good as a coronation to the servants. All right, I'm coming, but there's time."

Biddy was so eclipsed in spirit that Sally stared, her animation sobered. She did not know of the whispers, the looks, and the second-hand gossip heard that day by Biddy, who was waiting almost in dread for old Andy's return, to learn the real truth—Biddy took Sally's arm and thrust her own unhappy thoughts from her. The Roches must be thought of first. So the men had decided to travel the buggy with the sheep after all; talking to Roche, possibly, though Don was not obviously inclined towards that.

When Biddy saw the bleating sheep winding round the sunset-lighted chalk cliff, her depression was dispelled. In the river bed, the shadows falling, there was a breath of cool air. The last of the sun's rays, almost horizontal, painted everything scarlet—the sheep's wool, the white people, the horses, and the sand of the river bed. Everything glowed and burned in the lovely haze of departing day, and Biddy, as she saw David's lean figure, glowed also, and was startled by the sudden hastening of her pulses.

A group of aborigines, "hands" and camp blacks, hung round the soakage well, the windlass turning, the chains clanking, cool water gushing into the trough as they made ready for the thirsty sheep. A glance satisfied Biddy that the work was being done. Black figures, old and young, walked or ran down towards the sand.

The gabble rose and the bleating of the sheep sounded more poignant. Sally, for some reason not defined by herself, abruptly left Biddy and strode away to join June, now strolling down from the house towards the animated scene in the sunset. Biddy walked on in the soft river sand, her cheeks alight, towards the tall, thin figure of David

Roche, staff in hand, wading forward through the squeaking looseness under his ragged shoes. The wheels of the dray creaked in anguish.

Slightly apart was the buggy, Kathleen, weary, and drooping, seated between Don and old Andy, who was shrinking shyly sideways in awe of a strange white girl's nearness. It was absurd, said Biddy to herself, as she tried to still her nervousness; she was like a girl going to her first ball. What a "bushy" she had become, and almost as agonised as Andy, who, nevertheless, wore an expression of aloof endurance instead of dislike. He had, for once, "taken to" strangers, and that, Biddy knew, was in the Roches' favor. Andy was shrewd, ruthless, and bitterly accurate when judging character.

Biddy had inherited much of her Cornish father's romantic appreciation of beauty, and poetry spilled from her mind as she faced the sheep. Thirst on its way to water; hunger and pain, to relief; loneliness, to home and company; and ... despair, to rescue. Biddy knew that all her life she would remember this hour.

A grey hush fell as, without a word, Biddy turned and strode through the sand with David, who, as the rock came into view, its top still glided in the lowering sunlight, stopped dead and drew a long breath of sudden pleasure. Then they walked on again, but Biddy was satisfied; he was not one of those people who spoiled lovely moments with words.

They stopped again only when the "hands," in shirts and trousers with colored hands round their felt hats, started managing the eager sheep at the trough.

"So this is ... Thunder Gap," said Roche, turning round slowly to take it all in, glance by glance, and then he looked Biddy full in the face and added a few more words. "And you are Thunder Gap," he said. "How small it makes me feel."

"Yes, I often feel that way," she answered, and looked at her own domain as with new vision.

"You know, of course, what this means to me—to us?"

"Perhaps I do."

"Not water, a horse, food, and friendliness alone," he told her, and waited.

"No, not only those. I know," she nodded. She did her best to feel natural, and look natural, in the swiftly dying light. "But I am inquisitive to know more—why you are here. Though I'm not so inquisitive as to ask—now. At the house we'll draw a map, and later, provide donkeys to go on with, for a horse would be no use in the country north of here. Not in this dry weather. Ten months of it now without rain. It ought soon to come—but not yet. The monsoonal clouds aren't showing, nor the humidity. ... I'll draw the map. I know every well, hole, and pool between here and the Alice."

"It's like a fairy-tale," he made an effort to say. "After ... recently."

"Luxury," she answered. "Is always comparative."

"Yes, that is so. By Jove, eh, Thunder Gap. Monsoonal storms. I bet they romp through here. In the path of the thunder, eh? You live in the path of the thunder, on the very tracks of old Thor. Something grand—stupendous about that. 'Supernal roads.' ... In the path of the thunder."

"She asked in a curious tone: 'But don't you think I ought to live in town ... play bridge, go to parties, dances, races, dinners, and dress up in grand clothes. ... ?' Her heart thudded as she waited, and the bleating of the flock, the splash of water, the gabbling of voices mingled with his slow answer as he turned a long glance on Biddy and spoke.



"No more," he said curtly, "than that splendid rock ought to be draped by ferns in Fitzroy Gardens or Hyde Park."

"Oh, I just wondered . . ." she said lamely.

He smiled and understood. "Some of us have a curious conception of life," he said. "You have your stage, Miss Treloar, and you move on it very appropriately."

"Not . . . Miss Treloar," she insisted. "This is an unfenced country and surnames are . . . stiff, like fences."

"Then . . . Biddy," he agreed, while his quiet glance thanked her for the privilege. At once he saved himself from presumption by again looking at the rock, dark and sombre now. "No drama could do justice to your life in the path of the thunder."

"I know one drama that has," she informed him. And as he stared quickly she went on: "Your drama . . . of the dust."

THAT night, with the sheep in the stockyards, and a long male conversation over, the men prepared themselves for dinner, and Biddy felt her breath leave her body as she saw David Roche without his stubble, rags, and broken shoes. Although Don's clothes were too large for David, they were comfortable, and laundered freshly. David felt most shy in wearing a white silk shirt, cream flannels, and white sandshoes, after months of filth and dust and toiling with no thought of appearance. He had shaved; someone had cut his hair, and though his skin was peeling in places and like mahogany in others, he was spick and span. He looked five years younger with the ragged moustache clipped severely to a mere splash on his lip. A tight belt, accentuating his incredible thinness, held the borrowed flannels to his hips. He looked chiselled, said Biddy to herself, against Don's ruddy fullness of face, and broad, fleshy build: Don looked moulded into shape, while David was chiselled.

Biddy, too, had been busy all afternoon in the kitchen inspecting the larder, issuing orders, planning a dinner, sorting out fresh linen and towels, and seeing to Kathleen, who now lay in one of the spare rooms, wallowing, as she said later, in such comfort that she felt as if she were in heaven.

Don, at dinner, played the part of Mine Host with conscious pride, his air of possession, over house and Biddy, being amusing to most of the others. June had seized one opportunity for wearing a pretty pale green evening frock, which was not inappropriate. Biddy had on a lacy voile which was old-fashioned years ago, but soft, fresh, and cool to look at.

Sally had few clothes to her name; she wore a faded muslin and felt indecent after days in hard riding clothes.

The caste girls, half-giggling, half-awed by such a rush of visitors, excelled themselves when serving, though they occasionally forgot to join in with the conversation concerning the tracks north of the Gap—to be squeezed immediately by Biddy and back out of the kitchen not unimpressed. Willie had flourished cook-book, knives, can-opener, and inspiration in the importance of his art, and nobody could complain. Don carved a huge rib of beef. Biddy served vegetables. Sally handed the sauce and gravy jugs round, and the fruit, canned cream whipped with sugar, pineapple junks, and savories—Willie's secrets—made the meal a success.

Don was arranging pepper-pot, castors, spoons, sugar bowls, and cream jug to represent a map of the country north, as the girls brought in the black coffee. Biddy sat back and let him show his knowledge. David was

frowning, thoughtful, and interested as he asked questions. The three girls smoked in silence and thought their own individual thoughts. . . . and there you have it, old man," Don was genial as mine host. "Follow that route and you're through, easy as winking."

David was seen suddenly to flush a deep red and sit back. The discomfort of his position was suddenly driven home to him; peniless, with not enough money even to buy a new shirt, and Pennington blithely mapping out a costly route of weeks' intricate travel! Biddy's quick mind took charge of the situation. "I think we've been topographical enough for one meal," she smiled. "Now let's be frivolous and enjoy our coffee. Talking of coffee . . ." and she turned to Sally, who got ready to pick up the cue; "You have to thank Sally for this excellent coffee, for the stuff I had here was more like muddy liquorice than anything else."

Sally launched forth into a humorous recital of the Den's collapse, and soon they were all laughing. Sally was enjoying herself. It was wonderful to be able to laugh at the smash which had knocked them both out in town, for now she realised she could laugh, and mean it. It was June who densely brought the conversation back to sheep, and presently the laughter died away.

Then Don presented the news which had given Biddy such deep distress that day: "Look here, you might as well know it, as the camp is gabbering and simmering with the gossip—two old blacks, an ancient and his wife, were murdered yesterday out by the well they had charge of. That's so, isn't it, Biddy?"

"It seems to be so," she said evenly, her eyes darkening.

David crushed out a cigarette and looked from one to another of the party. "I say, a vendetta, or what?"

"I can't understand it," faltered Biddy, who had liked the old couple now buried beneath the dirt with the cruel hot wind blowing over their crude graves.

"The blacks," Don persisted, holding the floor, "say they heard the invisible steed the night before the murder. So what do you make of that, Roche?"

More was told him; his expression became more keen. June set down her cup and looked nervously at the big, open door. Sally became tense and glanced at Biddy, who managed a difficult smile which did not reflect in her eyes; they were troubled.

"I don't know what to make of it," she said.

"Well," suggested Don, "it seems queer to me. And it's mighty funny that the blacks report this sound before the disasters occur, and after each report the disasters do occur. Dismal superstition and the supernatural. We're white folk and these times are not the Middle Ages. That leaves coincidence for us to cope with, and every time the confounded horse thunders down that track—nobody has ever seen it, mind you!—an accident does occur. You were away, Biddy, and each other time it has sounded you and Andy have been away—at least, out of hearing distance. Funny, to say the least of it. It almost seems arranged. Now, its sounded again—so the blacks say—and old Wingle and his gin are murdered by Far Well. And the blacks, as well as the 'castes, are getting restive."

Biddy was pale. "I liked old Wingle and his gin. Dear old things in their way. And, of course," she told David bitterly, "when they were speared—yes, they were speared—they couldn't draw water, and the cattle are lying dead round the well—famished."

Has anyone ever seen a famished creature lying down exhausted, lowing for

water . . . ? I have, lots of times, and once a newly-born calf nuzzling its dead mother . . . It's horrible."

"Speared," said Don, eagerly. "I didn't get that bit. Then blacks . . . ?"

"Not necessarily," Biddy told him without animation. "And there aren't any tracks the blacks about. Nor were any tracks found. Of course, the duststorm would have wiped them out, but . . . Boomerang searched and he'd have found something if a tribe had come in. I can't understand it, and that's the truth."

"Why don't you tell the police?" quavered June.

Don was mine host again. "We prefer to manage things ourselves, June, and the troopers would suspect the blacks . . . while we know of the mysterious circumstances . . . Oh, well, we'll do a bit of sleuthing ourselves, anyhow. Just as well I came up here, Biddy."

Sweetly she said, "Yes, wasn't it," and Sally choked in her coffee to set the cup down with a little clash.

"Biddy," Don ordered, and made her grey eyes smoulder. "You see that the 'castes don't get panicky. I'll look into the actual affair to-morrow."

A long look was exchanged between David and Biddy, without either face moving a muscle, and somehow she felt better.

"It's kurdaitcha to the blacks," she said calmly.

"What on earth is kurd . . . what you said?" asked Sally.

"Kurdaitcha! Oh, it's a word the blacks use, meaning anything supernatural, mysterious, or not to be accounted for. Anything spooky, neither fish, flesh, nor good red herring . . . not anything else with substance or form. Bone-pointing is kurdaitcha, and death-spells, and all other magic. And they believe in it, too."

David nodded. He had experienced a little of the "kurdaitcha" belief on his long trek, with the gin and her man in stubborn moments. "In an age of television, wireless, carbons, and proteins, a ghost does take a lot of swallowing, but the aborigines are primitives. Even I know it would take more than a lancet to cut out the beliefs of the abos."

LANCET! thought Biddy. Most men would have said "razor." "Impressed!" murmured Sally. "But unenlightened! Well, I'm getting more glad every moment I came here. And you, June, talked about the dullness of the Never-never. It's not only better than a mystery film; we're taking part in a real one."

In a long silence David spoke, intensely, and looked at Don. "By Jove, Pennington, I'd give a lot to be in your shoes."

Without intention, the significance of that remark had suddenly become personal. The same thought leaped to life in Don and Biddy, and she felt hideously awkward. Don made a grimace which was almost a sneer, to "put her in her place," she knew, and addressed Roche. "Yes, I dare say you would, old man—but you're not in my shoes, eh?" And as if by accident Don turned to Biddy. "More coffee, Biddy, if you'll summon the girls."

Sally made a dry remark. "Why not summon them yourself, O Nabob. Or won't they obey your orders?" And she snuffed.

"I think," said Biddy, slipping from her chair, "I'll go and see how Kathleen is faring. Take your cups to the lawn, you others, if you can face the wogs—or to the verandah, which is wog-proof, and I'll join you later."

In her fragile, old dinner frock she went out, a tall, slender, proud young figure melting quickly into the blue gloom of the out-of-doors. Both Don and David watched



her go, and Sally, in silence, chuckled as if at a joke beyond compare.

Poor Biddy! She had, now, something far more real than a problematical ghost to deal with. And perhaps it was just as well David was going on to-morrow. Frustrate love hurt—and hurt—and kept on hurting, and if those two weren't already half in that condition, Sally would eat her hat. Her heart suddenly ached; she hoped not; she did hope not. Biddy deserved something better and happier than to love a married man.

**K**ATHLEEN lay against three showy pillows, thin, brown hands folded blissfully outside the sheet covering her small form. She looked like a child grown up a little, with her soft hair, still damp, curling round her face, and her brown eyes sweet with content. One of the old lubras employed at odd jobs round bathroom and laundry had bathed the "little missus" in a big tub, and powdered her as white people liked, then clad her in a nightgown of Biddy's, which had been much too large, but soft and cool against her flesh. Now, with a muslin wrap round her shoulders, she lay, her mouth peaceful, her eyes free of the hunted, starved-cat look which had worried Biddy desperately. The girl's body beneath the sheet was thin with privation, but Biddy could not help smiling at the ecstatic pal Kathie gave the bed. "Joy!" she murmured.

A used tray testified to the recent meal, enjoyed, lingered over, to the last crumb and scrap. Biddy sat on the edge of the bed. "Still awake? How do you feel?"

"Too gorgeous to want to sleep in case I miss a bit of this joy."

Biddy's heart tightened. "And the foot?" she asked.

"Lovely"

"And the sore skin?"

"Lovely. It's all lovely. It's worth all that hell to find this heaven. But . . . I would like to see David presently. The stich has broken, Biddy, if you don't mind," came the funny little apology, at which Biddy laughed with her throat aching as if she would rather weep. She patted the bed as if to comfort Kathie, and said she would send David in after he'd finished his coffee. "The foot, Kathie! Are you sure it's not infected?" she asked in sudden concern.

"David will know. He—" Kathie broke off and replaced her intended words. "He . . . is good at this sort of thing. No, it's not infected. At first it throbbled right up, with a red line in my groin, but it went off. . . . You see, he had to lance the place on the instep where it was, and the dirt got in because there was nothing clean and no clean water to wash even a handkerchief in." She giggled feebly. "And no handkerchiefs left, either. Oh, dear, oh, dear!"

Biddy winced, knowing all that had been endured like a nightmare to both young people. "What did he lance it with?"

"A meat knife," said Kathie, hysteria again diverted. "He sharpened it on a rock and boiled it."

"The women up here don't find things so easy, do they?" said Biddy, feeling years older than the girl in the bed. "But we manage, somehow," she added, and got to her feet. "And so did you, obviously. You'll make a good bushman, Kathie."

"I think I'll write a book about it," said Kathie.

Biddy was eager. "Oh, do you write?"

"No," sighed the other. "Isn't it a waste?"

And Biddy went out laughing softly. She

was thinking swiftly, and had been while talking to Kathie. Giving the message to David as the party came up the steps without their coffee cups, Biddy walked beside him to the spitting naphtha lamp well away from the transparent walls of Kathie's room.

"David, I hope you'll see the wisdom of a suggestion I'm going to make," she said in urgent, soft tones. "Wouldn't you feel more at peace with . . . things generally if Kathie rested safely here while you go on to the Block and prepare for her."

"You'd have to build a shack, find a place to sink a well, and camp while you do that . . . ? You'll take weeks and weeks going north with sheep." (He smiled at the cattle-country girl's scorn of the sheep). "Then, when you send back the boy whom I'll lend you, Kathie, Sally, June if she wants to, and myself will make a luxury trek north and pay you a visit. The rains will have come before then, and we can travel easily with horses. We can make a jaunt of it, she'll be restored in health, and you'll be easier in mind knowing that. Unless, of course, you must have her with you—?"

"No, of course not," he said promptly, then covered his apparent eagerness by adding an uneasy remark: "What can I say?" he asked. "You offer all that as if it were a cup of tea. It's . . . stupendous."

Biddy laughed, uneasy too. "Call it an old Inland custom," she said. "We really don't count such things up here. Please forget the social, conventional side of things, for they're so out of place. Would you—? I mean, does it appeal to you?"

David swallowed. "I can't refuse, Biddy, for Kathie's sake. Appeal to me—! Good Lord, she'll be safe."

"Well—then—" Biddy felt herself flushing. "Then that's fixed. These things are nothing to us, really: just part of our daily lives."

"Part of your daily lives," he repeated, then, without another word, went swiftly towards Kathie's candle-light room, whose walls were made of fly-wire.

Later, he stood silent and alone in the vast blue dimness of the star-lit open, breathing in the sweetness of the Inland night. He stood still, a cigarette smouldering in his fingers, and watched the void of the silvered sky. The others were preparing their late coffee before retiring; he had escaped for a moment of solitariness that he needed. One hand lifted slowly to thrust back his dark hair, then drag down in a characteristic gesture over his face. Then he braced himself, sighed as though his lungs were bursting, altered his expression to a set calm, and sauntered towards the verandah, glowing softly like a monstrous oblong moon in the dim blueness.

To-morrow he had to go on—alone!

Don lay in a planter's chair, his legs along the adjustable frame, when David entered in his quiet manner and walked towards the group. The girls were pouring coffee, cafeteria-fashion, round a table against one wire wall. Don, as was his habit, lay waiting to be served; David, as part of instinct, part of early home training, took the cups and passed them round—even to Don, with a sarcastic flourish, and: "O-Sustant! thy poison!" Whereupon Don, flushing, hastily mumbled something and got to his feet. "Too late now," called Sally, who had not missed the little bit of by-play. And Don grumpily settled again, carefully, cup in hand. Kathie had at last given in to the deeper peace of healthy sleep, so everyone spoke softly as conversation recommenced.

"I've not enjoyed an evening so much in memory," said David, as if he had to say it.

He had to; the glow of contentment warmed his thin face; his pleasure was written all over him. "And not," he added, stirring his coffee, "even a radio to spoil it all."

Sally chuckled and ducked her head. Only that evening Don had been lecturing Biddy dictatorially, telling her how idiotic it was of her to cut herself off entirely from civilisation by not investing in a wireless.

A gaffe, thought David, sensing the sudden presence of controversy; what brick have I dropped? Don told him by growling something about being marooned without the radio, and he'd dashed well give her one if she wouldn't buy one, if only for his own comfort while at the station. Sally said, "Yes, he could hear all the race results then," and he, innocently, said "Rather."

"And I," smiled Biddy to the ceiling from her deck-chair where she lay almost flat. "I could discover just whether hats favor the Tyrol or the Chinese coolie this year, and whether frills are worn down the front or back. So vital a matter is imperative on an outback station." She looked hard at her fiancé. "It would be rattled to pieces by the time it got here—like that one the Curtises of Windoojya bought."

"That was easily settled," said Don, who met the Curtises yearly in town. "That fellow Burden from Red Bend fixed it for them. I'd like to know more about that blighter," he added, reflecting for a moment.

"Well, I wouldn't," answered Biddy. "He makes me think of a weasel, and his sort never come inland unless the towns don't want them." To David she elucidated. "He's quite a nasty bit of work, David. Months ago he arrived mysteriously at Red Bend and hung about drinking himself broke—then in debt—then he had D.T.'s, and went berserk. Randall locked him up in a shack until he recovered, then set him to work in the blacksmith's shop to pay his debts. I suppose John found the man valuable, for he stayed on and on and became part of the place. He's really clever with his hands. Those who have cars, radios, or any other mechanism that needs repairing send for him—often hundreds of miles."

"Queer customers drift up this way occasionally, I assume?" said David.

Don could not resist a stabbing glance at the other man. "Yes, occasionally," he drawled. "It's traditionally a good burial ground for dead pasta."

Biddy caught her breath and felt a wave of anger run over her. How could he? For a moment she hated Don.

But David was speaking. "Quite," he replied with equal smoothness. "And traditionally a good breeding-ground for fresh endeavor and new hope, what?"

His innocent glance wandered round, but Biddy had already learned to appreciate David's simple moments, knowing them to camouflage something not simple at all.

**D**AVID was not, after all, to move on next day. Andy pointed out the inescapable repairs which must be done to the dray before it could safely be used again for such a toilsome journey. David welcomed the respite. One day made no difference, except that it would give him stronger, more hurtful, yet more beautiful memories to take on with him for comfort in the lonely nights by plain, waterhole, and mountain gap.

Everyone was busy through the daylight hours, meeting at meal-times, or drifting to and from one another's tasks. Don became more annoyed as time went on, to notice how Biddy adroitly prevented intimate conversation, and his vanity was assaulted. And, incredible, fantastic, tragic as it was to say in words, she knew why.



she could not endure Don's love-making. She and David! The recent two days had cut the past off from the future, giving her no past, and no future, and only a startling present. So, worried, she went that night to the kitchen and made this evening inspection from necessity, as the castles were dutiful only when watched and reprimanded for slackness. The iron of the range still reflected heat; the room smelled of cooked meats and pastries; one girl's apron lay on the floor, and Biddy picked it up with a sigh. Two cats raced out as she entered. A tub of dough—bread "set" for rising—lay covered by a blanket by the stove. The place, for once, was scrubbed, tidy, and the window opening to the outer room was obediently closed and locked for the night. Biddy started as a sound came from the doorway opening to the dining-room, and saw Don entering.

"I've not had a chance for a word with you since getting home," he grumbled, sitting on a corner of the big table. "And not much chance on the trek. I'm sick of being treated like a school kid. And to-day when I kissed you anyone would have thought it an insult—by the way you wriggled. What's wrong, Biddy?"

A passionate loneliness swept over her. "We've been strangers for so long, Don."

"It's not that," he said sharply. "It's that fellow over there."

Her head lifted.

"You needn't put on that saintly look. I've eyes in my head."

"You sound jealous," said Biddy, sympathetically. "All right, Biddy," Don was coming nearer. "Let it go at that, I—can't complain actually of Roche. Jealousy, if you like. Look here, when you're my wife . . ."

She broke in again: "Women aren't possessed any more, like tables and chairs. If I marry you I'll still have my friends, even if one of them does look at me," she added in sudden irony.

Abruptly Don seized her and swung her round to face him. "Look here, Biddy, people aren't angels any more, and marriage has slipped a bit. You'll be careful who are your friends when you marry me, see? I . . . couldn't stand it," he muttered, all at once abashed by the glare she gave him. "And I know the world. One means to be innocent, but somehow it doesn't keep up. I know there's nothing wrong between you two, but I can't bear thinking about it. That's all," he ended feebly, her glare not having abated. She shook her arms free.

"Let me go; we speak different languages."

"Biddy, I want you, do you hear. I'm starved for the need of you. I've wanted to kiss and hold you ever since we met at the Cedina. You're driving me crazy, do you hear?"

Biddy felt frantic.

"Don, I—can't suddenly start where we left off, that's all. It was so long ago. Don't force me," she cried in a tone that warned him against his own instincts.

"All right," he muttered, shakily taking out cigarettes and offering her one. She took it, to still the nervousness of her hands. "I'll go carefully. I suppose it does take a bit of getting used to—after three years."

Relief flooded her with courage again—and anger. "It's not my fault," she cried, glad to be able to say it. "I implored you to come when Dad died—and help me, with all those things happening. I wanted to lean on you a bit—afraid with Dad gone and so much to be responsible for. But you had race meetings to go to, or your sister wouldn't come. So wait turned to loneliness, and loneliness to renunciation, and I learned to do without you. Had you come when I asked you, we'd have been married now—and we'd

never have met the Roches," she added, therefore betraying more than she wished to. "Just wait, Don. I can't explain. Just wait."

"Pretty shoddy reward for coming so far," he laughed ruefully.

"We share that," she said, breathing unevenly.

"Yes, I suppose we do." For the time he had lost, and was wise enough to know it. "Listen . . . Biddy, would you marry me on your terms, if I stayed here with you, I mean?"

Instead of answering she turned away and to his dismay he saw that she was weeping.

"I say, old thing, don't howl."

She was not weeping, after all, but choking in laughter more bitter than tears. "I'm not . . . I'm not . . . Oh, isn't life just wonderful," she choked, and thrusting past him, went speeding out into the night.

DAVID was to leave after early luncheon; he would, by timing the start like that, arrive at his first camping place towards evening, where there was water. The whole of the next day would then carry him to another spot where a soakage could be dug, and Biddy was providing him with water-drums in the dray, and these would be saved for the barren reaches devoid of any moisture. Boomerang, a powerful, full-blooded aborigine, faithful and gentle, and clever in bushcraft, was going on the long trek northward with David. They were taking donkeys, which now were being got ready down by the woodpile.

Kathleen was delighted to know that if she sat propped up by pillows, with her canvas blind rolled up, she could see a sketchy picture of the scene that was to occur in the stockyards down the slope. In the morning light she looked as frail as alabaster—but the alabaster was lighted from within by her own natural love of life and living. Her eyes were like brown holes in her thin face.

David knew a strange dread which was normal enough; he possessed no money, and Biddy, in the way that seemed to be natural with her—and perhaps most inlanders, but he did not know that—was planning an "outfit," including clothes, food, tools, harness, and all the accessories for the many weeks' journeying on a round-about route (to take in all possible watering places, which were few) towards the McDonnell Ranges. He smarted with embarrassment, yet glowed with relief, and hated both feelings while shrinking from having to accept so much with his brain empty of how to respond. For the time, however, they were to think only of Diabolo, the unbroken horse which Biddy provided.

The blacks were coming from the camp, the castles and Willie from the house, and the white folk, excepting Kathleen, were round or on the thick rails of the stockyard, from where a fine view could be obtained.

Two "hands" were almost as tensely prepared as the horse, now standing blindfolded, shaking, rigidly straining back as one boy gingerly fixed the bridle in readiness to slip in the bit, while the other boy tossed sacking over the beast's back, accustoming him a trifle to the unfamiliar shock, before the saddle should be whipped on and fastened like lightning. Snorting, quivering, but blindfolded and partly at the mercy of the humans, Diabolo flinched back, plunged, reared, and escaped.

Several times the performance was repeated, until, in the flash of an eye, saddle,

bridle, Don, and the well-timed movements of the hands resulted in confusion for the horse. A weight was fastened to his back, but his sight was clear. . . . With the whites of his eyes showing, the great horse remained dazed for a second, then he plunged. . . .

Gasps, groans, cries, and murmurs sounded round the dust-clouded yard, in whose shrouds of smoke-like denseness the lurching, plunging, grunting, squealing figure of the red horse moved, Don like a limpet in the saddle. They saw his shirt become wet and stick in streaks to his body, his hat fallen and pounded under Diabolo's flashing hoofs, and they saw the horrible jerks which wrenched the rider's body, first backwards, then forwards. Diabolo "propped," he threw himself towards the rails, he leaped out sideways and backwards, and hurled himself to and fro in a frenzy of wild terror . . . and the crowd were now as if carved from inanimate stuff.

For hours it seemed to continue, a gleaming, manifestation of equine grace and spirit in control of the more cunning human power. The hush held only the uneven thudding of hoofs, and Don's unavoidable grunts. Suddenly the wickedness of the red horse took a more subtle turn; with a squeal he rose high, pawing the air with his forefeet, and through the dust cut a sharp cry of warning from Biddy. Look out!—!"

Don was ready. The chestnut crashed on his back in the stirred-up dirt, smashing the saddle beneath him, but Don, as the horse threw himself, slipped from the saddle and escaped the crash which would have disabled or killed him.

Diabolo stood trembling, head high, nostrils distended, as he thought he had won the battle. One of the hands ran for another saddle, and Don stood by white-lipped, his red-brown brows clamped down. The second contest resulted in a beating for the chestnut, for someone, at a cry from the rider, flung open the heavy stockyard gate, and Diabolo, seeing his opportunity, shot out as if from a cannon. Biddy slowly climbed down the rails. "He's in the sand now; that will take it out of him, and Don will bring him back almost docile." She called to Sally and June. "I've got a job indoors," and was gone, nodding towards David as she moved off. He followed.

"Pennington can ride," said David, walking beside Biddy to the storeroom. "Jove! that was worth seeing."

Meanwhile the two kitchen girls were following Biddy, their loud chatter penetrating the stillness while the red horse became a moving fleck along the white river sand.

"Diabolo altogether too wild," chanted one girl dolefully. "He kurna-kurna (bad) properly. Thinkum boss get properly head-ache, eh. Bobbun, bobbun, like potato in pot. Him too wild."

Her mate of the pans was of another mind. "You all time say boss him too wild. Pah! Boss he no too wild. Horse he too wild. Buckit—buckit—properly kurna."

"Not say boss he too wild. Diabolo he too wild," shrilled the first girl. And so it went on. Biddy turned to David, amusedly overhearing, and laughed. "They'll keep that up until bed-time. We make our own fun up here."

The couple went into the dimness of the large storeroom, unlocked by Biddy. David was profoundly uncomfortable as his companion, going behind a long, rough counter like a shopman about to make sales, proceeded to haul down dusty bundles of merchandise. David, thin, uneasy, embarrassed, sat fiddling with a cigarette on the other side of the counter, where a huge tea-bin lined with tin-foil made a nest.

Biddy turned. "You're slim," she said, measuring him with a glance, as if she did



not know every line of his agile figure. "And I'm broad, so these shirts ought to fit."

"Socks . . . pants . . . and boots. Andy uses these and I have plenty here—luckily. Elastic sides; keeps the dust out. A belt. Two belts. A hat?" She pulled down a wide-brimmed felt and fixed a colored band on it giving it a little pat. "This hat was . . . for my father. Double brim. African fashion, so you'll be spared sunstroke. Six khaki shirts and three pairs of khaki pants . . ." And Biddy paused, caught by his miserable air of unease.

"I—can't pay, Biddy."

"I know that, silly," was her smiling rejoinder. "But you can sign an L.O.U. Oh, David, don't spoil it all. It's only custom . . . convention . . . after all. Here is plenty, so please just take it as you would from a man. It's part of being a guest," she said, not very steadily. She went on with other bundles and dived into boxes and cans, trying not to see his pinched mouth and troubled eyes. "Sugar, flour, canned fruit and butter and . . . David!"

They were silent.

She broke the silence: "David, in all unusual circumstances one has to adjust. I know how you feel, but you must not, really. How could you go on without these necessities?"

An effort, and he seemed to overcome his awkwardness. He nodded, and without knowing what he did walked round the counter and took her hands in his. An immortal tune for a moment sang its wild song through them both, then the song was discord . . . "Biddy?"

It was an unexpressed query; an unvoiced confession, and a plea, in that one helpless word. Choking, she nodded, and withdrew her hands. "I know," she said in tones he hardly caught. "I—know."

"I'm—in a kind of trap," he confessed, running a hand up over his hair. "Surrounded by too much . . . Biddy! believe in me, will you. I've always known you—or that's how I feel." His voice broke to roughness. "I'm the sort of fool that can't endure hurting a woman. I'd rather be kicked. And if I've hurt you—then—I deserve more than kicking."

"It's a bitter-sweet hurt," she told him in blurred tones, drumming the counter with one hand. She looked up. "If we believe in destiny as a force, then you haven't hurt me. I haven't hurt myself, either. It just . . . is."

"Yes, it just is." David lifted her hands and kissed them, then was apparently his matter-of-fact self once more. "How shall we get this stuff out to the drag?"

Biddy moved from the counter. "I'll get it sent out and loaded for you." She bit her lips and paused in the doorway. "Bon voyage . . . if that will do? . . . and the best of luck. We are good friends," she faltered. "And always will be."

"Yes, that's something." She took command of herself in earnest when they were out in the dawning light of the yard. "I've prayed for rain so often recently that I hope it doesn't come and drown you. Be careful . . . but Boomerang will know, of course. You dare not get caught in the gorge if the river starts running, and if the storms come suddenly nobody can tell how the river will run. But Boomerang knows the weather and the country. But take care . . . Do take care."

It was vile of Don, thought Biddy, standing with her face pale with shock as, when David was about to depart, Don made a brief announcement not quite in accordance with fact:

"By the way, Roche—before you trek on—you might be interested to know that

Biddy has at last won the battle." Don's hand gripped Biddy's arm as if to silence any protests she might make. "Mere man has surrendered; I've agreed to stay on up here and help her lay the ghost . . ."

Sally's face was a picture of dismay; June smiled and said to herself, "Well, that washes me out of Don's life," and David forced a slow smile to his lips and offered the usual congratulations.

Biddy said nothing. What could she say? She had not turned Don down, and was still his fiancée. The long battle had been based only on who should give in—and he had.

THE day following David's departure made history in the old storeroom. Biddy could not rest, sleep properly, or idle about with books or magazines. She seemed to be possessed by a demon of energy—which Sally understood. Two years ago, she had tried to batter her tired body so that heartache might cease, but it didn't.

Biddy soon found, as the days went on, that there was no escape from the devouring heartache of missing one beloved; she admitted it frankly to herself, denying nothing. David—voice, manner, gentleness, clean-cut looks and sensitive mind—personified her secret idea of what a man ought to be—despite his human faults. And Don, to whom she was engaged, seemed like a clumsy club beside a rapier, as she tried to find similes with which to compare them.

Don, as time went on, became more possessive, more authoritative, and Biddy seemed not to mind; he was also useful in the buildings and round the place generally. A man's orders achieved quicker results, and even old Andy became affable with the young man he did not quite like. It was not Don Pennington Andy showed friendliness to, so much as Biddy's future husband and master of Thunder Gap.

The household settled down gradually into their characteristic niches. June had Don oil a sewing-machine stiff from lack of use, and set about manufacturing some simple, smart little frocks for Kathleen, now rising at midday to drift about happily doing nothing much but fuss with scraps of greenery or a flower or two, arrange cushions, sew, read, and write out scraps of poetry she found and wanted to keep. The storeroom was ransacked for fabrics until the old Afghan called on one of his periodical visits with van and goods.

Sally became a kind of under-housekeeper, to Biddy, there by relieving her of many tasks. She did the mending, the darning, and saw to the tea-trays—or saw that the girls disguised their crudity with linen and lace, and did not smash the best china when it was taken out. And she supervised the coffee-making until the girls were afraid not to make it perfectly.

On the night of the eleventh day after David's departure, the first sign of the approaching monsoon was observed—round, curly-edged puffball clouds filled with pale mauve lightning peeping over the gap at sunset and slow, distant kettle-drums of thunder rolling in the humid north. Each evening the clouds came, so flicker with lightning and spread with amazing rapidity into a grey roof that clouded out the stars.

The air was becoming noticeably more muggy; clothes becoming limper to the touch; the butter turning to oil, canned fruit growing mouldy if left overnight uneaten. June was the only one concerned by the threat of the storms. She was, as Sally said, like a cat on hot bricks, as soon as the

evening lightning showed, Kathleen, evidencing continually her easy-going, blithe nature, said she "didn't mind," and Biddy warmed to the brave little soul whose future was barren and unpromising as the lands to where she was later going. With physical misery over, Kathie seemed not to possess the power for worry, which, thought Biddy, was lucky for her.

One night, thirteen days after David had departed, the little group of four sat idling away a close evening on the western side of the verandah, from where, in the bright moonlight, the rock could clearly be seen and its steep track gleaming blue-white against the dimness. The lightning merely flickered; to-night the clouds had come late and the kettle-drums were silent. Biddy was turning the pages of a magazine, Don writing a letter by the hot naptha lamp, June making a scrap of underwear, and Kathleen doing nothing at all.

Suddenly June lifted her fair head and listened, tense. Her alarm was communicated to the others. Her blue eyes registered such blank horror that, despite herself Biddy felt her skin break out with goose flesh. "What . . . ?" she started to say, when her own eyes widened. Incredulously listening, she stood up stiffly, moved towards the wire and pressed her face against it. Down the rock-track, which was bare of all sign of figure, human or equine, came a slowly-gathering sound—a loud, unmistakable sound of a wildly galloping horse.

It was . . . There was a horse galloping down the track . . . The echoes, sharp as the sounds themselves, crashed over the still pool, reverberated from the rocks . . . Ghost-sounds could not make echoes. Biddy's heart thudded as if she had been toiling heavily uphill for hours. There was no movement or sound on the verandah, only the hissing lamp. The loud thundering of hoofs raced downwards . . . thickened at the base of the rock, and were muffled in the sand there, but . . . there was no figure of a horse, and the track was clearly lighted as if by an arc lamp. There was no other stony track within a quarter mile. Silence!

Then through the night-time stillness out of doors, a slow walling started. In the camp at the foot of the cliff the blacks were crying their fear for the kurdaitcha . . . Biddy swallowed, and turned a chalk-pale face on Don, who muttered something about everyone having gone mad.

All at once shock stirred them to blood-curdling nervousness as a thin scream cut through the air and June, holding out one hand with a scrap of pink silk in it, fainted and pitched forward to lay in a huddled heap on the floor.

"I HEARD it, and so did you," said June, sullenly at breakfast next morning. "And now what are we to expect?—if every time that awfulness sounds something horrible occurs. I tell you, Biddy, I can't bear it . . . I can't bear it . . ." She dropped her fork. "Those two old blacks were murdered last time . . ."

"June!" cried Don gruffly. "Hold on to yourself. You're safe. Nothing will happen. For Heaven's sake don't turn us demented. The thing was a trick . . . a trick of the thunder in the rocks. Don't be crazy."

They all knew it was no trick of thunder in the rocks, for there had been no thunder. Kathleen, in the disturbance electrifying the house, had also risen for breakfast, and was eating fried eggs and sweetbreads with apparent calm, though she was pale. All at once she put a finger on a raw nerve in Biddy's mind. "I hope it doesn't presage danger for David . . ." and was silent, for her voice had uttered the very thought her brain refused to acknowledge.



Don, leaving the dining-room later with the girls, laid a hand on Biddy's shoulder. "Not letting the silly business get you down, are you, Biddy?"

"Of course not," she answered sharply, pale with strain. Something would happen if the legend were true—and what? "Of course not. It's a myth."

Her nerves were taut as stretched elastic. So, when Andy came to the house and called her out, she swallowed her sudden dread and went, expecting anything. His hairy old face was like a walnut in his anxiety and concern for her. Hat in hand he pointed dramatically towards the north. The day was unusually hot, even for late November. "Didn't like to cause you worry, Biddy, but thought 'y' ought to take a look at that." And Andy nodded grimly towards the Gap, behind whose rough curves a prune-colored smudge lay on the sky. Biddy lifted a hand and pressed it to her throat. "Fire," she said thickly.

"I guessed you'd make it out as I did," drawled Andy, shooting a quick glance at her face. Shading her eyes, Biddy stared, then swung round. "Get two horses. We'll take a look from the ridge-top."

Within ten minutes, nothing said to the others, Biddy climbed on a sturdy bay beside Andy, loose-limbed on his favorite piebald. From the roof of the ridge, after the winding spiral track had been climbed, there was a superb view of the north, west, and east, and over the north and east the prune-colored haze lay thickest. Not dust, but fire—in the spinifex reaches where David would now be.

Andy was watching the girl he adored and saw enough on her face to make his old heart ache. "Aye, Biddy, the young feller'd be about over there." And Andy spat his misery and dread accurately to the harsh red earth of the baking ridge-top. "It's spinifex, Biddy, not bush; the fire'll sweep through like on a' them prairie fires in Ameriky."

"Yes," she nodded, anxiety puckering her brow. "Yes, but with sheep . . ." There were Boomerang there, said Andy, bent on consolation. "Yes," said Biddy. "Of course, Boomerang . . . But the sheep will be lost," she cried, and swung her horse round. Andy's last glance from the ridge-top to the blurred horizon was heavy with worry, and his old face was grave.

At near sunset the northern sky was a bronze and scarlet fury, the sky boiling upwards in vicious curls of dark brown smoke that spread out in a higher current of air. To the homestead, on the evening breeze, which was a mere stirring of warm air, came the acrid scent of far-off burning. Biddy went again to the ridge-top that night, on foot, as though, by staring with her heart afraid, into the distant lividness and glow, she could read what had happened David.

The others now understood, and Kathleen moved about with her eyes ready to fill and overflow at a word. Nobody slept well that night, and several times Biddy got up to hasten onto the verandah, listening . . . with nothing to hear.

She could have screamed with annoyance next forenoon when one of the girls ran in to say John Randall and his daughter were coming over the crossing. The heavy man with the curious blue-black tinge to his pallid face, his blue eyes narrowed, came in with Janice, his daughter. She was a sharp-voiced, shrewd, quick-minded child of twelve, used to horses and independence as was her father.

Janice had her own string of horses, like most children far inland, and knew how to ride them. A thirty-mile journey before midday meant nothing to her. She sat

devouring cake and scones, and drinking many cups of tea, with her gaze fixed on June. Never before had the half-wild child seen anyone so fragrantly lovely as the pale, fair girl, with soft golden curls and pink lips so ready to smile. Her pale green frock, with tucks from hem to waist, fascinated the youngster whose idea of finery was a white shirt instead of a colored one. June was not averse to this homage, and accepted it as her right.

It was not long before the air of anxiety at the Gap was explained. Randall bent forward, frowningly interested, and Janice scowled over another scone. Ghosts! A lot of rot. Randall spoke smoothly in his obvious effort to administer assurance and Biddy felt a little gratitude for a moment. He asked intelligent questions and received a variety of answers. Don had not yet put in an appearance. For this Biddy was thankful. The men were always ready to show their antagonism, and there was enough tension without that.

It was odd, thought Biddy, as the visit lengthened, that the more John tried to dismiss the ghost-theory, the more he seemed to alarm everyone. He was like a kindly nurse trying to tell a patient the pain was only imaginary when it was very real.

" . . . and," he added to one remark, "we must merely realise that coincidence repeated too often alarms most people. What could it be but coincidence?"

"Does coincidence gallop down tracks in the night?" asked Janice with a sniff. "If you ask me, it's a joke someone's playing."

This remark was more sound than any other, though spoiled of its logic somewhat because there was nobody feasible to play such tricks, nor any reason for it, and no means by which such a trick could be played.

Don entered then and the whole story was gone over again, the repetition driving Biddy almost to breaking point. She excused herself presently and drifted off, Sally following, but June, sweet and fragile stayed behind to widen her eyes as Randall talked and basked in the adoration of stricken Janice.

"That man," said Sally, "makes me think of slugs."

"It's just his way," answered Biddy. "But the idea of marrying him—" and Randall's hopes in that direction were settled in Biddy's short, mirthless laugh.

"Sally, he wants me to be scared," Biddy remarked a little later. "I can feel it in my bones."

"He wants Thunder Gap and hopes you'll get into a panic and sell out," grunted Sally.

Biddy's jawline set. "Well, I won't," she announced. "Not if the ghosts of all the dead come flocking and howling round the house . . . I'd rather give the Gap to the Mission, or blow it and the pool sky high with a ton of dynamite. I'd rather be dead than let that . . . slug have my father's place. So that's why he paid his seditious call, to watch me cringe in female terror and show my fear. Come on. We're going back, and I'm going to act as I never have before, and let him see how little I'm afraid. . . I'll laugh the ghost back into its den if it kills me."

The visitors did not remain to luncheon, as Randall vowed he had neglected work to do at Red Bend, and must return at once. He and the reluctant Janice rode off at one o'clock, the child's heart grieving to leave so quickly the atmosphere so strangely pleasing to her. June was lovely. Didn't he think so? asked the little girl. Oh yes, undoubtedly lovely, answered her father, and

recalled the fair girl's admiring glances with a shiver of pleasure. But he was thinking too much of other matters to dwell on his response to June's expert flattery.

Shock came to Biddy in the middle of the afternoon, when, screaming with excitement, Willie tore to the house and wrenched open the wire door to the verandah. The white girls were all resting in kimonos through the hottest part of the day. Tugging the sash of her thin gown tightly round her hips, Biddy hurried out, her lips moving in a wordless plea that nothing too dreadful had happened. A commotion sounded in the kitchen region, and to there she raced through the brazen sun-Chinese trotting behind.

She found Boomerang sprawled on a bench against the rough, greasy table of the room where the "hands" ate, and as she entered he lifted his drawn face. He was breathing heavily, his feet scarred and scorched, the legs of the lower part of his corduroy breeches burned, and the remains of them and his shirt in holes and tatters. A few swift words in Arundta, and Biddy had the gist of the story.

"Call Andy!" she ordered, then sharply queried the almost exhausted "boy" again. As she raced back to the other house she saw a donkey standing under a gum tree, head hanging, and it was almost collapsing also. A cry was stifled in Biddy's throat.

Andy was already hurrying towards the house, and met Biddy near the verandah steps. Within three minutes he had grasped the situation and made off with his skinny legs scuttling. Ten minutes after that, Biddy stood, in a frock, out with Andy by the stockyards where a buggy was being loaded with a mattress, oils, rags, food, water, and other needs for the journey to the blackened spinifex.

"I'll be back Toosday, lass," the old man said as he lifted the reins and a "boy" clambered up behind.

Biddy turned on listless feet to enter the house again and wait—just wait, until Tuesday.

Don had by now heard the story. He asked bluntly if Roche was much injured, and received a dull reply. Looking sharply at her drained face, he turned away and strode off, unable to show anger for fear the fellow was dead, afraid to remain lest he should display the jealousy he felt he had a right to feel. Biddy did not care; she went indoors to Kathleen's room, where in the softened light with the blinds down, she told the tale quickly, without embellishment. Kathleen seemed to withdraw into herself as if she shrank, and lay silent on her bed, not speaking. With a sigh that came from the depth of her lungs, Biddy went out.

To Sally she explained the whole thing without need for delicacy; Sally could always be depended upon not to cry or weep or make a fuss.

" . . . badly burned and can't move. The sheep are dead or dying, but the donkeys are safe. The dray got alight and there wasn't enough water to put it out. It's useless. The fire caught them where the spinifex meets a little scrub of gidgee, and . . . they were caught. David . . . David . . ." A dry sob prevented further disclosures. Sally, her throat working, pressed Biddy's arm and left her alone.

Sally tip-toed out of Biddy's presence and, when in the glare of the verandah, stood with hands clenched. The drama of the dust had ended in tragedy—of more than one kind.



All day on Tuesday Biddy's gaze kept sweeping the white sand of the river-crossing, where, if Andy had prophesied correctly, he would come through the gums before evening. The route to the open lands where the fire had been started led along the southern side of the escarpment; sheep, camels, and vehicles could not negotiate the rock-track which made the distance miles shorter for the more agile horse, and humans. So with the buggy Andy would cross the sand, and not come down the steep, winding, precipitous rock road.

After hours of gathering suspense which reached the point of anguish for Biddy as the day wore on, she at last saw a moving speck of tan and brown behind the pale-trunked gums. Soon the place was resounding to the cries of the 'castes and the blacks, and streams of them poured over from the camp. In a sleeveless white linen frock and big shady hat, Biddy went, with her heart in her mouth, towards the clear ground near the verandah where Andy drew in the horses. The room next to Kathleen's had been carefully prepared; old bed-sheets torn into strips for bandages, oils waiting, the bed itself laid first with an oil-sheet, then padded softly with old blankets and thin feather sheets. Boomerang had said enough of David's condition for the household to expect wreckage. And he had lain for two days in the heat, under a rough bough shelter erected by the black boy, on a mattress made of more boughs broken from a small tree which had escaped the fire. Water and food had been put beside him, but Biddy feared that David—as proved correct later—would not have been conscious enough to do more than grasp the water and sip it.

Four "hands" called by Andy carefully lifted the inert man, on the mattress, from the buggy-floor, and carried him, mattress and all, towards the house. Someone opened the verandah door; someone, the bedroom door, and Biddy went in to throw back the top sheet of the bed. Sally went with her Kathleen and June crept away to the fair girl's room, where they sat silently waiting, fear in their hearts and on their faces.

The work of mercy proceeded. Don, Biddy realised with a stab of relief, had not yet come in from a distant well to where he had ridden in the forenoon. She did not want Don there now. The two girls manipulated the sheet, the oils, old rags, and tossed heaps of burned and torn cloth from the helpless man's injured body to the floor. Neither girl spoke. Their hands worked in unison, in the swift care of necessity. Andy was a bushman; his ministrations had been kindly, but crude. A dozen times both Sally and Biddy winced, once Biddy gasping aloud, as shredded cloth pulled slowly away and brought loose skin with it. Tears splashed to her frock-front as, with infinite caution, she drew the charred boots from feet half-cooked.

White as death, Biddy knew her job over for the moment. She stood looking down at the piteous figure covered to the chin with the oil-stained sheet, then suddenly flinched away. She couldn't bear it—yet she had to. Sally's freckles stood out as she flickered an incredulous glance at the man, then at her friend. "How did he keep alive?" she whispered.

Biddy swallowed and shook her head; she didn't know. They watched for another moment; the unconscious man was breathing, and that was about all. No bones were broken, obviously in turning his helpless figure over to dress the plastered blisters on his back they had known him

free of other injuries—as though being half cooked alive were not enough, then to lie in the semi-shade without care or attention, and be jolted and jerked for nearly two days longer in the buggy. "He's wiry," whispered Sally, trying to give comfort. "Wiry and fit, and hardened by the long trek, or he must have . . . He'll pull through, Biddy."

"Will you sit here," asked Biddy, by way of reply. Sally nodded and the other girl sped out to find Andy and learn more. Andy was smoking, leaning on the stockyard rails, and frowning at Diabolo, now partly broken in.

Andy saw no reason for sparing Biddy the details of Roche's disaster. Suddenly she realised that the mysterious sounds on the rock that night had presaged trouble. For a moment she knew what panic felt like, but pulled herself together and went on questioning the old man. "Yess," agreed Andy presently, "if the young fellow'd got through this furr he'd pull through all right, with a bit a' nussin'. No bones bruk; tough as wire for all his skellington look, and plenty a' guts fer a newchum." "Yess, yess," said Biddy, her face strained and worn-looking under the shady hat. "But a doctor, Andy; if only we could get a doctor."

"'Twouldn't make no difference," Andy said and spat. He wagged his pipe at her. "Feedin', nussin', and dressin' them burnall fix 'im same as any doctor could. And this ain't no city. The young fellow'll be either dead or better by the time y' send fer and git a doctor, and I don't hold with doctors meself, anyways."

No, the bush managed without them, mostly, sighed Biddy, for one moment feeling that the wastes between the station and civilisation were greater than the spaces between the stars.

Biddy's next movement was to find Willie in his kitchen, and discuss nourishing broths and foods. There was no fresh cow's milk because of the extended dry weather, but a goat could be milked. Willy said he would make velly good broth from beef and chopped bones and boll them down to a jelly. One of the girls was sent out to milk a goat. Willie went to the meat-house with his murderous-looking knife, and Biddy to the storeroom to rake out an ancient tin of invalid's food.

Biddy was now at Roche's bedside again, Sally respectfully silent. Sally saw the look of anguished love Biddy gave the unconscious man as she bent over to look close into his face—and Sally's throat pained with emotion. "If only," Biddy breathed, watching David's closed eyes, "we could get a doctor?"

Sally stood up quickly as the sick man stirred and moaned. His lids flickered; his lips moved stiffly as if tasting something. "Not . . . doctor . . . now," came the thick murmur, and with another moan he lapsed into unconsciousness again.

"He heard you," Sally whispered. Biddy nodded, and hoped then that she could now give him something to drink—thin gruel to start with. Hope never dies until finally, her heart lifted a little. She turned to Sally with a lighter look on her face. "Watch, Sally, I'll be back at once with some gruel . . ."

A half-hour later the invalid sighed and moved his head from side to side. With patience and care they had managed to get a few spoonfuls of food between his lips. He had swallowed with an effort half stirring from his coma and sinking into it again. Biddy laid down the bowl and spoon, sighing as she moved the white table-napkin from beneath the stubby chin. She heard a sound and felt Sally's hand on her shoulder: "Biddy, don't mind me knowing.

I understand, I've been through something similar . . . and I know."

"Do you?" Biddy looked surprised and dazed both.

"Yess, I do. It's your business only, but I . . . do know. Though June says I know nothing about that sort of thing." She sniffed. "And a fat lot she'll ever know about it, anyway. She's not that sort. Coming out now, Biddy?"

Biddy shook her head. "I'll just sit here, for a while."

Sally went on with softened footsteps. Don came in that late afternoon to find the wire-walled house strangely hushed. Kathleen slipped out, hearing Don's unmistakable footsteps, and told him the news—with her eyes full of tears. Don did not know that the fire had caught the sheep in the narrow bush-filled pass; spiritus flame couldn't do much damage, he said gruffly, as it swept along like a high wind and was over in five minutes. He was hot, tired, and angry because a far-off well was useless, cattle lying famished, and dead or dying round the idle windlass, and the blacks in charge departed. Already he half-regretted his intention of sharing in the responsibility of the Gap, and knew much of his good money would be sunk into it before it paid again, if ever. Biddy was a stubborn young idiot, and now this fellow Roche was back again, to play the injured hero and sponge on Biddy.

Biddy came out. Quickly, in his jealousy, Don commenced a subdued tirade against her quibotic behavior that afternoon, she and Sally attending the stranger when old Andy and the girls could easily have done that much. He did not observe how Biddy's mouth tightened to a hard red line, and how her grey eyes glinted with disgust.

She checked his complaint by saying quietly, in a cold voice, that neither Andy nor the girls were capable of the infinite gentleness that had to be shown or David would have suffered more . . . every stuck scrap of rag had to be soaked off with oil," she cried thickly. "He's been grilled. His feet are . . . Go in and see him for yourself," she ordered, moving towards Roche's door and flinging it open. "Then perhaps you'll be a little kinder." This is the inland—not a city suburb."

Something compelled Don to sudden silence and obedience. He went, uncomfortable, into the sick man's room, and when beside the bed, stood staring down at the tortured face, twisted even in unconsciousness. Lifting the sheet, Don winced and dropped it again, standing for a moment to rub his chin.

He moved quietly out and faced Biddy on the verandah, and on his face was a strange expression of pity and chagrin. "Sorry," he said bluntly. "He's had a worse time than I imagined. What really happened?"

Biddy told him, sparing him none of the details, and presently, looking awkward, Don nodded and turned away, saying he would get a bath before dimmer.

**I** JOHN RANDALL and his gipsyish daughter rode over from Red Bend next day, presumably to gather the details of the disaster north.

Two incidents occurred during Randall's visit, both unimportant, but one provided a splutter of laughter, and the other a new discomfort.

Janice had entered the place with her heart-shaped face hot with excitement, her hand nursing a small parcel wrapped in grubby butter-muslin. She sidled towards June while the tea was being served, her fascination having held Janice fast. The gift was presented—June unwrapped the



bundle in growing apprehension, for it felt so odd! It felt like a small hot-water bag and . . . it moved.

A shrill scream rang out, startling everybody. June was on her feet, thrusting something from her, and stumbled backwards to fall into Randall's arms as he sat in a deck-chair. The gift was a small mountain-devil, a lizard-like creature the shape and size of a chameleon, but covered with lumps and spiny projections. In June's fright she did what months of acquaintance with Randall could not do; she lay in his arms too terrified to move, her hands grasping his shirt.

Then there was weak laughter, tears in her eyes. She lifted herself erect with Randall's amused assistance, nor was he eager to release her. Biddy saw a curious light in his milky-blue eyes as he let June move from his instinctive embrace. His smile was guarded, his eyes veiled by his lids, which, said Sally, were like a hawk's; they closed upwards as well as downwards.

"It's only a mountain-devil," gasped Janice, alarmed by the commotion she had caused in June. "You're a softy, aren't you?" she chided lovingly. "Come on out and we'll fix him."

Out in the open, Janice took a packet of sugar from her breeches pocket, and sprinkled it on the ground, then she extracted a length of thin string and stuck a stick into the hard earth. The devil was therefore tethered in scattered sugar, and presently the ants would come and he would eat them. June stared in fascinated dismay at the creature now her's, and listened to a careful list of instructions for the welfare of the "darling thing." "How . . . how perfectly marvelous," said June at last, resolving to give the horror to the servants. "And how wonderful of you to think of me."

They returned to the verandah, Janice ecstatic, and June still shuddering inwardly. The conversation had wandered away from and back to David's narrow escape. It was Biddy who asked abruptly: "As you seem to believe in the 'ghost' John, what makes you think it would want to kill and ruin David Roche?"

Randall's soft laugh was uncanny: "Are such malign influences respecters of persons, Biddy? And why do you assume that I 'believe' in the curious visitation?"

Sally spared Biddy an answer: "It seems to me that the ghost and the killer—if any—are the same person or thing."

"Would such a . . . er killer, be responsible for a grass fire?" asked the Red Bend owner. "Such fires are common at this time of the year."

"If there is such a person, he must be a madman," said Biddy, and to her dismay saw Randall's eyes narrow in terror.

"Dad, don't look like that?" cried the observant child.

He stirred uneasily: "It is not pleasant to imagine madness in the district," he muttered. A long glance of . . . was it entreaty? . . . moved Biddy to sudden pity.

"It's all right, John," she heard herself saying. "Everyone is afraid of the insane . . . but somehow we can't quite credit that, either."

Randall's gaze turned to Don: "By the way, Pennington," he laughed lightly. "The 'ghost' has been heard by Biddy only since your arrival. You're not turning a myth into an actuality in order to . . . at . . . coax Biddy south for good, are you?"

The inference sank in slowly. "What the devil do you mean?" said Don loudly. "If that's a joke it's in bad taste. And how the heck could I make an invisible horse thunder down that . . . Oh, Lord!" he laughed un-

easily. "Keep your jokes to yourself, Randall. I don't like them."

"Am I going mad, too?" asked Biddy of herself. The sounds did come after Don arrived. Could he play that wicked joke?

"Don't take any notice of Dad," whispered Janice, tugging Biddy's sleeve. "He's never happy unless he's tormenting something. I know all about that."

"Yes, no, I won't, of course," Biddy was oddly disturbed. She looked hard at Don's ruddy countenance, and back at Randall. Both men wanted her to leave the Gap—one to go south with him as his wife, and the other to buy the station.

Biddy blew out a long breath and gave it up. She had real things to think of.

NIGHT by night the monsoon crept closer, shattering the dark silence with detonating thunder, lightning flickering incessantly round the semi-metaliferous rocks of the Gap. The pool was lower, but would not entirely dry up, for it was a permanent waterhole, and the station's chief asset. Days became more sultry, nights more broodingly silent but for the slow kettle-drums of the distant thunder, and the closer reports.

The household had now formed the cheery habit of wheeling an old tea-wagon into David's room each afternoon. Don was now amiably disposed, though suspicious, and each night and morning helped the sick man with washing and changing of linen. David, coming back to consciousness, seemed to prefer Don's assistance, nor did Don object to the gasping orders and quick ejaculations as the agonising business was attended to.

Kathleen had adopted a funny little proprietary air over David, as she fussed round him and displayed her rights of possession. Her face was luminous with happiness, because he would live, but Biddy noticed the curious unemotional, almost impersonal love she had for him. It was odd, to notice that, but who could help it?—for the familiarity of husband and wife were noticeably a part of any married couple's closeness. Kathie, obviously, was one of those lucky or unlucky, people whose feelings were on the surface, whose worries were only skin-deep, and whose fears were non-existent the moment actual danger passed. So it had been when the duststorm threatened death; panic, hysteria, then relief and a little content.

It was David who worried deeply for the future, as Biddy knew, and who turned over and over in his mind the grim problem of finances and the next move to make after recovery was gained. Kathie, without any doubt, would always be cared for and protected by someone; she was made that way, and her kind were never left to fend for themselves. And she was David's responsibility, and he knew it.

Sally smiled bitterly to herself when noticing how Biddy, almost in surprise, took new interest in the clothes June liked making for her. Eternal feminine! For the first time in years Biddy was enjoying her power to look smartly attractive, for Roche's eyes, in the frocks June could so amazingly fashion out of the most unlikely materials. Homely, happier, friendly ways were the order of existence now, until, one day of excessive heat and humidity, came again the reminder of evil.

Soon after sunset the thundering of the galloping horse resounded through the stillness, causing the blacks to wail, the 'castes to gabble in fright in the kitchen, and the white people to brace their nerves to the shock. Far into the night, in David's room,

they sat over tea and talk, availing themselves nothing. Dread made Biddy shaky and sick as dawn came and the next day wore on endlessly; scorning herself for her abnormal fears, she was positive she had abnormal reason for them, and they were no longer to be thrust away.

Andy had been for three days out on the plains to inspect a distant well he feared would, by now, be dried up. He rode in two days after the galloping, and related a diabolical story to Biddy, who clenched her hands and felt surrounded by menace again. She asked dull questions. The story was simply told:

"I came to the well and found it all right, with the melon-patch flourishin' by the trough. Then I rode on up over the plateau to take a look at the mob there. There weren't no mob," he added briefly. "Someone had driven them like a maniac over the edge of that sheer limestone bank, like the Gaddertine swine in the Bible, it made me think, and there they lay, with the cursed crows and ants busy . . . and the stench werr thick enough to cut up with a knife."

"Driven over, Andy?" Biddy said, white with horror.

"Ay driven over, by some maniac. Stampeded 'em up on the plateau and driven 'em over and not a one could have landed and lived. Two hundred head a' cattle what would a' gone south in six weeks' time. Rottin' carcases with the ants eatin' 'em."

It was not the loss alone, which was serious enough, but the horror of the incident, that petrified Biddy.

"What are we to think?" she stammered.

"What can we think, Biddy?" asked Andy. Then: "I've sent Bill and Amos out to search the place, and if there's tracks, they'll find 'em. Somethin' yuman must a' done it, and if so there'll be tracks."

Hoof-marks, faint on the hard earth, was the report brought in later by the boys. But the madman, ghost, marauder, whoever or whatever had done the deed, had been cunning enough to end the tracks on a rocky ridge that led into a choked gully burned behind him . . . or it. The tracks had been lost where the plateau slipped back to the plain.

THEN again there was terror. David lifted his head one night from the pillow as a sharp scream, from the direction of June's room, cut the stillness of the thundery air. He had been soundly asleep, as they all discovered later, had everyone been but June, who swore the uncanny galloping had sounded down the rock-track. Her gift of imagination rendered the story a little less alarming, but fear stalked again.

"I did hear it, I tell you," shivered June, as she hugged her kimono more tightly round her. "I had indignation and couldn't get to sleep and then . . . it came. You all sleep like the dead," she sobbed, her nerves giving way. "And my blind was up for the air . . . I tell you I heard it."

David called, though he could hear everything, and they fled into his room. "Hysteria won't help," he said to June, "And it might have been cattle coming in."

June protested shrilly: "I know that sound . . . hard, flinty, echoing . . . and you know how the pool reflects each hoof-fall. I'm not hysterical. I heard it, I tell you." Wildly June turned to Biddy, and forgot her matrimonial intentions. "Biddy, I must go back to town—"

"There won't be another train from the Godna for ten days," came calmly. "You can go back if you like, though."



"This place!" June breathed fiercely, but the panic was dying down a little in the wholesome company of others.

"I'll make tea," said Sally, and slipped away.

Then Biddy caught at David's pillow and looked hard into his face. June had not imagined the sound; from the camp came a long-drawn wail, and the dogs barked to join in with the rising commotion there.

David nodded at Biddy, who felt immediate relief for no logical reason. His keen dark gaze held a challenge, and a promise that she could not understand. Sally then returned with a clanking tea-tray. Cigarettes were lighted.

Next day they knew what the warning could have presaged, for it had happened.

Old Andy was carried in from the foot of the escarpment, where two of the stock boys had found him, his horses bolted, the old man sprawled face down in the harsh sunlight, a gaping spear wound in his side.

In his bed, David heard the shrill cries. Biddy's swift call to Don—who was away down the river bed. She stood rigid on the verandah as David's door opened and he came stumbling out to cling to the doorpost while addressing her. The others were petrified as she—June, Sally, and Kathleen.

Gaunt and sallow, David hobbled in lurching movements towards Biddy, "What's this? Andy? Hurt? Where?"

Dazedly Biddy told him. Dazedly she saw the sick man tighten the cord of his dressing-gown and shuffle forward, walking awkwardly on the sides of his paining feet. She threw an agonised glance at the other girls and hastily seized David's arm. He clung to her for support, and they went in this fashion out into the sunlight and across the yard to Andy's shack, from whose doorway an awed crowd of dark folk drew back.

"Iodine," David said, after hastily examining the bleeding wound. "The medicine chest from the bath room . . . hot water, clean rags . . . Send for them, then close the door and help me."

The scent of the iodine, the steam of the water, and the blood would remain in Biddy's nostrils forever, she thought when her senses returned, and the memory of David's deft fingers working at the horrible wound near Andy's heart. Someone had thrown the spear expertly, to kill. David's scarred face was hawk-like with tenseness and anxiety as he worked with skilled hands but limited materials. Needs must! And Biddy clung to her consciousness only by saying: "Needs must," and doing David's crisp bidding. The sweat of pain and nausea hung in clammy beads on his forehead. He shook as he worked, but he finished the job—in time. The wound was closed and sewn together with the gut contained in the medicine chest no out-back home is ever without.

The "ghost" had struck again after being kind enough to sound its warning; this time cattle and old black folk were not enough; a white man, close and dear to Biddy, had to be struck down, and only David had saved him from positive death.

It was a nightmare, she decided, while she knew it could not be: a nightmare of sound, fear, mystery, horror and shock, out of which she would presently stir and see her familiar bedroom round her.

Biddy called loudly when the job was done, and Sally came running. Between them the two girls assisted David back to his room—a hideous struggle as his head reeled after the strain—and presently he

lay inert, wet through, but smiled with grim satisfaction in his exhaustion.

David now shared the centre of interest with Andy, and Kathleen looked strangely scared and guilty. Biddy sat watching David, and looking from his damp face to the iodine-stained hands still sore and scarred from his own disaster. How it must have hurt him, plunging the needle and thread and rags into that almost boiling, smarting water! She felt sick and tired.

The others stole out and Biddy remained. As though waiting to speak to her privately, David's heavy glance lifted to her face: "You were a dashed good nurse," he told her.

"And you . . . a dashed good doctor," she answered.

"The spear missed his heart by about an inch. He's lost a lot of blood. As I managed it to-day, I can take a look at him to-morrow. Well?" he smiled.

Biddy smiled also, but not happily. "I've wondered," she confessed. "You said 'lancet' the first night at dinner here. You were very knowledgeable about illness and things like that. Then Kathie—on the trek. You attended her foot. Other things, too, little things. David?"—but she could not shape her question with words.

He laid a hand on her fingers. "You've guessed it, Biddy. This country is teaching me a lot, and not only about endurance . . . If my former confreres knew of the operation this afternoon they'd prophesy every complication known to the medical dictionary. But old Andy will be all right. He's of the tough breed, in a country that makes the breed. I'm rather proud to have given a hand to him."

"You saved his . . ."

"Don't be feminine," David said. "Sentiment, eh? The chappies who brought him in did the greater part. His own wiry physique will do the rest."

"Very well, I'm not trying to make a hero of you, but how you can find anything good to say about the Never-Nevers, after what it's done to you, I just can't imagine."

"It didn't invite me here," he answered. "And self-invited guests must take what is given them."

"You are . . . a very welcome guest here, David."

"I know that, dear . . ." He altered his tone. "Of course I know it, bless you. Jove, eh!" he marvelled. "It's grand to be a spot of use to someone again."

Biddy's mind switched back to the "ghost." "David, what do you make of it—the galloping and the disasters? I've asked you before but you say so little."

"Perhaps I'm thinking more than I say," he suggested.

Her face showed interest. "You have a theory?"

"I wouldn't call it that. An idea, that's all, quite fantastic, but so is the whole affair."

"The 'warning' and the 'disaster,' are so consistently paired," she stated.

"Almost as if human agency were behind them, eh?"

"What do you mean?" she demanded. "You've thought of something. You suspect something . . . someone?"

"I suspect it's time to prescribe myself—and yourself—a spot of rest," he told her, determinedly closing his eyes. "Off you go until coffee time."

He opened his eyes suddenly: "Biddy, when the right time comes I'll tell you my story. Very ordinary in human blunder and frailty—but you ought to know it,

some time when the right day comes. Trust me, Biddy."

Biddy felt much lighter in heart that evening, despite Andy's trouble, though nothing had altered in any way, unless for the worse. One thing was positive. In some manner, after helping Andy, David had recovered a little of his natural optimism, and seemed less crushed by circumstance.

But the sense of being in a long, unending dream was stronger than ever before.

FOR weeks the nightly storms had rumbled and flickered with no relief by rain. Everyone's nerves were taut, the red tanks were almost empty, and the flies a torment outside the wired-in house. The mosquitoes had not yet bothered anyone much. That would happen after the deluge. It must come. It was the season, though delayed, and when it came . . . Biddy breathed deeply in anticipation, as if smelling the rich sweet scent of rain on dusty ground.

Andy was about again, his ribs bandaged, cursing under his breath for the accident of which he felt ashamed. He was amazed by the womanish tenderness of David's hands as they dressed and attended the hideous gash, nor did the young fellow, said Andy, make a female of himself by doing this job. The old man's respect for the amateur shepherd was obvious.

Sally's chief concern at the moment was round June, whose shallow mind and selfish disregard for others' feelings or dilemmas was commencing to break the Scotch girl's patience. Sally felt responsible for June's presence at the station, and any form of ungraciousness made her smart. "I'm sick to death of her ways," said Sally to Biddy. It was hard to voice, yet not a treachery to the fair girl. "And there's something queer. Look here, you do know where she sneaks off to, don't you, on those suddenly-entrancing long rides she takes?"

Serenely Biddy spoke the truth. Yes, she knew.

Sally sniffed, relieved by that, anyhow. "She thought she'd hooked Don, when David came back and Don played up and got sulky. Now you're still engaged"—Sally shrugged. "She's turned to Randall. Any man would do if he could provide for her. Well, she'd better watch her step with him. He wasn't born yesterday. Yet the fellow seems to fascinate her somehow. I dunno."

Biddy looked amused, but there was a hint of trouble in her difficult smile.

"She thinks he's rich," Sally nodded. "Of course, a station-owner must be rich. Pish! Selling oneself is pretty low. Not that Janice would mind having June as a step-mamma." Sally hooted with hurt laughter which suddenly shut off. "And ever since June fell into Randall's lap that day Janice gave her the mountain-devil, there's been something between them. I suppose," she added, rather too late, "it's none of my business."

A day or two later June consulted David professionally, asking him in some awkwardness—her "cold" was an embarrassment to her—if she was getting better. David went gravely about making the best examination he could in the circumstances, and wondered what had made her suddenly so anxious to be free of the threatened infection. From his own observations and her blank replies to his questions, he could inform her with truth that the inland air had done much for her. If she remained inland, and did not go back to the city, to late nights, dancing in thin frocks then cooling off in cold open air, smoking to excess, and getting up at midday, she had the best chance in the world of com-



pletely recovering her stamina. Her thanks were saccharine.

David narrowed his eyes as he recalled her slow smile of triumph when they finished their talk.

June had found her moral excuse for snatching at Randall should she manage to attract him sufficiently: not even Sally could blame her for wanting to marry an inlander when her life and health depended upon just that—or living in the interior.

Diminishing other means by which she could possibly live in the interior, Jane felt satisfied, and dwelled contentedly on Randall's increasing passion for her. Apart from regarding him as a financial life-line, it was like old times to see a man becoming agitated on her account. She had never before taken such exquisite care of her skin, teeth, and hands. When riding she wore a thin green gossamer dug out from the storeroom; thrown back it formed a pretty frame for her silky curls and fair face, when talking to John in the shadows where they met. He was, she noticed, more than willing to invent excuses for riding in the direction of the Gap without always calling at the house.

The subject had to arise among the household, and David turned it to his own advantage—for his own unspoken reasons. Wouldn't it be a good idea, he said so smoothly that Biddy lifted her head to stare, if they formed a party one day and paid a visit to Red Bend, thereby connecting the two places socially, as it were, for June's sake.

"Perhaps he'll throw a cocktail party," David added, smiling.

"Or throw a fit," said Sally. "But let us go; I'd be rather fun, and I'm bursting to see Red Bend."

Biddy nodded, velling her expression, and did not look at David. "Yes," she agreed. Why not?"

Later, Sally said David could not possibly ride all those miles; he was not strong enough.

"Buggy" was the response, and so the plan was settled.

**R**ANDALL was not surprised when the Thunder Gap buggy arrived, laden with humans, for long before its approach the blacks on the place had warned him of its coming. He greeted the visitors with suave warmth, and seemed delighted to see them. June was purposely very indifferent as she roamed round inspecting with Janice, who had claimed her at once, though the little girl was not to know of the dismay sinking June's spirits to depression. So this ramshackle, unhomely, unmarketable place was Red Bend, the home of a well-off station owner!

At the end of the crude building, divided into roughly partitioned rooms with stone floors, a long additional room had been erected for the barter to do with liquor. Janice took June in; it smelled of beer and other things. Barrels stood behind the counter, bottles along a shelf, and worn benches along the walls. "Don't mind it," said Janice with scorn. "It's a little goldmine, though it looks foul."

June brightened; a few months of duty in the inland, then many months of spending and fun in town. Once she had married him . . . Her blue eyes glittered and she squeezed Janice's arm. "I don't mind, darling, if you can put up with it."

The girl chuckled under her breath; she knew what June was up to, and she wanted it to happen. It would serve her father right, and they'd be two to one, and June could manage him all right. June would extract cash out of him all right, and per-

haps then she herself would be able to visit town like other girls and see something better than drinks, abos, and dust.

"It's funny what you can put up with," remarked the girl. "When it pays you to."

Now what did the precocious youngster mean by that? June wondered, even though she shared those sentiments.

June's heart thudded with sickly terror as she wandered round with the eager child Janice's tongue, when unfettered, rattled incessantly. Her adult knowledge of life white and black people, animals, weather and station routine was astounding. June paused once or twice when the small person's hand sought hers, then flickered carelessly away as if ashamed of "softness." June then knew that beneath Janice's hard exterior was a wistful hunger as in any young girl starved of congenial company. June had already, at the back of her mind, become Randall's wife, as she went round looking and peeping, and making adjustments and alterations, then pigeon-holing them mentally for the day when they could be carried out.

"Who was that?" asked June, stopping dead near the blacksmith's shop as she stared in dismay towards the door. A creased, sallow, narrow, and indescribably baleful face had appeared for a moment, then withdrawn itself. Oh, that, scoffed Janice with the scorn of her age and kind, that was only Jem Borden; he was, said Janice, a so-and-so, and managed to put into the hyphenated words more force than an oath. "Oh, dear," gasped June. She would not have that face on the place when she had charge.

The incongruous pair drifted indoors again, where they found Randall standing uneasily by while David, Biddy, Sally, Don and Kathleen lounged about in the room where Randall's not-unimportant library rested on rough shelves and in carpentered cases with glass doors.

David's innocent look was overspreading his features, so Biddy looked hard to see what he was really doing. Among the inevitably dusty books was one not dusty. It had fallen open naturally and, at the pages, he was staring with disguised interest, his mouth stupidly open.

"Jove, Randall," he announced, thrusting this book away and taking another at random. "You are a surprise packet. I'd not have taken you for a litterateur." The smile accompanying this was made more guileless by a slow addition. "It's an incongruity with horses, beer, and the vitality of this place generally."

Biddy, watching Randall, once again saw an odd look of appeal in his eyes, but it went in a second. For that second John had seemed to drop his pose of suave insolence and become frightened, anxious, and at bay. Then he was smooth-voiced again, his curious blue eyes narrowed. "There are many incongruities in the Territory, Roche."

Don strolled out with David then, to wander about, while Randall ushered the others into a small room behind the rough bar room. June was delighted when he went without a word to a clever little cabinet, produced the means for making a cocktail, and stood watching her over the busy shaker. "Another incongruity," he announced. "You like White Lady?"

Later, Janice whispered: "Dad's mushy as one thing on you, June. That's why he's pretending not to be."

June examined this piece of psychological altruism, and from that moment translated Randall's air of indifference towards her, as a kind of desire for hiding his real feelings. After all, he did know she liked a White Lady, and had mixed them all some. Any man who could mix cocktails was pos-

sible as a conquest and fancy him being so booky. She must read more.

Long after the visit was over, and the buggy rollicking homeward over the uneven plain, Biddy touched David's arm. "Well! Satisfied by your call?" she asked with subtlety.

"Almost," he said, smiling ahead of him. An imperceptible caution warned her to say no more then. She had no sign or signal, yet knew he did not wish to discuss his visit. A comfort stole through her, but why had everything to be so hurtful and difficult? So has frustrated love asked of itself all down through the ages.

Next day Don and David rode out at separate times, and Sally commented on this as she saw the smaller figure—the slighter David on a slighter horse, following, ten minutes after Don had left, the magnificent Diabolo.

"What do they think they're sleuthing?" asked Sally, holling with curiosity. "Or are they just tracking each other? They're like great kids. I don't believe men ever grow up."

"He's much better," said Biddy. Sally understood. "Yes, he must be, to go out into that inferno."

Biddy looked up. "Inferno! I'm used to this time of the year, but you, of course, must feel it. Sally, you do like it here, don't you, in spite of this kind of day?"

"Like it!" exploded Sally. "Ghosts, heat, and what-not, I'm alive for the first time in my life. It's elemental, real, vital. You've got time to read, think, and enjoy laziness. Little things achieve their true natural values. Unimportant things prove their unimportance. Why, I've learned what a lot we can do without—and what a lot I've done without, and never known it. Now, before I burst into verse, let me tell you something you can't do without—some new stockings."

"I'll send for some," promised Biddy with the station-dweller's casual lavishness of thought.

She thought, Stockings matter, but David and Kathleen must go on soon, as if David did not matter at all.

A silence fell, Sally's thoughts had turned to June. "Biddy!" she said, startling Biddy from her mental wanderings. "What about John Randall? I mean, I suppose he really is free to marry? No sticky secrets, wives tucked away, or anything like that?"

"No, to give the devil credit," admitted Biddy. "But he didn't treat his wife too well. She was, of course, a sensitive, easily-wounded little thing with an inferiority complex. He married her when on a trip to town, about fifteen years back. He's a queer fellow," Biddy analysed that queer-ness, then shrugged. "His love of tormenting kept her on tenderhooks; he started to dislike what he called her cowardice, and then scorned her utterly. It was sad. My father described her as a little mouse of a creature without an independent thought. She died, they say, from lack of wanting to live, and even Janice couldn't hold her. But that house, Sally! And no wonder Janice is such a little barbarian, half boy, half woman, with the wit of both. Did she tell you they've had eight governesses out there?" Biddy smiled. "Each one stayed only until money and time permitted her to catch the next train south. So Janice's education has been slightly . . . serialised. Of course, she devours all sorts of books by the ream. And if June thinks—if she thinks that by marrying John she'll wind him round her finger, she's making a pretty piteous mistake."

"Hm, you knew June only at school—but for this interval up here—but I've lived with her. I'll bet you a dollar to a grind-



stone that she'll find some means of getting her own way—if she pulls it off with John Randall." Sally raised her brows and Biddy followed her glance: "Look, there's Don coming back with David. They must have collided up on the ridge. Tea now, I suppose. I'll go."

"I'll go," Biddy said, rising. In the kitchen, when she crossed the furnace-like space to that region, an uproar was in progress. Willie was dancing with rage; the castles were quarrelling and refusing to peel potatoes, and the cats, locked in by the wire doors, were hiding anxiously under the large central table from the girls' too-agile elastic-aided boots. "Girls velly tying all time," shouted Willie in thin falsetto. "Willie kurna Chink," retorted the girls. Biddy, suffering from nerves and heat herself, issued sharp orders and the cats closed their eyes in sudden peace. Coward, she told herself, using a bribe as a means of restoring order, but unless some soothing process were used, the "ghost" might be the excuse by which the kitchen quarters would be deprived of its staff.

"I'm tired of their superstitious alarms," grumbled Biddy to Sally, who was sitting with Don and David now. "And house-keeping in town has its charms." She flung a look at Don who, sensing a small triumph, grinned—too soon. "For those," Biddy added sweetly, "who like cities."

A FEW nights later the thundering of hoofs was heard again, and the next day Boomerang came in to say someone had "blown up" the rock pool above the Gap. One waterhole less for the stock. Biddy was aghast, dazed, yet she knew something had to happen. The rock-bar had gone. They all rode out to look that afternoon, and stared disconsolately at the grim scene. Every pint of water was valuable now, with the rains still holding off. With the bar gone, the pool had emptied itself into the thirsty sand below, leaving rings of scum, dying reeds, and slimy weeds behind. Outside stood lowing, astonished that the smell of water did not break their thirst.

Biddy turned her horse away with her face stricken. "Come on," she said, and addressed Don. "Have someone drive these cattle down to the Gap hole," she said dully. "I suppose they'll dynamite that next."

"Ghosts don't use dynamite," said Don. "No." She turned to her fiancé. "Don, this settles it. I can't have you invest a penny in this place." She was riding a little ahead of the others now, with Pennington. "No matter what we do, you're not going to sink your money into . . . a haunted, doomed place. I won't let you."

"Does that mean that you're scared—at last?" he asked. "Of that you take this excuse to end the engagement?"

"Oh, please . . . I was thinking only of you."

"Perhaps you were," he admitted, his face losing its quick suspicion. "But what if I'm not scared and want to see it through?"

"I can't discuss it," she faltered. "I feel as if I'm cursed."

"Well, I like a gamble," he stated with truth. "And I'm dashed fond of you."

She turned a surprised look on him. "Fond of her." Now she came to think of it, he had not been so pressing with his attentions of late, had not kissed her, or seemed to wish for that. Fond of her! Well, that much was a relief, anyway. She flipped the reins and hastened her mount.

Don cantered after her. "I say, Biddy, what about Roche? How much longer is he going to stay here sponging on you?"

She flashed round. "Don't dare use that word."

"Confound it all, the fellow is penniless. He and Kathleen—though I don't blame her, poor little devil." For a moment Don reflected, then returned with a jerk to his subject, the horses cantering easily side by side. "He even owes you for the clothes he wears, cigarettes, food, the goods you advanced him for that trek . . . which failed. What the devil is the blighter going to do? Perch at the Gap for ever?"

Biddy was stiff with disgust. "I wish to heaven he could," she cried, and told Don everything.

"I see. So that's how it is. I thought so. Thanks for telling me." And he rode off.

Sally caught up. "What on earth happened to Don? I've never seen Diabolo travel like that before—except the day he was broken. What did you say?"

"Too much," confessed Biddy, giving the other girl a distracted glance. "I was furious. He said David was sponging."

"Oh-h-h! And I suppose Don isn't—though he has everything free, doesn't he, excepting his clothes. Even the best horse on the place. Don't be a chump."

Biddy brightened a trifle. "Goodness, yes, it is the same, essentially, but," she added in bitterness, "those with money don't sponge; only those without. Oh, it's all unfair, unjust, and I hate everything to-day."

One evening Biddy sprang from her chair with a cry of delight. "Listen . . . listen," she begged, and everyone sat tense. A faint patter sounded unevenly on the roof. She dropped her magazine and hastened to the verandah door, opening it to peer out, sniffing the air. "Rain . . . it's starting to rain."

The excitement spread—excitement only possible in a land where, for so many months, the grime of drought had desolated the earth. Nobody could see the rain, but the pitter-patter sounded, then stopped. A little breeze, warm and indolent, stirred the gums outside, and died away. Biddy listened for a few more minutes, then turned and shrugged: "False alarm! But it did try."

The dust drank the few fallen drops thirstily, and next day the dawn broke steely, livid, and dry as before.

Anti-climax came to depression that late evening, when Sally came running to Biddy with a scrap of paper in her fingers. "Read that," she glared. "If it's not the utter limit! I'm so ashamed of her that I'm boiling."

Biddy took the note with a long stare, then read the words written in June's childish hand-writing. The brief message was passed back without a word.

"Biddy, aren't you furious?"

"Not even that."

"But the discourtesy—after all you've done—"

"That doesn't matter."

But Biddy was hurt beneath her outward show of calm, and the note explained why. It read:—

Dear Biddy and Sally,—

I've gone out for a ride, and won't be back. Do you mind sending my things over to Red Bend? I didn't know how to explain to you, so this way is best. I know you don't approve of John, and that makes it harder.

The missionary is visiting the Bend this evening. John sent me a message and told me. It was in the case of ale he sent us. The ale is still in the dining-room. It's a good chance to get married, and I

want to. I'd do more than marry a man never to work again, and I might as well admit it. You know, anyhow. You have been very nice to me and I'm not ungrateful. Please understand. June.

"Nice to her," Sally jerked out. "Nice to her! Please send her things over. Don't approve of John. She'd commit murder to live for nothing. No wonder I could never make the Coffee Den pay! Ingratitude is a fault that even the blacks despise. Grateful to you! She doesn't know what it means." Sally caught Biddy's hand. "Come on and let's open some of that confounded ale . . . and drink to the couple's health and happiness. Health and happiness at Red Bend!"

The storm broke in spectacular splendour two evenings later, catching Kathleen and Don as they strolled towards the house after a ramble in the cool along the river bed. They had not taken much notice of the thundery warnings in the north, as each night the same thing happened with no result.

They were deep in intimate conversation, with their backs to the Gap, when a sudden vicious lightning-flash made them swing round. Then a detonating explosion of sound echoed round the rocks and an uncanny silence fell temporarily.

Don's complicated emotions towards Biddy had given him a craving for solace; Kathleen had been eager to provide the solace, for her small soul was bursting with adoration for Don, a secret that had ached within her for weeks. When he asked her to go for a stroll she had leaped with joy. Confidences followed, embarrassing him; he had confided also, and in the grip of emotional release they had wandered on . . .

Rivers of fire ran round them. Shock after shock of vibrating sound shook the sand beneath their feet. Cloud poured across the stars, and the rocks leaped in and out of the dazzle. Kathleen gasped and cried out, then stumbled. "My ankle . . . my ankle . . . Don swept her light form into his arms and struggled on through the sand. "Hell's let loose," he muttered.

"Don . . . I'm frightened." The thin cry close to his ear as she hung on made his blood race. The fury of the unleashed elements made his nerves tingle; with a great gasp he paused for a moment and pressed his lips to hers. The storm, the touch of her, the wildness all about them made him feel like a dog. The wail of the wind rose and screamed and the hard force of it pressed against him. Light exploded as sound burst over their heads. A splintering glare among the trees sent Don stumbling on again, self-preservation replacing the exhilaration of a moment before. One of the gums had been struck.

"I love you, Don . . ." gasped Kathleen, against his neck . . . "This is terrible . . . but I love you . . ."

He partly heard. Electricity ran riot everywhere, and now the rain was coming, like a million tide sounding in the distance. Closer it came, the thundering of the down-pour mingled with other thunder, and the pounding of Don's heart. They were whirled the last few yards like scraps of paper, to fall heavily against the wire door of the verandah, and enter with a lurch as somebody flung it open at his cry. In the din of falling rain, the crashing of the storm, Don and Kathleen faced the others, and they were both drenched and devoid of all color. Biddy saw only two people badly startled by a storm evil enough to startle anyone. "Go and change," she shouted, to make herself heard. "Change . . . I said . . . then come back. Oh, glorious, the rain at last." Out in the gloom, lightning-lit, spray



danced two feet high above the ground as the deluge gathered weight and force. For an hour it kept up until the deafening sound stilled even thinking, and then, slowly, at first imperceptibly, the deluge became just heavy rain, falling relentlessly without any promise of cessation. The earth was running with rivulets on their cheerful way to the riverbed, and the gutterings and down-pipes sang with the sweetest of sounds.

There was a hammering on the wire door-frame, and a shrill cry. Willie, under a gleaming mackintosh, was disclosed as Biddy opened the door. He bore a tray, very wet, and the tray bore cups, a covered basin, and two large thermos flasks. "Rain velly good," chanted Willie, who also was infected by the excitement. "Glost now down; velly good."

"I hope the ghost does drown," said Biddy under her breath, then, aloud: "Willie, you are an angel."

"Much," said Willie, and departed under his mackintosh.

During the height of his battle with Biddy, after Roche had roused jealousy and suspicion, Don had given way to a bad mood, and, before he thought the matter over properly, wrote a peremptory letter to his solicitor in the city. The camels of the mail-string were squatting out in the yard while the little Afghan driver took a meal, on his scheduled way south. The mailbag was about to be tied. Don rushed out and slipped the letter in and passed it from his mind for days. The mail went swaying on into the illimitable distances.

The letter south was a dictatorial order to the solicitor to discover all he could, payment no object, of David Roche, M.D., formerly of the City of Melbourne.

As the weeks went on, before an answer could possibly arrive, Don became aware of Kathleen's childish charm, which had much of the eternal woman in it, and his confusion deepened. Not brilliant, but possessed of natural shrewdness in many directions, he could not understand the subtle change his mind was undergoing, yet realised that his feelings for her were becoming less controllable. Then, while he was trying to puzzle this out, the answer came from the solicitor, with a long typewritten and dated missive enclosed, together with newspaper clippings from several papers of three States, one of the papers being of the lurid order that prefers sensationalism and innuendo. He was staggered to find his vague suspicions, based on jealousy and the Roche's incongruous appearance with the sheep, to be more than well-founded. "Phew-w-w," he whistled, in a long, surprised sound, then went, his eyes hard, to find Biddy, taking the clippings with him.

Because every sound in the wire house could be overheard, Don waited until he got Biddy alone in her office, where she sat, wretched and depressed, over a pile of accounts and ledgers. She looked up wearily and wondered what had put that look of grim triumph on Don's upturned face. He handed her the clippings without a word and sat on the corner of her desk to smoke while waiting; the clippings explained themselves.

Not a muscle of her face moved as she glanced down column after column. Don commenced to feel uncomfortable. It occurred to him that he might have done a rather mean thing, or so Biddy would judge it; women and girls were incomprehensible in their behaviour to, and in defence of, men—if they cared. At last she looked up,

her face stony, eyes hard with disgust. For a moment he thought the expression was for Roche, but was mistaken.

"What made you spy like this behind his back?" she asked.

"Hang it all, one can't spy in front of a fellow's face. You've been blind and deaf to fact, ever since you met the fellow. I guessed there was something fishy in a well-educated chap of his kind being on the road like a driver—and with a woman. She couldn't help it, poor little devil; she's the trustful, confiding sort, and hasn't the power to fight for herself. . . . Don broke off, knowing his tones warming in praise of Kathleen. "And, confound it Biddy! Don't libel a sense of protection as spying. That's pretty unfair."

"Unfair!" She swept a look over him as if she had never before seen him properly. "You say—unfair."

"Well," he blundered, getting from the desk. "I hope you're satisfied with your romantic hero of the dust."

"Yes," she said coolly. "Quite satisfied—with the man himself. Despite all this, I'm satisfied. Is David the first man to be co-respondent in a divorce case? Many of your friends think it quite a joke. You've made a joke of the same thing. . . ."

"This is different," he said, raising his voice. "It concerns you, my future wife."

"Your future wife!" Biddy said, half to herself, and surveyed him again. Suddenly she was on her feet, walking towards him, and something in her face made him back towards the door. "Your future wife, am I? You contemptible, spying, amug, self-satisfied coward!" She wrenched at the costly, but simple ring he had given her three years ago. The ring was thrust into one of his hands. He tried to push it back, but it remained in his fingers. "I'm so ashamed of ever having even cared for you, that I . . . Oh, go out," she jerked. "Let me alone."

"Biddy!"

"Let me alone, I tell you."

He was staggered. She was a positive fury, dark hair tumbled, eyes blazing, lips a hard red line, and on her olive cheeks two dark spots of angry scarlet burned.

"Biddy, look here, you're wild. You're exaggerating things. So long as you know his history, I don't care, providing you realise . . ."

"Don't!" Breathing fast she stood back, her voice cutting. "I wouldn't marry you now if you were the only man in the world. I believe I knew it, years ago. I've found out the truth in time—so we're both lucky. I wouldn't marry you for forty stations . . . to settle every ghost in creation. . . . I wouldn't marry you if I had to be a spinster all my life and scrub floors for my living. Now will you go."

"Wait!" All the red had gone from his face; he looked oddly mottled. "How much does this fellow really mean to you?"

Biddy swallowed a lump in her throat. "More than life itself, more than the station, more than anything I can say. I'd go with him barefoot through the wilds for ever, I'd even live in town to be with him—if he could marry me, but he can't," she added dully. "He has a wife. There's scandal, but I don't care even about that. I've not heard his version yet. Loving him can't hurt him. We've never discussed it. We know, that's all. So now will you go, Don. I have work to do and . . . want to be by myself."

Don, hesitating, slipped the ring into his pocket. An emotion that shook him through made him take one step towards her, but her chin lifted. She was now the color of ivory, tragedy in her eyes. "I'm sorry," he mumbled, and blundered out.

The "ghost" had been silent for a time, but the atmosphere of expectation kept peace away. Perhaps the dramatic change in the appearance of the country, after the rain came, accounted for a little lifting of spirits, though Biddy was noticeably quiet and slow to laughter.

David and Kathleen, as with Sally, were amazed by the transformation worked by the rain. Within two weeks the grass on the plains was two feet high in places; the cattle had grown visibly plumper, and the horses more sleek with more action in their gait. The waterholes were full, running, and when the river emptied itself later into the Salt Lake nearly two thousand miles farther south, and hundreds of miles away as the crow flies, the holes would remain, pools of safety and comfort through the dry season to follow.

Three weeks after Don had received his ring back, David asked Biddy if she would go alone with him for a longish ride; he had something to tell her. Biddy knew what that something was; for days there had been unease in the house, and, not intentionally, when chatting or reading scraps out from the newspapers, Don had managed to convey his discomfort caused by the weight of his knowledge about Roche. And the broken engagement—which afforded Sally much grief—was significant. More significant was Biddy's refusal to account for it. David thought he knew the reason, and, while proud and relieved, knew his handiwork and grieved for the futility of their shared, but unspoken love.

He and Biddy, this singing day of sunlight, shadow, and the scents of wet earth, rode along the station-side of the twisting river, and came to a billabong which in dry weather was but a reed-filled pool of slime. Now it was brimming over, the reeds almost drowned, and gum-shadows fell like purple lace on the sloping bank of yellow sand. They hitched their horses and sat on the sand facing the pool with cigarettes alight.

Biddy stared at a clump of mauve water-lilies nestling in the mud. "David, before you tell me anything, I must tell you something." Her grey glance met his and did not waver. "I happened to see some newspaper clippings about you and Kathie."

David nodded; so his vague suspicions had been right, and, indirectly, he was responsible for the broken engagement. He said this, with some dismay, but she shook her head. "In a way, yes, but only as a cracked vase breaks by accident when someone touches it. The touch was not the cause, but the crack. I'm thankful it's settled. I no more love Don than he loves me. So that's that."

David's glance thanked her.

As she knew what the papers had said about the divorce now three years old, his task was simplified. He told his story quietly, and his unemotional words were stamped by truth. He sketched briefly his childhood as the son of a lovely woman doomed to suffering and poverty by the wayward habits and heavy drinking of a lovable scoundrel. He winced when telling of his mother's unquenchable love for his father, and for himself. His father's brother, a rich man, had been appealed to so often by the younger, dissolute brother, that at last the older man washed his hands of him.

"That was Matt Roche, Uncle Matt I called him. He's an old man now. When my father died my mother broke up. Matt had a son, Harry, and he worshipped him. Harry was more like my father, oddly enough, than I am—thank heaven, if you can forgive me emulating the Pharisee. My



mother, with my father dead, appealed to Uncle Matt to help me through school. So, to cut the story short, I was shored into college with Matt's son, Harry, who became a kind of uncongenial chum; we never got on together."

David went on to draw a vivid, simple picture of the cousin's association, and Biddy saw two growing youths, one burdened by obligation and a strong desire to repay the uncle for his generosity, and live up to his mother's faith in him. David went into medical school, the uncle still paying, and just before he took his M.D., his mother died.

By this time Harry had got into debt on several occasions, and the climax came when he signed D instead of H to a gambling I.O.U. "I owe them so much," said David bitterly. "That I stood the abuse Uncle Matt heaped on me, and Harry got off scot free. He begged me to let it pass—his father would cut off his allowance if he knew the truth. You can imagine my feelings. I'm fond of the old chap. He thought me an ungrateful waster . . . and I'm telling you this so you'll understand his later behaviour when worse happened."

Living next door to Matt Roche was an elderly woman who was the guardian of Kathleen, a childhood friend of both Harry and David. She and David had grown up with the childish idea of "marrying some day," and this idea fixed was accepted blindly, without any thought or analysis.

"You know what romantic youngsters are. Biddy, all chivalry, protection, and dreams. Well, she was lonely and so was I. So we became unofficially engaged, between ourselves and waited for the day when I would have my brass plate outside the door and all that sort of thing."

Biddy winced as David went on to describe his boyish despair, when Harry, good-looking, moneyed, carefree, with a car and an entree to most of the gayer places in the town, suddenly swept Kathleen off her feet—and married her.

"By that time I was smashed in spirit and felt like an outcast. Uncle Matt was delighted at the thought of Harry settling down. My brass plate went up—too late. Well, they came back from the honeymoon. They went to Ceylon. And Kathleen was going to have a baby. Harry, as with most of his type, found that the coming child was interfering with his pleasure, and he became tired of seeing Kathleen silling. I became her medical consultant—with hell in my heart."

Biddy could see it all, the embittered, hurt, lonely young man attending the wife of his cousin, and he himself in love with that wife. "It ended in a big scene," he explained, when Kathleen became tired of being neglected and gave Harry the length of her tongue. There was a quarrel, and she fell, either fainting or bringing on a collapse in sheer fury. "Oh, yes," he nodded wryly. "Kathleen has a temper, all right, though it rarely shows—but when it does! Anyhow, all her hopes for the youngster went that night and she almost died."

"Kathleen!" Biddy murmured. "It doesn't seem possible for her to have been through so much."

"Kathleen's sort soon forget," he smiled. "Where was I? Oh, yes. We were hot-headed young fools. Blind and bewildered by too much attention, and one night she screamed out at Harry that she was coming to me—and came."

David was silent, took another cigarette, lighted it, and watched the match hiss into the pool.

"The fifth in the Press," he said, and flinched, "was all wrong. I couldn't say this if you didn't believe me. It's so easy

to whitewash oneself . . . However, she came to me, and that night, in my surgery, we made the hideous discovery that we no more loved each other than . . . sister and brother. She wept herself sick poor little beggar, and I sat like an idiot, wondering what the devil to do with her. Well, it was all up with us anyway, and Harry wanted divorce. So—we let him go ahead and have it."

"But, David!"

"I know, Biddy. I said I was a fool. But I love her and always will—though not as a lover or husband. She knows it. David frowned. There are countless kinds of love. One, Biddy, we know—you and I. And, despite the hurt I've done you by coming into your life, I'm too selfish to regret it. Kathleen guesses, I believe, but she's an unselfish little thing in her way, and adores me."

"YES, I know that and I've wondered sometimes at the something missing in your . . . association."

David snapped his lips shut, then parted them to speak again. "Uncle Matt naturally had his final dose of me. Kathleen begged me just to let things slide so she'd be free of Harry. She got free all right, with a scandalous report that blasted me out of my work and career." He changed his tone. "Uncle Matt told me he'd cut me finally out of his will, and that mattered, for he's a rich man and I hoped to study, specialise, and buy a nifty practice later. However, my spirit crashed with my hopes, and his detestation of me hurt terribly. Kathleen and I cleared out."

"And her husband? What did he do?"

"Married a woman called Lee Hardacre, a handsome, witty devil who will keep him in order for the rest of his life—and keep him on hot bricks. That's one satisfaction I relish . . . Harry on a leash."

"Then you went on the trek . . .?"

"Not at once. We went first to Broken Hill—heaven knows why, unless the name appealed to a man with a broken life and career. I sold up, and the money took us away. We went down and down . . . she was sick . . . I worked in the mines until the lead affected me. We lived then in a six-boh-a-week shack, and managed somehow. It did us both good. Then I drove a baker's cart—and Kathleen got her bread free, while it lasted. His grin changed to another look. "She was sick again and wrote to her aunt for money. It came, a hundred pounds, with a polite request never to ask again or write. You know those pious, hard-headed women! We'd met a couple by that time who suggested we share with them on a small farm they'd bought—on mortgage—out near Quorn. So we bought a dray, they bought another, and off we trekked."

David was now making a little sandheap between his ankles. Biddy watched his lean profile and marvelled that he was not bitter towards Kathleen—and himself.

"The farm was hopeless," he said, scattering the sand-pile. "We split up. I bought a block up beyond the Alice, on my ex-partner's advice. They bought a small ham-and-beef shop and, I believe, they are getting on. They were last year. So, with two hundred sheep—the foundation of a fortune and a station, poor fools we were—we started north. We couldn't afford the price of trucking the sheep to the Alice, nor to Oodnadatta, so, depending upon what spirit we had left, luck, and providence to see us through. The drought refused to break—but it broke us, and delayed us and ate up our small means. Weeks, in anticipation, turned to months in actuality. We were almost tramps . . . but we had to go on, for there was nowhere to go back to,

and the block was ahead . . . somewhere. Nor do I like giving in," he added curtly.

Biddy smiled despite her headache. Yes, he disliked giving in. Was dogged, persevering; just; and possessed the quiet strength of the gentle. "Then the dust," he nodded, without looking up. "Everything will be all right, you said, that night after the red inferno. . . . Do you remember? Everything will be all right. A girl on a camel, coming from nowhere with help and encouragement and hospitality— Everything will be all right, you said. And I loved you from the moment you came forward in that hell of loneliness and waste."

Above them a bird shrilled in sudden ecstasy, and Roche, his mouth working, took Biddy's hands. "All that I would say if I could has to stay away in silence. And, without conceal, for some things just are, I believe you feel the same, and . . . because of things, must keep silent, too."

Biddy nodded, her throat choking with pain, her heart wrenching with it. "Yes; oh, yes," she faltered. For one moment the world was forgotten as they kissed . . . and then the bird shrilled again. Recovering himself with an effort, David drew back and dropped her hands.

Biddy scrubbed fiercely at her eyes, trying hard not to weep, and managing a shaky laugh. "Poor us," she cried huskily. Her tone broke to thickness. "But poor Kathleen, too. She doesn't love you. She might love someone else. What a pity it was that you had to marry."

David turned an astonished look on Biddy. "Oh, did I leave that bit out?" he asked. "What madness—more madness, it would have been to marry. We had no guilt on us. We were like brother and sister, and always will be. Marry! There was no reason to marry. Heavens! Biddy! we saved ourselves from that blunder, anyhow. Kathleen and I aren't married!"

THE eternal urge to "tell it to someone" drove Biddy long after the others had gone to bed, to seek Sally in her room. She was a safe container for confidences, and already knew a great deal. Sally never minded being awakened, and was always ready for a "yarn." And the affairs, personal and general of the station, were, to Sally, a source of infinite delight and interest.

Sally awakened with a grunt and stared up at Biddy, in a bright cotton kimono. The night was humid, though not intolerably hot. Sally's blinds were up so the candle was shaded by an opened book as the girls spoke in hushed voices so as not to waken the others in the place.

Biddy took a cigarette and stuffed another between Sally's lips. She sat up, yawned, and allowed Biddy to proffer a match. A hundred delicate approaches to the subject of the Roches flitted through Biddy's head, and then, startling herself, she jerked out the one salient fact.

"What!" Sally was not wide awake. "Not married?" she hissed, with a glance towards Den's room.

Soft laughter spluttered. "Oh, dear! Sally. Shhhh! for heaven's sake don't wake the others or we'll have a picnic."

"Tell me," invited Sally, looking eager. The long story was completed, Biddy sprawling across Sally's bed with an ash-tray between them.

"Well, I'm jiggered," exclaimed the Scotch girl. "I thought they were too amiable for a married couple." She chuckled under her breath. "Doesn't say much for marriage, does it? Why do we all hanker for men and marriage? We're far happier without them both. Oh well, we do, and that's that."



It's fundamental and all that, so we can't help ourselves. Well, I'm jiggered!" came again, as more sank in. "And I believe every word of it—yet consider myself quite a sceptic. Knowing David, of course, makes the story hold water. They're babes in the wood, both of them."

Biddy looked intently at the tip of her cigarette and felt her face warming. "I suppose you know where my mind is, and what I'm thinking about—as with you in the same circumstances . . . to put it bluntly . . . how everything can be straightened out for us to . . . settle it."

"Get married, you mean," said Sally, who did not play round with words. "Natural enough. I expect the same thoughts come to him. I'll bet they do. There's one comfort for you," the speaker added. "Scarcely anybody regards them as husband and wife as they don't know anybody, and left town before they became conspicuous together. Mixing up in some social set would make all the difference; everyone would accept them as man and wife, and they could never just say, sorry, but we aren't, for it would look worse than ever then. I suppose his goose is cooked in his home city, anyhow."

"His goose appears to be in cinders everywhere," Biddy said slyly.

"Excepting here," Sally answered. "Nobody knows, other than ourselves, whether they're sister and brother, or man and wife. If anybody should ask, we'll say, 'Oh, no, you made a mistake; she's his sister. The same name possibly confused you.'"

"Who would ask?" demanded Biddy, as if it were a challenge.

"Shhhhh! Don't wake your ex-fiance." Biddy sighed and took another cigarette, glancing at Sally's little onyx clock, one relic saved from the city flat. "Well, so there we are—bogged in a mass of ethics, conventions, and traditions."

"Meaning—?"

"As if he would?" glared Biddy, her eyes damp.

"No, a chivalrous, conscientious ass like David wouldn't propose to Bridget Treloar of Thunder Gap, and have to ask her for the cash to buy the ring and pay the parson. Facts are rather brutal, aren't they, and money is important, however we pooh-pooh such materialism. And David, being a penniless ex-doctor with career gone bust and his name muddled in town by scandal, doesn't help you at all . . . He must be feeling pretty helpless and sick about it."

"I know he is."

Another silence.

Biddy bit her lower lip. "Men are such fools," she breathed. "Why can't they conquer that Victorian idea that man must keep the woman, or the woman be lonely all her life rather than share with him what she has?"

"Hm! Some men aren't so Victorian as all that. I hate to admit it, but my . . . extinct lover wouldn't have left me in the lurch if I'd had money. His fond mamma had. Nice to dwell on, isn't it? But I'm cured now. So . . . we like to share, but hate to have them accept the sharing, which leaves us rather scornfully under breath."

Biddy laughed scornfully under breath. "Look here, Biddy. Would you like him to propose, and ignore the fact of his position, and just walk in here to accept an allowance. Kept man! No—his sort couldn't face up to that humiliation, love or not, and I understand it."

"I understand it also," Biddy confessed after a long pause. "I suppose it would humiliate us both; make us feel scared of discussing finances, and he'd shrink from having what he wanted, and I'd give him things—Strain, barriers, and he'd end up by

clearing out to 'make good' before he returned, and I'd end up by breaking my heart alone and probably . . ." She broke off. Then: "It's not fair that Harry got away with it as he did. Roche, I mean. David's Uncle Matt must be a blind, stupid, pig-headed old idiot, and I like to tell him so."

"Why? What good would that do?"

"David has a right to the amount in the old man's will, for he did nothing, really, to be cut out of it. His uncle cut him out only because Harry had all the fun and let David bear the cost of it. And that inheritance—it must be a fair bit—would set everything right. But it isn't to be, so . . . that's that. Well, I'll go back to my room now, having awakened you up to get nowhere."

"You got it off your chest," said Sally.

For fully an hour after Biddy trailed disconsolately back to her room, Sally lay in the candle-light thinking. When she slept it was with a satisfied look on her face, her mouth folded in a line of stubborn determination.

**T**O the secret relief of everyone, David and Kathleen were now regarded as sister and brother, their actual relationship to Harry Roche making the supposition less than a lie. Kathleen flamed with color when Biddy told her quietly that David had related their intimate story.

Sally made no bones about drumming David's story into Don, who smarted with the humiliation of having made a fool of himself. David was frankly eager to wipe out the whole affair, and approached Pennington with out-stretched hand: "Shall we forget it, Pennington? And when I've done a few little jobs I have in hand, I'm pushing off."

The two young men shook hands crushingly. "Oh, that's all right," Don said gruffly. Then: "Why push off in such a hurry. Why not wait until after Christmas? I'm doing the same."

"That," said Biddy later, "was rather nice of Don, wasn't it, Sally?"

"Bunnies! Rather nice of him! He was one for David and being decent, and a dozen for himself and Kathleen. Can't you see her making frog's eyes at him, and him purring every time? He grows about two feet and adds inches round the chest each time she talks to him with such a darling wistfulness."

"Mercy!"

"Haven't you noticed it?" insisted Sally. "Well, yes, I have, I suppose." Biddy's voice was crisp: "Sally, David's up to something. It's about the horse . . . the ghost, I mean. Every time I speak of it he draws into himself. You know the way he has of closing up mentally. He's out, prowling about, riding off on mysterious jaunts, and there's something shimmering in his head or I'll be mistaken."

It was Sally's turn to say: "Mercy!"—weakly.

Sally, it seemed, as well as David, had something shimmering in her head, nor did she, any more than David did, confide her thoughts to anyone.

One afternoon Biddy caught Sally's arm in hers, and walked her out into the open. It had just occurred to the station girl how lonely the Gap would be when Don had gone back to town; the Roches had left, and she herself had to remain. Kathleen had, unconsciously, roused Biddy's mind to personal consideration of Sally's position by saying in her usual tactless fashion: "I suppose you will go south, Sally, when Don goes. And what will you do in town. You're like us—except that we can't ever face that city again."

Now Biddy had Sally's arm and propelled her towards the goat-yards, where, at evening, they often stood watching the white kids bunting and rollicking in the sunset light. The sunset was hours away, but the day was mild.

"Sally, I'm a selfish pig," Biddy announced when they were leaning on the low rails of the yard. "I've thought only of myself, my affairs, and the station. Kathleen made me think of it. What are you going to do next?"

Kathleen's remark had also lingered in Sally's mind, making her feel desperate. She had no money—only one pound ten left from the sale of all she possessed after the Coffee Den crashed. She hated the thought of city life, though admitted its advantages; Biddy's warm-hearted friendship had killed the old heart-breaking loneliness, and here there was peace, interest, health, work, and more—Sally's strong spirit was in tune with the strength of the inland.

Sally winced. "Do next?" she echoed, wondering if Biddy wanted her to go.

Something on the Scotch girl's plain face, the freckles showing as always when her color faded, wrenched at Biddy's sensitiveness. "Sally, darling, don't look like that. I'm a clumsy fool. I'm hoping—asking you to stay with me, if it isn't too dull and lonely."

"Lonely!" came roughly. "This isn't lonely."

"You don't know how much I want you to stay."

"Can't," jerked the other, denying herself. "No cash."

"Oh, that."

"Yes. Oh, that! Even here I have to dress, though I suppose I could chop up the curtains like June did. I have to smoke—the Lord knows why!—and need toothpaste, shoes, and other decencies. I've got to work," she almost shouted.

Biddy laughed softly and doubled over the rails. "You sound like Don. Sally, ass! I mean—make a business arrangement of it. Now, wait, don't get prickly. It's not charity, and I'm probably as poor as you are. I'm knee deep in overdrafts, and only hope for the best. Sally, you must be sensible." Biddy ordered more soberly. "I can't live on alone here. I did before, and it was awful. And failing you, I'll have to get Jess Beekman—on a western station—to live with me, and pay her. She's never read a book, lives for animals, and wants a fresh job. She has for years. Won't you save me from Jess? She talks through her nose."

Sally's heart was galloping with more vim than the hooves of the ghostly horse. But she was not good at disclosing her innermost, personal emotions, so, after a pause and a sniff, she nodded casually. "All right, then, if you must be inflicted with me! Stick me down on the pay-roll for cigarette and toothpaste money, and I'll sign on."

**D**AVID was obviously lost in some personal train of thought as the hot days went on in monotonous procession. Sometimes he did not hear when spoken to, or answered with such intense interest that the one speaking to him knew he had not listened. He vanished for unexplained hours, nor explained his absence. He was, in fact, more than puzzled, and had deduced only enough of fact to make the ghost-problem more infuriatingly defiant than before.

Don was signally superficial, and this affected his powers of observation. While scoffing with healthy disgust at the notion of an invisible horse, he failed to



use the penetration necessary for wondering how the sounds themselves could be caused. David, analytical by nature, trained for many years to examine the apparently meaningless microscopical objects of his former profession, retained the habit of looking deeper than the apparent.

One incident, and perhaps it was one of many others unknown to him, had startled his wits into closer attention to Red Bend. His hours of prowling about the baffling face of the solid rock had resulted in no discovery beyond the presence of a wide, spider-webbed crack sprouting ferns and pale-stemmed growths. During one such hopeless excursion, a sound had caused him to leap behind a projecting ledge and he flung four feet from the track itself as the sound became the unmistakable drumming of cautious hooves. The hooves were all at once muffled; crossing the sand near the north end of the pool. Then came the scrambling shuffle of boots in heavy feet, and, peeping with care from his crevice, David had spied John Randall moving in slow steps down the rock track. David held his breath. Randall passed within two feet of him, but in the shadowed crevice the younger man was not perceived. Randall obviously was exploring . . . examining . . . his face eager, his brow furrowed. Presently, David not moving, the other man wandered back to the pool, mounted his black horse, and was soon walking it away. He was then a dark, moving fleck in the distance, the rock hid him from any possible view from the house.

With all this in mind as another clue to the solution of the mystery, David became animated inwardly when one afternoon a black brought over a note from June. Biddy saw the black ride in, dismount, and hand David a letter, and saw Don and Andy approach. When she ran through the dangle they were standing in a group, talking in the slow voices of anxiety.

Biddy felt her heart turn over in reaction from other shocks, but David, seeing her white face, quickly relieved her mind, though his face was troubled as he spoke.

"Just like June," Don muttered, thrashing his leg with a gum switch. "The world is hers to command. There might be nothing much wrong with the youngster; June's an alarmist."

"I can't risk wondering only," said David, and held the letter out to Biddy, who took it eagerly. She read:—

"Dear David—I'm terribly worried and don't know what to do. Even if you did give up doctoring you're still a doctor. Biddy will lend you a horse if you'll come. Here are better than ours, but for John's black and he's out at the moment. But he said I could send for you. Janice seems terribly ill and I don't know what to do to stop it. She's hot, with pain, and awful vomiting. And I'm scared. We will pay, of course, if you come, and that might do some good about getting south again. Please do come, even if you do think I'm awful. I'm really worried about Janice. Biddy won't mind. Do come.—June."

"Of course," Biddy agreed, as David's eyebrows lifted with a silent question which was more of an announcement. Andy interpreted this and went off to have a good horse saddled, and David went briskly indoors, walking beside Biddy, to change and pack a few necessities for a night, or for a week. One never knew. Janice might be seriously ill or merely have eaten something poisonous. His professional self was on the qui vive; nor would his limp, and a few semi-healed scars on his back, do much harm on the ride.

When he rode across the plains with the Red Bend boy cantering behind, David recalled the quick generosity of Biddy's farewell call: "Good luck, David. Tell June she must come over when she can . . . good luck . . . take care . . ."

David smiled and touched Coppita with his heels. It was good to feel the stirring exultation of being again of use to a fellow creature, and he enjoyed Janice's company. And . . . would more than enjoy, on this occasion, talking to her, that is, if she were well enough, or, if very sick, when she were well enough.

Randall met David before the house at Red Bend.

"I'm sorry, Roche, for this long, hot ride. Janice is . . . she seems to be quite sick."

David was astonished to see deep worry in Randall's strange eyes, and a frown of anxiety on his brow.

JANICE'S trouble was appendicitis. David sent a bulletin across from Red Bend each afternoon as the child commenced to recover. He infected all those at Thunder Gap with his own admiration for the fortitude which had helped pull Janice through; the unexpected courage shown by June, who undoubtedly had learned to love the little girl, and he blessed Providence for the chance he had had to prove his usefulness in such restricted circumstances.

"Chloroform . . . June the nurse . . . a libra . . . and he managed," said Biddy, lifting her head in conscious satisfaction. "David belongs in spirit to the inland as much as I do."

Meanwhile, at Red Bend, June was trying to analyse the strange thing which had happened her. She felt powerless to fight it, though every reason and instinct rose in protest. And she knew that she had been caught forever in her own trap.

John Randall, suave, ironically amused by his own passion for the fair girl whose ways caused him endless interest, tormented her, teased her, mocked her—always with a smile on his mouth. She felt like something on a long alien string; when she felt free, he tugged, drawing him to her, and when she felt captive she wanted to tug free, and he held her. He responded to her snapping requests for more money and comfort by kissing her. When she gave in to the strange attraction he had for her, he ignored her until she broke down and wept in exasperation and suspense.

When she pleaded for a trip to the city with Janice, he laughed and said his new wife was an inlander now, and nobody at Red Bend would care whether she wore fine clothes or not. When she obeyed a primal instinct and said she would never leave him he became cold, and told her she would be sent south when he found it convenient.

One day before Janice collapsed in pain and burning fever, June, in a huge sunhat made by herself from canvas and cretonne, sat shudderingly watching a small black boy with a snake he had caught. For the life of her June could not look away from the queer, black flamed eyes of the reptile as it flickered its slender tongue in and out, and a frightening thought occurred to her—and she was unimaginative. John Randall influenced her as that snake did. She was afraid of it, yet could not resist it. It was a trap whose strong psychological forces June did not understand. Her education was limited, and all that she knew of life and people was what her eyes recorded or her ears overheard.

Janice provided the normality at Red Bend. Frightened to death by the child's horrible condition, June had argued for hours, in rising hysteria, with her husband,

whose warped mind felt at first only amusement to see her so tormented.

Then something she screamed out at him made his brows lift in sudden alarm. In his own teasing way, though he fought with the child as with a witty opponent of his own age, he loved Janice. Love, perhaps, is not the word. He was proud of her spirit, liked to see her becoming like a young barbarian, relished with zest her attacks on him, and boasted of her strength, her riding, her knowledge of aboriginal life, to his few cronies.

These were mostly stockmen and other vaguely described men calling in at the Bend for refreshment, and a few nights' lodging in the shacks built round the place.

June had scampered after him, catching her breath in sobs, as he strode in sudden fear to where the child lay face down, tumbled, blazing with fever, agonised by pain, on the bed in her stark little wood-partitioned room.

One glance at her was enough. "I'll send for a doctor."

"David! David Roche," wept June, sitting by Janice and looking up with drenched blue eyes. "David is a doctor, and a good one. He's near. I'll write him a note."

Instinctive protests died away and a frown replaced Randall's quick grimace of distaste. He shrugged his heavy shoulders, cast a look at his daughter, threw a long, penetrating stare at his wife, and gave in: "Very well, as it seems to be urgent—"

And he went on, his heart heavier than June imagined.

Now David was here, in constant watchfulness, and he and June were on better terms than formerly. David and Janice were becoming firm friends; for his own private reasons, and in genuine interest, he encouraged her, without much persuasion, to talk freely of the Bend, the habits of the household, her father's "queer ways," and the blacks round the place. Her knowledge of aboriginal life and amateur anthropology was amazing. She could repeat long sing-song curses in the languages of several tribes; knew where walls bore aboriginal drawings on rocks, and could read the weather in advance as could a black, from the signs of Nature.

One afternoon with magazines spread over her counterpane and the stitched wound healthily on the mend, her appetite returning, and the shame of being ill changed to pride of recovery, she spoke casually of something that brought David sharply to his feet, with an exclamation so crisp and satisfactory that she stared.

"What's up? Anyone'd think you'd just remembered something . . . What's up?" she demanded to know.

His momentary triumph was purposely subdued.

Four days later he left Red Bend with the memory of Janice's unwitting confidence ringing through his head. It was a day or two from Christmas Eve, and he thanked the Lord he was to spend that Eve and Day with Biddy at the Gap.

"Jove . . . eh?" he kept saying to himself on the hot ride home across the plain. "Jove, eh . . ."

Biddy met him with such a look on her face that he could not help taking her into his arms, for one wild, sweet, hurtful moment. He walked indoors, and threw himself down with a sigh. "Sailor home from the sea . . . hunter home from the hill. That's how I feel, friends, Romans, and my countrymen. Misquoted, muddled, but no matter. This is in the nature of a ceremony, I'll have you know it, and I'm slightly tipsy. Talking of being tipsy . . ."

Don grinned and vanished, returning later with a tray and glasses. "Gin slings," he



said, busying himself expertly with the tinkling glass and bottles. "And what makes you so joyful and cocksure, Roche?"

David raised his glass and shot Biddy a quick, meaningful glance. "Down with drink, and death to the ghost," he toasted. All of them solemnly refreshed themselves with perfectly-concocted, but un-iced gin-slings.

Death to the ghost; Biddy felt her inside turn over with excitement. David would not have said that, in such a portentous way, had he not meant something. The ghost was in some way connected with Red Bend.

A GREAT dry storm had burst over the Gap at sunset, turning the west into a chaos of purple and scarlet, threaded through by vicious mauve lightning. It had scribbled across the sky, noosed the rocks of the Gap, flickering round the house, until even Biddy was unnerved. The thunder had been majestic, drowning all other sounds, reverberating from rock to rock as if wanting to shatter the ridge into splinters. A midsummer storm, without rain, was a force to be respected, and the household had sat quiet, of necessity, for no voice could, for some time, be heard. Now, with the worst of the noise abating, Biddy came from her room and saw that both Don and David had vanished. She sought Kathleen, who lay face-down on her bed, hiding rather futilely from the noise. Sally was occupying herself with a satisfying feminine diversion called "turning a drawer out."

"It's funny," said Biddy, after both Biddy and Kathleen vowed they had heard no sound of voices; did not know where Don and David were going, and did not care, either.

Biddy waited a half-hour with knees crossed, one foot tapping the floor as she tried in vain to read. Where had they gone? There was something fishy going on; more annoying, something exciting from which she felt, and was, excluded. Was she such a drivelling idiot that they must protect her from the possible results of their sleuthing?

Steady rain started to fall, pattering first, then beating down with an increasingly noisy drumming. Kathleen emerged, and Sally also, and the three girls sat again silent, this time the downpour, with only the lingering echoes of thunder, stilling their normal desire to gossip. Where can they be? cried Biddy. "Where . . . can . . . they . . . be?" she repeated.

Then: "Oh!"—and surprise.

First Don, then David, then old Andy—his appearance calling forth the "Oh!"—came plunging in from the wet outdoors. All three were drenched, but on their faces excitement gleamed with raindrops. Don, without a word, went to a ramshackle cupboard and drew out whisky glasses, syphons, and a bottle.

Biddy asked a question. She repeated it in a loud cry. Don said: "What?" and David shrugged eloquently towards the roof, wearing the expression of one stopped while telling a story in a train entering a tunnel. At last, as she waited impatiently, the rain dwindled to a mere patter again, and through the wires came the wild scent of water freshly fallen on dust. With the scent came the warm damp, creeping to their bones. The men went to change their clothes and reappeared in pyjamas and dressing-gowns—excepting Andy, to whom wet clothes meant nothing more than dry ones. He was smoking his pipe; "Eh, lass," he said presently, shuffling uneasily. "I know my place isn't here, but them young

fellers asked me. An' I guess they want to tell the yarn in their way."

"You bet we do," cried Don, pouring another glass for himself and handing two to his companions. "But the yarn belongs to Roche, so out with it, Roche."

Sally nudged Kathleen who was shivering, though not with the damp.

"Don't be so exasperatingly pompous over it," cried Biddy. "Tell us. I simply can't stand any more mystery. Has . . . ?" She faltered, then asked crisply if the thing had been heard again.

"There ain't no sich thing . . ."

"Hold your horses, Andy," Don laughed.

"Biddy!" This was David, satisfaction oozing from every pore, his eyes pin-points of light. "It wasn't the thing again—but it might have been. You might as well know all that we know. It isn't everything—yet. Did you," he inquired almost lightly. "Did you know that behind the rock—the Gap rock, there was a cave, or a sort of cave, full of limestone droppings set solid and the usual clutter of musty stones?"

Her countenance was blank with amazement. Before she could set her mind working back, he was talking again, keen with the zestful results of many a week's tedious watching and wondering. "Well, there is a cave there. One day at Red Bend when Janice was on the mend, she unwittingly told me enough to start a new sort of search. I took Andy and Don into my confidence and we set up a kind of shared watch, and we've watched in turn ever since, every hour, night and day."

The rain had almost stopped. The downpipes sang their song, rivulets galloped towards the faintly sounding river, and the thunder was rolling far away into the west, but nobody heard anything but David's quiet tones, rising and falling, as he recounted his tale.

"Andy came to the verandah to-night—but called us out without letting you hear"—at which Biddy grimaced. "We went with him to a boulder which gave us a good general view of the pool, rock, and the foot of the escarpment. I'd argued, after Janice told me quite innocently about the cave being there, that the opening must be from lower down, where the rocks have fallen from the summit. However, we were forced to wait, for in the lightning, Andy saw someone enter the crack beyond the rocks, and that someone had a gun . . . We hadn't then, but to-morrow night . . . and nights after if necessary we'll also be armed."

Kathleen gasped. "Oh, mind, please." David's mouth set. "We're dealing with a killer, Kathie, so don't get feminine and fluttery. We'll mind, have no fear. One usually does," he added simply. "When dealing with a maniac."

Biddy felt the old sense of nightmare returning; everything was fantastic, unreal, distorted. A cave, a maniac, guns, watching, a figure in the lightning. "David," she asked, almost unable to shape the words sticking in her throat. "Do you think the . . . man might be Randall?"

David surveyed his cigarette. "Randall is a strange bird, but not a maniac. He obviously, for his own twisted mind's sake, likes to see you scared by the ghost. On the other hand, eccentrics such as he might also enjoy watching a woman tormented, without killing, slaughtering, and experimenting with a network of diabolically clever wires and other gadgets. Again, the fellow, whoever he was—and Andy says he looked white in the lightning, though that might have been a mistake. The fellow, whoever he was, rode off on a fast horse in the direction of Red Bend. Again, many strange customers put up at Red Bend.

Again—I saw Randall prowling round there only a few days ago. So the mystery is still a mystery, while the ghost is not."

"We've scared him off, anyway," said Don.

David looked up. "I don't know about that, Pennington. We weren't seen. We may have made a sound and he may have decided not to take a chance . . . and later imagined the sound to have been a wallaby. They often scamper there and roll the rocks down. Anyhow," he added, fastening his lips shut then speaking in a crisper voice: "I'm making a perfectly innocent trip to Red Bend before the week-end—not too soon—and meanwhile Andy and Don and myself, with guns, will keep up the watch."

"Could we explore the cave to-morrow?" asked Biddy eagerly.

"Why not?" was David's reply. "If some one keeps a look-out from the rock-top."

So when the morning came, in the fresh, healthy light of day, the party went somewhat uneasily to the boulders by the escarpment base, and there, with Andy seated on the top of the rock with a gun across his knees, they entered the deep fissure which Biddy did not know existed.

Tangled over by creeper, half-obscured by stones and dead wood, the upper part latticed by ferns and pale growths, nobody would suspect the fissure to turn, widen, and spread into a fair-sized cavern. Janice knew about it.

It was one of many legends, facts, and scraps of information gleaned by her association with the camp-blacks at Red Bend and her almost uncanny ability to chatter in their tongue. The Arundta language was as familiar to her as her own national language, and those who can converse in the aborigine's tribal speeches learn more in a month of their habits and beliefs than others in years.

In the cave, she had told David, were some marvellous rock drawings, goannas, warriors, gins, and all that sort of thing. She hadn't been inside the place since she was "a kid" but she remembered all right because her father had made tracings from some of the drawings, for an anthropologist down in town, a friend of his. David, at that point, had stifled a sharp exclamation. Her father knew of that cave.

Biddy and Sally, facing into the roughly oval cavern, with David's torch sending an unsteady eye of pale light flickering on damp walls, limestone pillars, and the wet floor were staggered beyond speech. For several moments they stood gripped by awe, watching the eye of light travelling round, their insides cold as if filled by iced water. Then she cried out sharply and heard her voice crash up and break into ten voices which slowly mocked themselves to silence. "What's that?" she had cried.

The torchlight had illuminated a rough rock-shelf on which a clutter of objects lay, gleaming, shining, catching the torchlight evilly. Amongst them she saw several black discs . . . and her brain made one leap on the truth and fastened hold of it, incredulously knowing it as truth.

"Yes," said David, turning the torch again. It ran up over the rock to another opening, narrow, like a window in a battlemented castle of old, but longer and bending so that no light entered. "We are actually about seven feet from the track down the gap . . . where the invisible horse gallops." He took an arm of each girl and steered their shaky steps away from the place, and talked softly as he went. "The horse," he added, "was suggestion only. Listening-in to the radio produces the same mental illusion. You hear sailing ships creaking in the wind, and see them with your mind's eye, and actually you hear someone rather bulky seated on a squeaky



chair. You hear horses galloping—sounds from without—which are produced by a clever mechanician with cleverly manipulated walnut shells cantering, trotting, galloping on a table . . . He stopped dead, and Kathleen, waiting, heard David say with sharp certainty: "That fellow Burden at Red Bend used to work in a broadcasting studio. He was a sound mechanician! My sainted aunt!"

**H**IS purpose defined, though the means of carrying it out as yet vague, David entered upon the first step of his next move by riding over to Red Bend, with his brain busily adding and subtracting facts and fancies, the result being a gathering positiveness that either in partnership, or known to each other, Randall and Burden, or one of those two, could explain the Thunder Gap mystery.

He rode casually into the Red Bend yards and dismounted, and just as casually strolled towards the blacksmith shop where Burden, a little shrivelled, rat-faced man with a twist to his mouth, greeted the newcomer with a pessimistic scowl. David had an excuse. Halfway across the plains he had got from his mount and, in the crevices of a stone, had wrenched one heel from a boot. This heel he now held out to Burden with an innocent, disturbed expression, asking could anything be done about it. "Walking hop-and-carry-one is jarring my backbone," he grinned. "My physique not yet being quite what it might be."

Burden took the heel, examined it, and within five minutes, taking the boot as well, had returned and restored the footgear to its owner. David, meanwhile, had carried on casual conversation with the man, and from correctly translated remarks, exclamations, surly answers, pessimistic sneers and sudden heavy silences, had gathered enough to diagnose some of the fellow's trouble.

"Bah! What's the good of living?" Burden had said in answer to one purposely flip-sant phrase of David's. "Then, 'Who cares who lives or dies?'" And then, "What's that got to do with me?"—when David asked, stupidly in his tones, about the effect of the long drought on the country dwellers.

He walked off thoughtful. Responsibility non-existent in the man; melancholia perilously on the verge of suicidal tendencies; and those who valued life so little for themselves, assessed the lives of others at equal valuation—and in the fellow's eyes was an expression David had seen previously, in other days.

At the same time Burden might be all of this, and more, yet not be responsible for more than a mischievous (if that word could be employed in so grim a cause) partnership in crimes conceived by another, and more cunning, mind. The suspicion was now, at any rate, narrowed down to Randall and Burden, though the motive—most important in all crime detection—was not, just then, apparent. Yet, could a deranged mind fasten hold of a motive? David thought it was possible for it not to, and with all this rattling in his head, he sauntered to the bar-room, where Randall was serving drinks to three stockmen obviously on a spree.

David had cashed his cheque with Don's assistance, the latter being one of those fortunate beings who do not feel crossed for travel without a well-filled wallet. So David had some silver on him, and threw some of it to the bar-counter, ordering drinks all round, for himself, Randall, and the trio whose ready friendliness had invited this.

David felt profoundly embarrassed when

Randall, with a queer dryness to his smile and tone, thrust the money back and informed David that he was a guest of the house, his "friends" included, then, in the same breath, notified the impressed trio that this was the "sawbones" who "dug out Janice's appendix." The story had gone the rounds in a country where such tales do for news, and David escaped the awkwardness with a good grace, but his skin hot beneath his tan. What a damnable position—spying on a self-appointed host.

Janice was out beneath the galvanised verandah, a mere sloping shelter on one side of the house, the floor a part of the yard. She was weak still, and still disgusted by her inability to ride and career round the place as formerly. She greeted David, nevertheless, with a wild whoop of joy, and drew her legs aside for him to sit down. She looked oddly civilised in a white voile frock apparently wearing the imprint of June's artful fingers. While the pair talked, June came out, very pale, quiet, and thinner than when he had seen her last. She carried a sewing-basket. He stood up and she sat in his place by Janice's feet.

"Looks a bit peaky, doesn't she," Janice cried without fact. "But that's natural, I suppose, as she's going to become a mother." David stared, something in him turning cold, but politely he laughed and said: "Oh, don't mind me, I'm used to babies. By Jove, June, that's splendid news."

Her sudden hot-faced embarrassment melted in his natural acceptance of the natural fact, and Janice loudly summoned a hydra crossing the yard and called for tea—the inevitable nectar of the bush. David enjoyed it, too, despite several long beers.

He was slightly taken back when Randall, avoiding the glances of his daughter and wife, nodded to the visitor and asked him for a word or two indoors. David's intention had turned upon him. In the book-filled room he was thoroughly taken back when Randall abruptly tackled the problem of the coming child. For a moment all David's theoretical suspicions dissolved; the man was pallid with some kind of inner fear, nervous with some effort presently to prove itself, and his narrowed eyes shot hard little darting glances at the younger man. Then David almost jumped: ". . . and even though you've come over to spy on me, Roche, I still wish to discuss several matters with you—professionally, shall we say. You are not a practising medical man, but you are a man with medical knowledge, and, I believe, know a great deal about the human mind and its complicated forces."

"I know a smattering," David admitted. "I wanted to specialise later, but so far have only slight knowledge. However, I'm pleased to tell you anything I can."

"In confidence, Roche?" asked the other man with odd intensity.

"Any personal details of a confidential nature are of course to be respected," answered David evasively.

Randall nodded. "That will do. Well, Roche—I've had a shock, a series of shocks, over months. Sometimes, in life, one small jolt will pull one up and make one look back, as over a country traversed blindly, to see it . . . differently, and with damnable clearness." David nodded, and, with difficulty, Randall continued: "The jolt was . . . Shall we call it a new and sudden sense of responsibility? June has an ordeal ahead of her. She is not like my . . . first wife. June is of different calibre." His lips flickered for a moment. "And a child of hers would not be . . . like Janice. When Janice was born I had none of the . . .

fears tormenting me now, as I have tormented other people. Retribution, perhaps, Roche! I'm no hero, far from it, but I do not deserve all the condemnation heaped on me by my . . . countrymen. Strange to you, perhaps, that the ruthless, cruel, difficult, brutal John Randall should be . . . anxious, let us say, not to own a child in any way affected by his own curious nature." Bluntly, in another voice, thick with terror, Randall asked: "Roche—am I mad?"

David surveyed his cigarette, then looked up at his companion. "Why do you ask that, Randall?"—and waited.

The man dragged an unsteady hand down over his now clammy face; all his defences were down; his pose of suave superiority had gone. He was a terrified, bewildered, sick-souled creature goaded by the torture of his thoughts to snatch desperately at any form of helpful assurance—and David was able to help.

"For years, Roche," Randall stammered, "I've gone blindly on with my . . . lust for hurting others. Something in my mind begged me on to hurt . . . tease . . . torture . . . torment. Helplessness tempted me. Weakness gave me power. Then . . . something, a hideous face-to-face contact with madness . . . thrust me up against my own self. The sight shocked me. I saw myself. Since then I've wondered . . . its driven me nearly frantic . . . Am I mad? Am I going mad? The fear . . . of insanity . . . is devouring me." He struck the chair-arm. "If so, what right has an insane man to have a son or daughter who might . . . ?" He broke off, livid, and looked in helpless entreaty at David. Randall's mouth was slack, pitiful; his eyes were like a sick mastiff's. There was no sound in the room. Both men had forgotten all else but themselves, in this musty-smelling room.

Scientific terms were useless! psychological clap-trap was pedantic and futile in this cause. Mentally sick, Randall wanted suggestive assistance, not an explanation of his long, slow, maddening descent into darkness. Morally sick, said David to himself; mentally disordered; but not insane. He was relieved beyond measure to look Randall frankly in the eyes and smile: "The insane, Randall, and the potentially insane, are notoriously given to thinking themselves more sane than sanity."

**R**ANDALL leaned forward. "Is that scientifically dependable? Don't lie to me, Roche, for I don't need lies."

David suddenly saw the man's lonely, hunted, brooding life, and looked deep into his responsible motives for this conversation. He thought of Burden, the "plot," and thought he saw more than what this room held. "I'm not lying to you, Randall; no potentially insane human ever suspects himself of anything but utter normality. Nor is any person one hundred per cent. normal. We all have fads, crazes, obsessions, manias, and a certain section of us—the so-called artistic—are temperamental to the point of eccentricity. The creative, sensitive, impressionable mind is often dubbed 'mad,' without it being an insult or description of insanity. You, I now believe, have been auto-suggested and suggested, into doubting your eccentric ways and suspecting them of . . . grimmer qualities. Rembrandt was 'mad'; Van Gogh was 'mad.' A miser is 'mad,' and so is anyone who diverges ever so little from the cut-and-dried conventional. You have, however, a disagreeable quality—if I may be frank—a certain sadistic quality in you that gives you pleasure by causing hurt to



others. Many of us are sadistic; some of us, by right thinking and careful self-control, change that quality into something more . . . socially kind. You are not, insofar as I may state, and I mean it, insane—nor potentially insane, but you are badly disordered in mind, morally sick, and there is a fear in your brain that intensifies all this. The fear . . .” suggested David, taking a wide risk, “is perhaps . . . Burden.”

A great sigh burst from Randall. His hunted look changed. A slow difference spread over his face and the sickly pallor resumed his usual unhealthy paleness, without the grey shade that made him look corpse-like.

David knew he could not force more on Randall for the moment, so got up and looked round the book-shelves. “Burn this stuff,” he advised. “This has partly caused your worry. And anyone with your sort of dread will invariably, if he be an educated man and can lay hold of such books, search and examine to find his own case diagnosed. Burn the lot of it. A little knowledge is admittedly a dangerous thing. Think along different lines. Think healthily. Think outwards, not inwards, and leave this . . .” David flicked one book on mental diseases, “to those who give their lives to this form of study. Constructively. Burn them,” he added curtly and reseated himself.

“What about Burden?” he asked cautiously.

Randall drew a long breath and eyed Roche curiously. “You . . . suspect him of . . . what I myself feared?” he asked, and David nodded, saying: “Undoubtedly, it’s obvious.” Randall went on: “You know how he came here . . .?” David nodded. “Well, Roche, he fascinated me . . . I can’t explain that mesmerism. It wasn’t friendship. I wanted to get rid of him, yet couldn’t force my mind to send him away . . . And when I told him about the gold in the ridge . . .”

“Cold in the ridge?” exclaimed David.

“The ridge is heavily seamed,” Randall said. “An old prospector who died here left me his rough map. It vanished. Burden took it. Now I realise he is, and was insane. I thought I was also. He knew about the myth. I tormented him—enjoyed watching his mind flame up with greed, avarice, but did not know I’d laid a fuse and lighted it, and . . .”

“Burden’s diseased mind became obsessed?”

“Yes, I see it now. In my . . . sadistic folly I had rejoiced in Biddy’s fright when the myth commenced to achieve reality. That fascinated me. I couldn’t keep away from the Gap. Logic said there could be no ‘ghost.’ Then I heard it. It preyed on my mind. Calamities occurred—and worse. The myth had come to life and I thought I was going crazy . . . I found assurance by trying to convince Biddy it could not be, but I did not convince her—or myself either,” added the weary man.

“I felt responsible . . . nor knew why, I started prowling round the Gap . . . and one day you saw me, I believe. I felt someone watching and rode off, terrified for fear I was suspected. You gave me reason to believe you did suspect me. Roche! I had nothing to do with the sounds, or the disasters. That fire . . . Burden went off for days after learning you had gone on that trek. I followed, missed him, and Janice let it out that I had been absent . . . Caught in my own network of doubt, fear, and haunting anticipation of more evil, I knew I was suspected as the cause

of it. I could prove nothing. I thought myself mad. I was . . . in hell.”

“And you were,” said David quietly. “Hell and heaven being in a man’s own mind. Go on.”

Randall shrugged. “Burden is the criminal. I discovered that without any possibility of doubt. I discovered it only this week. Previously I’d suspected him only and dismissed my suspicions as a farther proof of my own trouble. I . . . appealed to you to-day for two reasons, to clear my fogged brain of the torture driving me towards the end you say is not . . . to be, and because I happen to be fond of June—more fond than I knew I could be of any woman, and . . . some novel sense of . . . protection has evolved. We must,” said Randall, all at once forceful, “keep Burden from more evil.”

They commenced talking in low tones, and, when going, David took Randall’s right hand in a strong grip. “Well, all that’s understood. And you’ve three human souls to look after now—your own, June’s, Janice’s—and another to be. Kindness, Randall . . . It’s all there is of God in this world and the next. Be kind to them and yourself. They, and you, need it . . .”

Lighter in spirit than for many a day, grim with resolve and new purpose, Randall watched the tall, thin figure of the ex-doctor ride away, then turned to enter his home again.

He walked in with squared shoulders and life in his eyes. He had a new lease of life. He was a man relieved from a prison—a prison of living death!

**B**ECAUSE the Police authorities would take more notice of notification from David than from Randall, whose reputation was for “queerness” and whose home was given to disorderly happenings, the two men had agreed upon David dispatching a letter next day northwards. Burden was a dangerous force to be not only watched, but apprehended. Whatever awkwardness and effort there was ahead of him, David made up his mind to endure it with as good a grace as possible. He was relieved beyond expression to have discovered the hidden psychological influences of Randall’s not-unusual story.

David reached the Gap that night just before twelve, and the household, tumbling out of bed to call for the inescapable tea, clustered round him in growing excitement as he related the long story. There was no need now to shield any of them from the truth, and a hideous personal discomfort had been removed by knowing more of Randall.

Andy doggedly refused to give up his nightly watch by the big boulder just below the corner made by ridge and Gap. He’d sat there with a gun every night till two, and he’d sit there to-night. David’s turn came next, from two until dawn, when Don took over. So they continued with their vigil, and agreed with one another that no chance of catching the criminal must be overlooked.

Burden was just as liable to appear to-night as any other night, especially if his demented cunning had sensed some cause behind David’s visit, and the long hours while the two men were closed up indoors talking.

Nothing happened that night; no sound disturbed the moonlit peace of the Gap and the pool. After the dawn, before he turned in for a sleep, David penned a carefully explicit letter to the police, and described himself, his former profession, his observations and suspicions, and, in order to clear Randall thoroughly, explained that he and

the owner of Red Bend, with those at the Gap, had conspired to watch the maniac after discovering him to be the cause of the sounds and destruction. David asked that the authorities, in whatever way they thought officially fit, should waste no time, but send a mounted man south to render Burden incapable of further havoc and terrorisation.

David signed his name and thudded his fist with satisfaction on the sealed envelope. Boomerang rode out of the station premises on Diabolo, proud of his mission, which he did not understand beyond its vital importance. The household settled down to endless discussion of the affair, the usual routine of home and station, and the three men to their connected vigils—night and day. As they had formerly said, no chance must be given to the killer to reappear without being seen.

Then happened the not altogether unexpected, during old Andy’s watch at midnight. The night was bright with a full moon, the pool a silver plaque, the rock blue-white and every shadow black as though cut from ebony paper. Gun on knees, the old man sat imperiously holding his cold pipe between his blackened teeth. His long life with horse, saddle, and gun gave him no reason for disturbance at the thought of a possible contact with the killer—of whom David had warned Andy grimly. A maniac was no ordinary marauder; a match for ten men in a hand-to-hand struggle. If the last thin skin between lunacy and semi-lunacy should break in the shock of knowing himself seen, anything vital might happen. Andy must watch out. To this, Andy spat by way of answer, and held his gun more affectionately.

The first sign of anything unusual was when Andy caught the distant, cautious sound of a horse moving at average pace from across the plain. He stiffened, and listened behind his shelter. The sounds ceased; if it was Burden he must be winding round the sandy bank of the river to deaden hoof-beats. For a half-hour Andy sat tense, every crack and rustle noted. It was not until another half-hour had passed, during which time he thought the hoof-beats had been perhaps a wandering animal, when his hair bristled on his scalp. Someone, moving with the soft deliberation of caution, was coming down over the ridge from the other side. He saw a smallish dark figure with a long shadow running behind it. The figure, after pausing to look round, suddenly darted into the aperture opening to the cave.

Andy spat and gripped his gun. In trouble, a shot was to alarm the two young men, who would come out at once and assist. Andy did not fire the shot; he had personal plans of his own devising. Feeling his way with craft learned by many similar episodes in earlier days, when blacks had been tiresome, Andy edged foot by foot through the chilly crack, and flattened himself against a cranny to watch the maniac. Maniac he was, thought the suddenly alarmed old man. The fellow was bending over something on the rock ledge . . . and Andy felt his hair bristle again.

The next few moments were chaotic. There was a match struck, a firing sound, and Andy saw what he knew to be dynamite and a fuse, now lighted. With a cry that sounded like a suddenly wounded animal, Burden tossed aside his torch and leaped for the opening. At the same time a spring in his mind released by knowledge of what dynamite could do, Andy also leaped, and ran . . .

Behind him were clattering footsteps, scrambling and slipping, but gaining on the



old-timer. A low-pitched cry warned Andy of his near peril, apart from the spitting fuse in the cave. There was no time for nonsense as he worded it silently later, and, taking careful aim, the old man focused the figure plunging towards him. He had one glimpse of a distorted, moonlit face, hideous with its own kind of terror, then the gun roared.

Before the sound echoed away Andy was off, seeing only that the figure had stopped dead and pitched downwards to fall oddly sideways into a limp heap. Then Andy fell forward flat on his face, sprawling several feet towards a rock whose shelter saved him from the explosive force of stones, earth and shattered air as the outer wall of the cave burst into light and fragments and spattered earthwards like a shower of strange rain.

Andy lay stunned by the shock, then drew forward to rise shakily on his feet and stare, scratching at his chin, at the house, where, in the blue night-time, yellow lights had come to life. Andy looked back reflectively at the shattered ridge. "That pesky looney chose a noisy way o' endin' 'isself," he said, and spat.

"I thought the world had come to an end," said Biddy shakily. The household were in hastily dragged-on kimonoes and dressing-gowns, old Andy the centre of attention. Don had poured whisky for all; they needed it. The explosion had literally hurled them from their beds, some of them awake, some asleep. David, Don and Biddy, it turned out, had been wide awake when the awful roar and flash of light came. Then chaos. Next, Andy being hauled up the steps by the two young men, to whom the gun-shot had been a signal for work on hand; before they had dragged on pants and gowns, the explosion had followed.

Now Andy, glass in hand, his creased face cunning, sat listening and blinking while the final move of the killer was thrashed threadbare. Andy stuck to his story; he had fired the signal when running from the cave, and the explosion had blown the fellow to smithereens. Andy was safe in his altered tale; the lunatic-killer was now unrecognisable, if ever he was found.

The ghost is not only dead, said Biddy, as she fell wearily back into bed, but all chance of its resurrection has ended. She sighed and closed her eyes, trying not to feel the horror of the shattered night, which now the blocks were intensifying with their beastly habit of wailing aloud for every unusual occurrence. But the wailing went on, the monotonous dirge of a dying race uplifting their voices to the moonlit sky. Biddy could not sleep for hours, and, no sooner had she dozed off, than the dawn seemed to lighten the room. In the fresh air and clean light of early morning, after a solid breakfast with much coffee, dressed in riding clothes and birds twittering in the gums, the gasped ridge-face was not so horrible.

The men went first, scanning the immediate vicinity for Burden's broken remains. What they found they screened carefully behind a clump of bushes, then emerged, rather white round the nostrils, to call the girls upwards. One sharp look at the flesh and bone which had been the killer assured old Andy that no bullet-wound could ever be detected. He was satisfied by his own kind of law, and knew the maniac had met his just end.

There was nothing left of the interior of the cave. The sunlight poured down on freshly-scarred rock, shattered stone, and small boulders rolled down from the ridge-top by the jarring force of the explosion. David paused to look with interest on a flat rock scratched with crude designs, some

distance from the centre of the cave; so this was one of Janice's aborigine drawings, bless Janice for her shrewd observations and timely memories! He would tell her, when she next visited the Gap, of her unconscious part in solving the mystery, and show her the results of the unforgettable night.

**K**ATHLEEN was terrified. They were almost ready to plan the day of departure, she and David, yet Don had said nothing, given no indication whatsoever, of wanting her or not wanting her. That night in the big break-up when the river-bed had run with fire, she had clung to him and pressed her face to his, kissing him . . . and he had kissed her fiercely, in a way that could mean only one thing. Yet no more had been said of love or anything to do with it. To leave Don and go on with David would be like leaving her heart behind. It would be leaving her heart behind, and her soul as well.

Scheme as she did, she could not manoeuvre him out alone with her into the surroundings bound to bring something to his lips. He cared, she felt sure, as she cared, yet he seemed afraid . . . reluctant . . . of being trapped by his senses into making any proclamation at all. She felt desperate.

Then one evening, just after sunset, she met him coming up from the river-crossing with his horse walking behind him, the reins caught in one bent arm. That arm Kathie took in hers, and fastened eager fingers in his sleeve. "Why have you run away from me lately?" she implored him.

Her voice was trembling, and went on trembling as he made no answer, but in the gloom they were standing still. "Oh, Don," she cried, using Biddy's wretchedness to explain her own grief. "I'm so unhappy—for us all. Did you see Biddy's face to-day when she was talking to David. It's like being pulled in two to feel as she feels—and he also, I know."

"How do you know?" asked Don, succumbing to the familiar spell he knew he could no longer resist. With an inner groan, and a secret shout of exultation, he knew, too, that he no longer wanted to resist it. "How do you know?" he repeated as she had difficulty in going on.

At last she found her tongue again. "I know . . . because I feel the same . . . about you, Don."

"Oh!" He pretended to be careless, stroked Diabolo's silky nose, and regarded Kathie's little form in the dimness. "Then you meant what you said that night of the big break-up?"

"Oh, yes, or I couldn't have said it." "You told me about . . . that fellow you married, and all sorts of things. Did you mean them?"

"Don! Of course I did." She was genuinely taken back. "I was infatuated, that was all. Lots are, and find out too late. But it wasn't too late with me, for I got out of it. He wanted that. David helped me, even though I . . . ruined him. But I've never loved anyone until I loved you. I didn't know what it meant."

She might have been pleading for her life. He winced.

"Hang it," he cried, and let Diabolo go; he stood docile, "I want you. You're not going off to slave and suffer alone, or marry any other man, either. My people can go to blazes if they don't like it, but I'll be doing the marrying. Very well, we'll do it," he said.

"We'll go south together, and I'll put you in a good hotel for a day or two while I break the news to the family. They're society mad, so I'll have to run down their

throats the stuff about your aunt and Matt Roche. You can outfit yourself in clothes that'll make his gasp with envy, and when you see the family you'll hold your own all right—"

He grinned. "And wheedle them round in two minutes, if I'm any judge. Look here," he added in sudden anxiety. "You'll be satisfied, won't you, with a place in town, races, shows, and all that. You'll not say you're wasting time, killing time, and being dressed up for show like a possession of mine, will you?"

"But it's wonderful," said Kathie, ecstatically visualising it all. "And I will be a possession of yours. Why shouldn't you dress me up and show me off. I know how to wear my clothes, and don't eat peas with my knife. Wasting time, being married to you, with a place . . . Oh! Don, how funny you are. How could being your wife be killing time?"

After that—! "Oh, darling," she whispered presently. "Don't make me too guilty-looking, or they'll guess, and I want to tell them. Oh, Don! I can't believe it. And to think you might have let me go if I hadn't said things."

He was gruff, running a finger round inside his collar, which, even on a loose-made shirt, felt too tight.

"No, I wouldn't have let you go," he said. "Come on then, and mind! don't blurt out the news at once. I want to get a bit calm myself first."

"No, Don, I won't," she told him obediently, and Kathie, with her future lord and master, strolled innocently towards the lamp-lighted house.

"What are you like a cat on hot bricks for?" asked Biddy, looking at Sally preening close to the freshly opened mailbag. Biddy was sorting letters, papers, magazines, and heavily-stamped parcels. "Anyone would think there'd never been a mail-day before." She laughed. "There you are, one for you: from the French girl, isn't it?"

Sally took her solitary letter; the French girl, in a shop near the now unregretted Coffee Den, was making a success of her business, but the letter would be dull. Sally stuffed it out of sight, then peered into the bag, almost empty. "Nothing for David?" she asked.

"Who would write to David here?" laughed Biddy, then stared. "Goodness, someone has."

Sally shrugged and wandered away, her hot face unseen by the other girl. Biddy looked curiously at the envelope: "David Roche, Esq., c/o Thunder Gap Station, via Godnadstia, Northern Territory." That was odd! She later set David's letter beside his plate to be found at dinner-time, as he and Don were over at Red Bend, expected in by night.

Both young men appeared to be relieved when, after sunset, they dismounted and went to bath before the evening meal. The interview with Randall—a third one since the explosion—had placed them all on closer terms. Randall seemed to have lost much of his unease and self-doubt since he learned of the killer's end. The police were satisfied and there was no need for inquiry. David—hating the thought—was free to push on, and his Red Bend call had partly been in the nature of a farewell. June had promised—upon being assured that she was wanted—to visit Biddy as if nothing had happened, and Janice had almost burst with pride to know what she had done to end the human menace at the Gap. But for departing so soon, David was almost a satisfied man. He was also relieved, for Kathleen's sake, that she had, with Don's aid, solved her future so neatly.



He sighed; a pity his could not be solved in the same normal fashion!

At the dinner-table, bathed, cool, and refreshed by a tall glass of ale swallowed before he opened his napkin, David glanced round him as if to say farewell to the gaunt old room where so many friendly memories had been made. His job at Thunder Gap had essentially ended to-day; next, preparations for moving on—alone, and to where?

"Hallo!" cried David, putting down his knife and fork. He had seen his letter, hidden partly beneath his bread-and-butter plate.

"Oh, I forgot," said Biddy. "The mail's in."

Sally ate diligently without glancing up as David, frowning in stupefaction, slit open the long envelope and stared hard at a slip of paper he laid face down on the cloth. He went on reading two crackling pages of heavy hand-writing, headed by an address which gave him a shock. Presently, making vague excuses, he rose from his chair and went from the dining-room. Biddy was astonished, but went on with her meal. It wasn't like David to be temperamental.

Before she could really wonder much about his odd disappearance, he was back again, with a different look on his face. Sitting down, he tackled canned peaches and custard with gusto, pausing only to cast a sharp look at Biddy, then, after several more rapid spoonfuls of the fruit, dragged the letter from his jacket pocket and passed it across the table to her.

"I'm blithered," he said. "Read that, if you will, Biddy," and he finished his fruit.

Biddy jerked a puzzled glance from his strained, but excited, face, to the paper in her fingers. A sudden dead silence had fallen on the room; through it came a wild screech of fury from Maggie, in the kitchen, and a spitting noise, as from a cat rearing in anger. Sally's freckles were standing out on her face; she ate steadily, and did not look at anyone.

Biddy read:—  
"My Dear Boy,—

"After endeavouring to compose several letters now torn up, I will deal only with the essentials of what must be said. I write this in full possession of my faculties, and in full possession of certain facts just recently coming under my notice.

"An impertinent young woman at the station where, most surprisingly, you seem to be located, has acquainted me with the literal facts behind the story of your (?) gambling debts at school, and Harry's divorce negotiations. You may thank the young lady for me, and assure her of my deep appreciation of what she terms 'interference.' You will gather from this somewhat inadequate statement that I now understand my blind inability formerly to see much farther than my nose.

"Harry is most content with Lee, and for that I am thankful. Although it came about dishonorably, and to your cost, his marriage is a success, and they have a son. Harry has, after much persuasion, given me his truthful version of the affair, and I am deeply grieved by his weakness and cowardice. I might add that he is considerably crushed by the price you were forced to pay for your chivalry, and by my full understanding of the whole proceeding.

"Consequently, he must compensate you, as I believe it is right for him to do, and your name will be—before you receive this—reinstated in my will. Formerly you were to have had roughly one-third of my possessions, and now I am willing you and Harry equal proportions. He has agreed

with this wish of mine, and, actually, there was nothing else for him to do. He is also doing very well in the broking concern Lee had him undertake.

"From what I gather from the remarks of the aforesaid young lady, a career of another kind seems open to you now, should you possess the capital for this form of investment. And I would like to add my congratulations, and ask you to accept the enclosed as an advance on what will come to you later, and which is rightfully and legally yours.

"When next in the city, my boy, I hope you forgive the past as generously as you have behaved in other directions, and assure me in person that you hold no grudge against me or mine. I am too near the grave not to want to right this wrong, and your life is ahead of you.

"With my deepest wishes for your happiness and welfare,

I am, Uncle Matt,"

Biddy was dazed by happiness for David. "Oh, what a nice old man. He sounds like one of the 'old school'—Why, David, are you looking at me like that?"

The others waited as David smiled crookedly: "Just wondering, Biddy, if you . . . No, you wouldn't? Who was the young lady who wrote to my uncle?"—and David leaned back in his chair without looking directly at any face.

"Not I," said Biddy. "As if I could—as if I would."

Sally gulped; exit me, she decided.

Biddy all at once recalled several incidents, linking them with Sally's wretched, downcast countenance, and the station-girl signalled frantically to David before Sally should glance up.

He stared blankly and Kathleen stifled a chuckle.

Accentuating each word, Biddy said firmly: "As if I would do such a thing, David, for myself. I couldn't. If it were to help a friend . . . well, naturally . . ." Biddy grimaced so frantically that Kathleen stuffed her napkin hard against her face, and David's expression slowly cleared; he looked at Sally, to where Biddy was pointing with a rapidly-stabbing forefinger.

Sally could not look up. She wanted to weep. Her face was scarlet, her hands like bunches of bananas. Finally she gave a kind of cry and glared round with hot eyes: "All right, don't say what you're thinking. I'm an ill-bred, interfering, blundering hussy—but it did do the trick. That Harry was getting off scott free, and here was David, ruined, and losing even . . . Biddy. While Harry had his Lee, and his father's belief in his darling son's noble perfection. All right, I did interfere. I don't care. I'd do it again." Sally scowled at Kathleen, suddenly remembering, and said in a mutter: "Sorry, forgot you were his wife once . . ."

"Oh, I don't mind," cried Kathleen brightly. "But do tell me what it's all about?"

David passed her the letter, then, nodding at Biddy, got up from his chair and went round to Sally. Hauling her up despite her protests, he kissed her soundly, on both cheeks, then on the lips, and hugged her until she changed from tearful confusion to choked laughter. To continue with his performance David required another partner. Gravely he took Biddy by the arm, pulled her erect, and led her in solemn grandeur out into the moonlit night. He turned in the doorway first. "We will be back for coffee," he announced. "There's something I've been wanting to say to Biddy ever since that

night of the dust—and it can't wait a moment longer."

Sally pushed back her hair and muttered: "About time, too," and spread bread with lavish dabs of butter.

Kathleen gaped; "And that's why you fussed out of me Uncle Matt's club address in town."

"Exactly," said Sally, who was now feeling virtuous again.

"Oh, Sally—you've got nobody," sighed Kathleen, with a glance of adoration up at Don, who beamed idolatrously at her.

All Sally could utter was a sniff, of decision, of satisfaction, and of utter, unbelievable happiness. Thunder Gap—the ghost gone—was still her home; she had performed a vital service for David and Biddy, and never again, never again would she ever hanker for the man who so long ago had proved his worthlessness. Never again, vowed Sally; never again.

And she knew herself freed of that ache at last.

**B**UT in the moonlight Biddy at last stirred from the incredible peace found in David's arms—strong for so slender a person. She threw a long, lingering look round the Gap, and drew her gaze back to his face. "You don't want me to . . . go south with you, do you, David?"

"Would you, darling? If I started again, with a bungalow, surgery, and little car. Would you, if I asked you?"

One sharp struggle and the battle was won. "Yes, I'd go anywhere with you. Life isn't long, I'd miss this place, but someone could run it for me and we'd always have it to come to. Yes, I'd go where you go, David; I couldn't help myself."

"Would it be like a small operation on your heart, to leave the Gap?" he asked, curiously toneless.

"Yes, but the operation on my heart if you weren't with me, would be . . . death to me."

He gathered her close again and laughed while pressing back the softness of her tumbled dark hair. "Oh, Biddy, you wonderful thing. We're not leaving your place in the path of the thunder. All that it means to you, it now means to me, and I've loved it since I first set foot here. I've been kept here, by one thing and another . . . as if it had to be. Now I'm going to stay, because I want to, and because I have a right to. And I'd be criminal to transplant you out of soil where you belong, and my roots, thank you very much, have taken hold quite nicely."

"But . . . your doctoring?" she asked, hardly daring to believe what he said.

"Biddy! Years have gone. My career is gone with it. My tastes have altered; horizons widened. But what I still know of mending and healing may be of use up here—don't you think so?"

"Yes, David, I do think so."

Presently they linked arms, partners and chums and lovers, and went into the house where they would soon dwell as man and wife. Biddy cried out that they had forgotten to go back to coffee, then smiled, for the coffee had come to them. Sally, behind the tray, stood grinning sheepishly as they opened the verandah door.

"Come on," she said, clattering the cups. "Nice hosts you two are; anyone would think you were in love."

Sally glanced away from Biddy's face; it was radiant.

THE END.

(All characters in this novel are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.)

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